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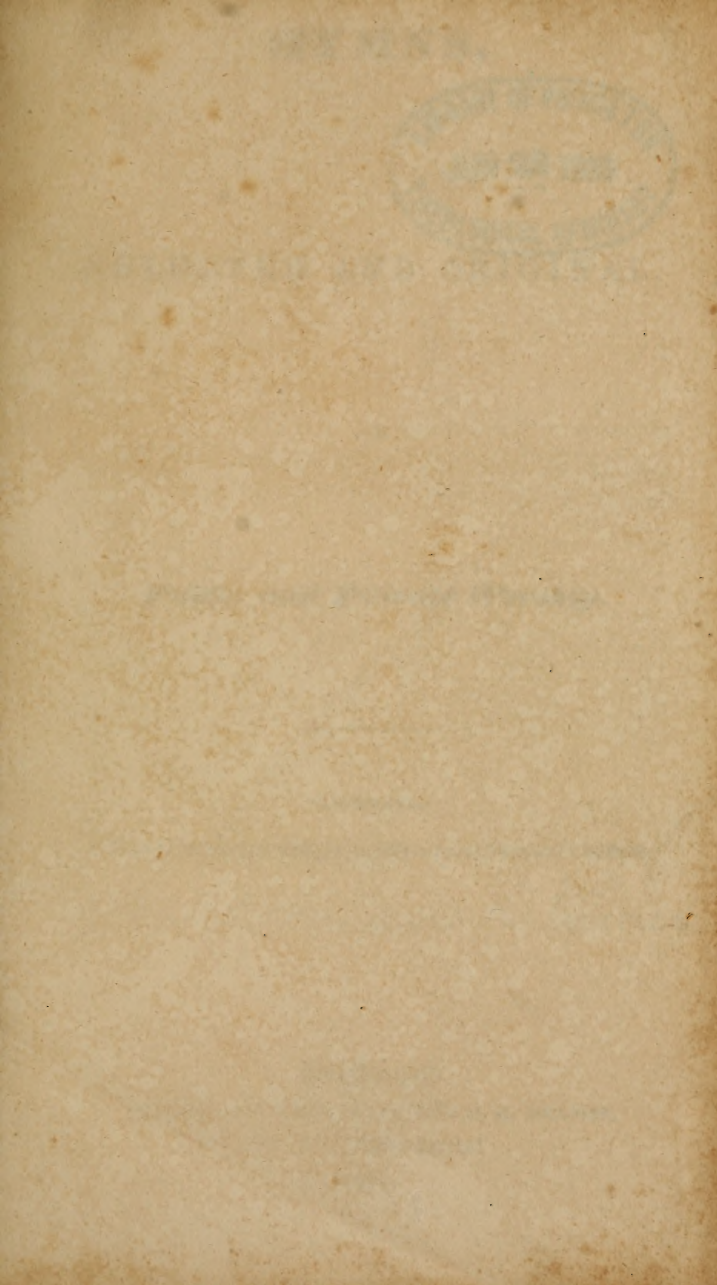








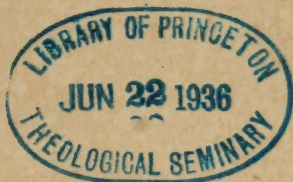








# HYMNS,



SELECTED AND ORIGINAL,

FOR

***Public and Private Worship.***

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Published by the

GENERAL SYNOD OF THE EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH.

✓  
United Lutheran Church in America

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Evangelical Lutheran Church, of the said district, has deposited  
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Prints.”

D. CALDWELL,  
*Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.*



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## PREFACE.

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SINGING the praises of God is justly regarded as one of the most delightful and profitable parts of worship, both public and private. It was introduced by divine command into the worship of the Old Testament; the blessed Saviour himself recommended it by his practice; and it is enjoined by the apostle Paul on Christians in general. Its separate utility, in addition to that of prayer and hearing the word of God, is based upon the very nature of the human mind; as it calls into action additional powers of the soul. Yet as the materials for the exercise of this Christian duty in any other than the Hebrew language, whether translations of the Psalms or original effusions on the doctrines and facts of the scriptures, are necessarily the products of uninspired pens; they are characterised by different degrees of merit, both in respect to poetic excellence and devotional tendency. In no other language, it is thought, is there extant so copious and excellent a collection of Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, as that of the Lutheran Church in Germany. And from this copious source, our German churches in this country have drawn ample supplies. Yet the prevalence of the English language, has, in some places, long since led to its introduction into the service of our sanctuaries, as well as to the publication of several collections of hymns in the same

tongue. Among these, that made by the learned and pious Dr. Kuntze, then Senior of the New York Ministerium, and published in 1795, is excellent in its devotional tendency, but lamentably deficient in poetic beauty and purity of diction. The collection, subsequently made by a Committee of the New York Synod, appointed in 1812, not only merits a decided preference, but is indeed a most excellent work. Yet long experience has evinced, that this selection does not afford a sufficient variety for all the purposes of ministerial duty and Christian practice, and many of the choicest and most devotional productions of the English muse are not contained in it.

Under these circumstances, the General Synod deemed it their duty, in accordance with their constitution, and in obedience to the numerous calls made on them, to provide a Hymn Book, possessing alike sufficient amplitude, classical excellence, and devotional spirit, to serve as a permanent book for the churches of their connection, and for all others who may be disposed to use it. For this purpose the undersigned were appointed a committee in 1825, and have for several years devoted their most particular and prayerful attention to the important duty assigned them. They have found the work arduous far beyond their early expectations; but their conviction of its importance and necessity has continually increased. Their aim has been to combine in the highest possible degree practical excellence, with the charms and graces of poetry. They have procured all the most excellent and valuable Hymn Books used by sister



churches, and have also examined very many hymns dispersed through the works of individual authors. They feel assured that the selection made will contain the major part of the best Hymns extant in the English language. They have also after mature consideration constructed a new arrangement, which they deem decidedly more practical than any other which they have seen, and calculated to be more useful, both to ministers and laymen.

As the New York Hymn Book is in the possession of many of our churches, it was thought proper to add to all the Hymns taken from it the number which they bear in that collection : and as the number of such hymns in all the principle divisions of the book is very considerable, it will be found that both books can be used together without inconvenience.

A view of the general subjects, sufficiently minute for reference, is prefixed to the book.

A portable size was adopted, not only for the sake of cheapness and convenience in public and domestic worship, but also that Christians who strive to walk with God, and delight to sing the songs of Zion, may carry this volume with them on their journeys, and in their social walks, and into the field of labor, and as opportunity may offer, kindle anew the flame of their devotion at the fire of the sacred muse.

In conclusion, we would commend this work to the serious use of the disciples of our Lord in general, and our churches in particular ; and more especially to the favor and blessing of that divine Redeemer, whose dying love will be the theme of

our more perfect praises in the realms of celestial bliss.

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*Gettysburg, Penn. May 16th, 1832.*

The undersigned, certify that this Hymn Book is published under the sanction of the General Synod of the Ev. Lutheran Church, in the United States, and in conformity to the resolution of said body, passed October the 27th, 1827.

**D. KURTZ, D. D.**

President of the General Synod, and Senior Pastor  
of the German Lutheran Church, Baltimore.

**D. F. SCHAEFFER,**

Secretary of the General Synod, and Pastor of the  
Lutheran Church, Frederick, Md.

# H Y M N S.

---

## THE SCRIPTURES.

L. M.

1. *The Bible, the inspired source of religious knowledge.*

1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! 'twas thy breath  
The oracles of truth inspired;  
And kings and holy seers of old  
With strong prophetic impulse fir'd.

2 Fill'd with thy great almighty pow'r,  
Their lips with heavenly science flow'd;  
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,  
Which bore the signature of God.

3 With gladsome hearts they spread the news  
Of pardon, through a Saviour's blood;  
And to a num'rous seeking crowd  
Mark'd out the path to his abode.

4 The pow'rs of earth and hell in vain  
Against the sacred word combine;  
Thy providence through ev'ry age  
Securely guards the work divine.

5 Thee, its great author, source of light;  
Thee, its preserver, we adore;  
And humbly ask a ray from thee,  
Its hidden wonders to explore.

(210) L. M.

2. *The Scriptures inspired.*

1 **'T**WAS by an order from the Lord,  
The ancient prophets spoke his word;

- His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought  
Confirm'd the messages they brought:  
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,  
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God! mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name who died for me.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost, and vanished in the wind;  
Here I can fix my hope secure:  
This is thy word, and must endure.

3. (204) C. M.  
*The Same.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy word  
What endless glory shines!  
For ever be thy name ador'd  
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want  
Exhaustless riches find;  
Riches, above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the air tree of knowledge grows,  
And yields a free repast;  
Sublimers sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heav'nly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.
- 5 O may these heav'nly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light!



6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord!

Be thou for ever near;  
Teach me to love thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

(203) C. M.

4. *The word of God, an incomparable treasure.*

1 **L**ET av'rice, borne from shore to shore,  
Her fav'rite god pursue:  
Thy word, O Lord, we value more  
Than India or Peru.

2 Here mines of knowledge, love, and joy,  
Are open'd to our sight;  
The purest gold without alloy,  
And gems divinely bright.

3 The counsels of redeeming grace  
These sacred leaves unfold;  
And here the Saviour's lovely face  
Our raptur'd eyes behold.

4 Here light, descending from above,  
Directs our doubtful feet;  
Here promises of heav'nly love  
Our ardent wishes meet.

5 Our num'rous griefs are here redrest,  
And all our wants supplied:  
Naught we can ask to make us blest  
Is in this book denied.

6 For these inestimable gains,  
That so enrich the mind,  
O may we search with eager pains,  
Assur'd that we shall find!

(202) C. M.

5. *The value and comprehensiveness of the Bible.*

1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join,  
To form one perfect book:  
Great God! if once compar'd with thine,  
How mean their writings look!

- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave  
 Could show one sin forgiv'n,  
 Nor lead a step beyond the grave;  
 But thine conduct to heav'n.
- 3 Lord, I have made thy word my choice,  
 My lasting heritage;  
 There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,  
 My warmest thoughts engage.
- 4 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,  
 And keep thy laws in sight,  
 While through thy promises I rove  
 With ever fresh delight.
- 5 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
 Where springs of life arise,  
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
 And hidden glory lies.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

6.

*Precious Bible.*—Psalm xix. 10.

- 1 **P**RECIOUS Bible! what a treasure  
 Does the word of God afford!  
 All I want for life or pleasure,  
 Food and med'cine, shield and sword;  
 Let the world account me poor—  
 Having this I need no more.
- 2 Food, to which the world's a stranger,  
 Here my hungry soul enjoys;  
 Of excess there is no danger,  
 Though it fills, it never cloy:  
 On a dying Christ I feed—  
 He is meat and drink indeed!

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

7.

*The Bible.*—O how I love thy Law.—Ps. cxix. 97.

- 1 **B**Y the thoughtless world derided,  
 Still I love the word of God;  
 'Tis the crook by which I'm guided,  
 Often 'tis a chastening rod,

'Tis a sword that cuts asunder  
 All my pride and vanity,  
 When abas'd I lie, and wonder  
 That he spares a wretch like me.

2 This confirms me when I waver,  
 Sets my trembling judgment right ;  
 When I stray, how much so ever,  
 This is my restoring light :  
 Satan oft, and sin, assail me,  
 With temptations ever new ;  
 Then, O nothing can avail me,  
 'Till my bleeding Lord I view.

3 Faith I need, O Lord bestow it,  
 Give my laboring mind relief ;  
 Oft, alas ! I doubt, I know it,  
 Help, O help my unbelief.  
 Dearest Saviour, by thy merit  
 May I gain a future crown ;  
 Guide, O guide me by thy Spirit,  
 Till these storms are overblown !

## L. M.

8. *The usefulness of the Scriptures.*

1 **W**HEN Israel through the desert pass'd,  
 A fiery pillar went before  
 To guide them through the dreary waste,  
 And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is thy glorious word, O God !  
 'Tis for our light and guidance given ;  
 It sheds a lustre all abroad,  
 And points the path to bliss and heaven :

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,  
 And quickens its inactive powers ;  
 It sets our wandering footsteps right ;  
 Displays thy love, and kindles ours :

4 Its promises rejoice our hearts ;  
 Its doctrines are divinely true ;  
 Knowledge and pleasure it imparts ;  
 It comforts and instructs us too.

- 5 Ye favor'd lands, who have this word,  
 Ye saints, who feel its saving power,  
 Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,  
 And his distinguished grace adore.

C. M.

9.

*Instruction from Scripture.*

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,  
 And guard their lives from sin?  
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
 To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,  
 It spreads such light abroad,  
 The meanest souls instruction find,  
 And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,  
 That guides us all the day;  
 And through the dangers of the night,  
 A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 The men that keep thy law with care,  
 And meditate thy word,  
 Grow wiser than their teachers are,  
 And better know the Lord.
- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise:  
 I hate the sinner's road;  
 I hate my own vain thoughts that rise;  
 But love thy law, my God.
- 6 Thy word is everlasting truth;  
 How pure is every page!  
 That holy book shall guide our youth,  
 And well support our age.

C. M.

10.

*The glory of the word.*

- 1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,  
 And brings the truth to sight:  
 Precepts and promises afford  
 A sanctifying light.



- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun ;  
It gives a light to every age,  
It gives—but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat :  
His truths upon the nations rise,  
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,  
For such a bright display,  
As makes a world of darkness shine,  
With beams of heavenly day.

(208) C. M.

11. *The Scriptures consolatory to the penitent.*

1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,  
I fly to thee, my Lord ;  
And not a ray of hope appears,  
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace  
Does all my grief assuage ;  
Here I beheld my Saviour's face  
Almost in ev'ry page.

3 This is the field, where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown ;  
That merchant is divinely wise,  
Who makes the pearl his own.

4 This is the judge, that ends the strife,  
Where wit and reason fail ;  
My guide to everlasting life,  
Through all this gloomy vale.

5 O may thy counsels mighty God !  
My roving feet command ;  
Nor I forsake the happy road,  
That leads to thy right hand.

C. M.

12. *A rational defence of the Gospel*

1 **S**HALL atheists dare insult the cross  
Of our Redeemer God ?

- Shall infidels reproach his laws,  
Or trampel on his blood?
- 2 What if he chose mysterious ways,  
To cleanse us from our faults?  
May not the works of sovereign grace  
Transcend our feeble thoughts?
- 3 What if the gospel bids us fight  
With flesh, and self, and sin?  
The prize is most divinely bright,  
Which we are call'd to win.
- 4 What if the foolish, and the poor,  
His glorious grace partake?  
This but confirms his truth the more,  
For so the prophets spake.
- 5 Do some, that own his sacred name,  
Indulge their souls in sin?  
Jesus should never bear the blame,  
His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong,  
Our lips profess his word;  
Nor blush, nor fear to walk among  
The men that love the Lord.



## BEING AND PERFECTIONS OF GOD.

L. M.

13.

*God exalted above all praise.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Power! whose high abode  
Becomes the grandeur of a God;  
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds  
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 The lowest step around thy seat,  
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;  
In vain the tall archangel tries  
To reach thine height with wond'ring eyes.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do!  
We would adore our Maker too;

From sin and dust to thee we cry,  
The Great, the Holy, and the High !

- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,  
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name ;  
But, O ! the glories of thy mind  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, but man below ;  
Be short our tunes ; our words be few ;  
A sacred reverence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

L. M.

14. *The Spirituality of God.*—John iv. 24.

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God ! a spirit pure,  
Invisible to mortal eyes ;  
Th' immortal, and the eternal King,  
The great, the good, the only wise.
- 2 Whilst nature changes, and her works  
Corrupt, decay, dissolve, and die,  
Thy essence pure no change shall see,  
Secure of immortality.
- 3 Thou great Invisible ! what hand  
Can draw thy image spotless fair !  
To what in heaven, to what on earth,  
Can men th' immortal King compare !
- 4 Let stupid heathens frame their gods  
Of gold, and silver, wood and stone ;  
Ours is the God that made the heavens ;  
Jehovah he, and God alone.
- 5 My soul, thy purest homage pay,  
In truth and spirit him adore ;  
More shall this please than sacrifice,  
Than outward forms delight him more.

C. M.

15. *The Infinite.*

- 1 **S**OME seraph lend your heavenly tongue,  
Or harp of golden string,

That I may raise a lofty song,  
To our Eternal King.

- 2 Thy names how infinite they be !  
Great EVERLASTING ONE !  
Boundless thy might and majesty,  
And unconfin'd thy throne.
- 3 Thy glories shine of wondrous size,  
And wondrous large thy grace ;  
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,  
And Gabriel veils his face.
- 4 Thine essence is a vast abyss,  
Which angels cannot sound ;  
An ocean of infinities  
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 5 The myst'ries of creation lie  
Beneath enlighten'd minds ;  
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,  
And fly before the winds ;
- 6 Reason may grasp the massy hills,  
And stretch from pole to pole ;  
But half thy name our spirit fills,  
And overloads our soul.
- 7 In vain our haughty reason swells,  
For nothing's found in Thee,  
But boundless inconceivables,  
And vast eternity !

16.

L. M.

*God supreme and self-sufficient.*

- 1 **W**HAT is our God, or what his name,  
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach ;  
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,  
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.
- 2 The spacious worlds of heavenly light,  
Compar'd with him, how short they fall !  
They are too dark, and he too bright ;  
Nothing are they, but God is all.



- 3 He spoke the wondrous word, and lo !  
Creation rose at his command ;  
Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,  
Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 4 There rests the earth, there roll the spheres,  
There nature leans, and feels her prop ;  
But his own self-sufficiency bears  
The weight of his own glories up.
- 5 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,  
Measuring their changes by the moon :  
No ebb his sea of glory knows ;  
His age is one eternal noon.
- 6 Then fly, my song, an endless round,  
The lofty tune let Gabriel raise ;  
All nature dwells upon the sound,  
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

L. M.

17. *The Incomprehensibility of God.*

- 1 **G**OD is a name my soul adores,  
Th' Almighty Three, the Eternal One !  
Nature and grace, with all their powers,  
Confess the Infinite unknown.
- 2 From thy great self thy being springs ;  
Thou art thy own original,  
Made up of uncreated things,  
And self-sufficiency bears them all.
- 3 Thy voice produced the seas and spheres,  
Bids the waves roar and planets shine ;  
But nothing like thyself appears  
Through all these spacious works of thine.
- 4 Still restless nature dies and grows ;  
From change to change the creatures run :  
Thy being no succession knows,  
And all thy vast designs are one.
- 5 How shall affrighted mortals dare  
To sing thy glory or thy grace ?

Beneath thy feet we lie so far,  
And see but shadows of thy face !

- 6 Who can behold the glorious light?  
Who can approach consuming flame?  
None but thy wisdom knows thy might,  
None but thy word can speak thy name.

18. (306) L. M.  
*Unity of God.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, almighty cause  
Of earth, and seas and worlds unknown,  
All things are subject to thy laws;  
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,  
Of all within itself possest;  
By none control'd in thy commands,  
And in thyself completely blest.
- 3 To thee alone ourselves we owe;  
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay:  
All other gods we disavow,  
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
- 4 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,  
Fountain of peace, and joy and love!  
Thy favor only makes us blest;  
Without thee all would nothing prove.
- 5 Worship to thee alone belongs;  
Worship to thee alone we give;  
Thine be our hearts and thine our songs,  
And to thy glory we would live.
- 6 Spread thy great name through heathen lands;  
Their idol-deities dethrone;  
Subdue the world to thy commands,  
And reign as thou art, God alone.

19. (29) L. M.  
*God incomprehensible.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, in vain man's narrow view  
Attempts to look thy nature through,

- Our lab'ring pow'rs with rev'rence own,  
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,  
Who countless years his God has sought,  
Such wondrous height or depth can find,  
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show  
Enough for mortal men to know ;  
While wisdom, goodness, pow'r divine  
Thro' all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O ! may our souls with rapture trace  
Thy works of nature and of grace,  
Explore thy sacred truth, and still  
Press on to know and do thy will !

20. (32) C. M.  
*God eternal and unchangeable.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, how infinite art thou !  
How frail and weak are we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere earth or heav'n was made ;  
Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time all open lie  
To thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky,  
To the last awful day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present to thy view.  
To thee there's nothing old appears ;  
Great God ! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,  
And vex'd with trifling cares ;  
While thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6 Great God, how infinite art thou !  
 How frail and weak are we !  
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
 And pay their praise to thee.

21. (33) L. M.

- 1 **A**LL-POW'RFUL, self-existent God,  
 Who all creation dost sustain !  
 Thou wast, and art, and art to come ;  
 And everlasting is thy reign.
- 2 Fix'd and eternal as thy days,  
 Each glorious attribute divine,  
 Thro' ages infinite, shall still  
 With undiminished lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being ! source of good !  
 Immutable dost thou remain ;  
 Nor can the shadow of a change  
 Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Nature her order shall reverse,  
 Revolving seasons cease their round ;  
 Nor spring appear with blooming pride,  
 Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd :
- 5 Yon shining orbs forget their course ;  
 The sun his destin'd path forsake ;  
 And burning desolation mark  
 Amid the world his wand'ring track :
- 6 Earth may with all her pow'rs dissolve,  
 If such the great Creator's will :  
 But thou for ever art the same ;  
 "I am" is thy memorial still.

22. (34) L. M.  
*God Almighty.*

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
 Give to the Lord renown and pow'r ;  
 Ascribe due honors to his name,  
 And his eternal might adore.



- 2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud,  
O'er the vast ocean and the land ;  
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,  
And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and howling tempests rise,  
And lay the forest bare around ;  
The fiercest beasts, with piteous cries,  
Confess the terror of the sound.
- 4 His thunders rend the vaulted skies,  
And palaces and temples shake.  
The mountains tremble at the noise,  
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits sov'reign o'er the flood ;  
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King ;  
But makes his church his blest abode,  
Where we his awful glories sing.
- 6 We see no terrors in his name,  
But in our God a Father find.  
The voice, that shakes all nature's frame,  
Speaks comfort to the pious mind.

23.

(36) C. M.

- 1 'TWAS God who hurl'd the rolling spheres,  
And stretch'd the boundless skies ;  
Who form'd the plan of endless years,  
And bade the ages rise.
- 2 From everlasting is his might,  
Immense and unconfin'd :  
He pierces through the realms of light,  
And rides upon the wind.
- 3 He darts along the burning skies ;  
Loud thunders round him roar :  
All heav'n attends him, as he flies ;  
All hell proclaims his pow'r.
- 4 He scatters nations with his breath ;  
The scatter'd nations fly :

Blue pestilence and wasting death,  
Confess the Godhead nigh.

- 5 Ye worlds, with ev'ry living thing,  
Fulfil his high command:  
Mortals, pay homage to your King,  
And own his ruling hand.

24. P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

- 1 **W**HEN in dark and dreadful gloom,  
Clouds on clouds portentous spread,  
Black as if the day of doom  
Hung o'er nature's shrinking head:  
When the lightning breaks from high,  
God is coming—God is nigh!

- 2 Then we hear his chariot wheels,  
As the mighty thunder rolls;  
Nature, startled nature reels,  
From the centre to the poles:  
Then the ocean, earth, and sky,  
Tremble as he passes by!

- 3 Darkness, wild with horror, forms  
His mysterious hiding-place;  
Should he from his ark of storms,  
Rend the veil and show his face,  
At the judgment of his eye,  
All the universe would die.

- 4 God of vengeance! from above,  
While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,  
O remember thou art love!  
Spare!—O spare a guilty world!  
Stay thy flaming wrath awhile,  
Let the bow of promise smile!

25. (37) L. M.  
*God omnipresent and omniscient.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';  
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs.

- 2 Could I so false, so faithless prove,  
To quit thy service and thy love ;  
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,  
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?
- 3 If, mounted on a morning ray,  
I fly beyond the western sea ;  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 4 Or should I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the spreading veil of night ;  
One glance of thine, one piercing ray  
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 5 The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all-searching eyes.  
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon  
Through midnight shades, as blazing noon.
- 6 O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

26.

(38) C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, all I am is known to thee !  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, or to flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest,  
My public walks, my private ways,  
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,  
Before they're form'd within ;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high !  
Where can a creature hide ?

Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on ev'ry side.

- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,  
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

27. (41) C. M.  
*God's Wisdom.*

- 1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong  
To my almighty God :  
He hath my heart, and he my tongue,  
To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand hath wrought !  
How glorious in our sight !  
And men in ev'ry age have sought  
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame !  
How wise th' eternal mind !  
His counsels never change the scheme  
That his first thoughts design'd.
- 4 When he redeem'd the sons of men,  
He fix'd his cov'nant sure :  
The orders, that his lips pronounce,  
To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature, and time, and earth, and skies,  
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim.  
What shall we do to make us wise,  
But learn to read thy name ?
- 6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,  
Is our divinest skill ;  
And he's the wisest of our race,  
Who best obeys thy will.

28. (43) C. M.  
*God holy and just.*

- 1 **H**OLY and rev'rend is the name  
Of our eternal King.



Thrice holy, Lord ! the angels cry :  
Thrice holy, let us sing.

- 2 Holy is he in all his works,  
And saints are his delight :  
But sinners and their wicked ways  
Are hateful in his sight.
- 3 The deepest rev'rence, homage, love,  
Pay, O my soul, to God ;  
Lift with thy hands a holy heart  
To his sublime abode.
- 4 Thou, righteous God ! preserve my mind  
From all pollution free ;  
Thine image form within my breast,  
That I thy face may see.

29. (44) C. M.

- 1 **G**OD is a Spirit, just and wise ;  
He sees our inmost mind ;  
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne  
With honor can appear ;  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bended knees the ground :  
But God abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord ! search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere :  
Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

30. (46) C. M.  
*God, no respecter of persons.*

- 1 **W**ITH eye impartial, heav'n's high King  
Surveys each human tribe ;

No earthly pomp his eyes can charm,  
Nor wealth his favor bribe.

2 The rich and poor, of equal clay,  
His pow'rful hand did frame ;  
All souls are his, and him alike  
Their common Parent claim.

3 Ye sons of men of high degree,  
Your great Superior own ;  
Praise him for all his gifts, and pay  
Your homage at his throne.

4 Trust in the Lord, ye humble poor,  
And banish ev'ry fear :  
The God you serve will ne'er forsake  
The man of heart sincere.

31.

(52) P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.  
*God faithful.*

1 **T**HE promises I sing,  
Which love supreme hath spoke ;  
Nor will th' eternal King  
His words of grace revoke.  
They stand secure  
And steadfast still :  
Not Sion's hill  
Abides so sure.

2 The mountains melt away,  
When once the Judge appears ;  
And sun and moon decay,  
That measure mortal years :  
But still the same,  
In radiant lines,  
His promise shines  
Through all the flame.

3 Their harmony shall sound  
Thro' my attentive ears,  
When thunders cleave the ground,  
And dissipate the spheres.

Midst all the shock  
Of that dread scene,  
I'll stand serene,  
Thy word my rock.

32. (51) C. M.  
*God benevolent and merciful.*

- 1 **T**HY ceaseless, unexhausted love,  
Unmerited and free,  
Delights our evil to remove,  
And help our misery.
- 2 Thou waitest to be gracious still ;  
Thou dost with sinners bear ;  
That, sav'd, we may thy goodness feel,  
And all thy grace declare.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy truth, to me,  
To ev'ry soul abound ;  
A vast unfathomable sea,  
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Its streams the whole creation reach,  
So plenteous is the store ;  
Enough for all, enough for each,  
Enough for evermore.
- 5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are ;  
A rock which cannot move :  
A thousand promises declare  
Thy constancy of love.
- 6 Throughout the universe it reigns,  
Unalterably sure ;  
And, while the truth of God remains,  
His goodness must endure.

33. (52) P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.  
*God is love.*

- 1 **M**Y God, thy boundless love I praise,  
How bright on high its glories blaze,  
How sweetly bloom below ?  
It streams from thy eternal throne ;  
Through heav'n its joys for ever run,  
And o'er the earth they flow.

- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,  
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,  
Their genial drops distil;  
In ev'ry vernal beam it glows,  
And breathes in ev'ry gale that blows,  
And glides in every rill.
- 3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,  
And pours its flowery beauties round,  
Whose sweets perfume the gale;  
Its bounties richly spread the plain,  
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,  
And smile on ev'ry vale.
- 4 But in thy gospel see it shine  
With grace and glories more divine,  
Proclaiming sins forgiv'n.  
There faith, bright cherub, points the way  
To realms of everlasting day,  
And opens all her heav'n.
- 5 Then let the love, that makes me blest,  
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,  
And ardent gratitude;  
And all my thoughts and passions tend  
To Thee, my Father and my Friend,  
My soul's eternal good.

34.

(54) C. M.

*God gracious to all.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
O God, my heav'nly King!  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies.  
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes, thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food;  
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.



4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!  
 How slow thine anger moves!  
 But soon he sends his pard'ning word,  
 To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
 Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;  
 But saints, who taste thy richer grace,  
 Delight to bless thy name.

35. (55) C. M.  
*God's mercies unutterable.*

1 **O**UR souls with pleasing wonder view  
 The bounties of thy grace;  
 How much bestow'd, how much reserv'd,  
 For those that seek thy face.

2 Thy lib'ral hand with worldly bliss  
 Oft makes their cup run o'er;  
 And in the cov'nant of thy love  
 They find diviner store.

3 Here mercy hides their num'rous sins;  
 Here grace their souls renews;  
 Here hope, and love, and joy, and peace,  
 Their heav'nly beams diffuse.

4 But oh! what treasures yet unknown  
 Are lodg'd in worlds to come!  
 If these th' enjoyments of the way,  
 How happy is their home!

5 And what shall mortal worms reply?  
 Or how such goodness own?  
 But 'tis our joy, that, Lord, to thee  
 Thy servants' hearts are known.

6 Since time's too short, all-gracious God,  
 To utter half thy praise;  
 Loud, to the honor of thy name,  
 Eternal hymns we'll raise.

36. (56) S. M.  
*God's mercy great and eternal.*

1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise,  
 Whose mercies are so great;

Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.

- 2 God will not always chide ;  
And, when his wrath is felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heav'ns are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His grace subdues our sins ;  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 The pity of the Lord  
To those who fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel ;  
He knows our feeble frame.
- 6 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower !  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.
- 7 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure ;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

37.

(31) L. M.  
*The glory of God.*

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, in sacred lays,  
Attempt the great Creator's praise ;  
But who an equal song can frame ?  
What verse can reach the lofty theme ?
- 2 He sits enthron'd amidst the spheres,  
And glory like a garment wears ;  
While boundless wisdom, pow'r, and grace,  
Command our awe, transcend our praise.

- 3 Before his throne a shining band  
Of cherubs and of seraphs stand ;  
Ethereal spirits, who in flight  
Outstrip the rapid speed of light.
- 4 To God all nature owes its birth,  
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth,  
He raised the glorious arch on high,  
And measur'd out the azure sky.
- 5 In all our Maker's grand designs,  
Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;  
His works, through all this wondrous frame,  
Bear the great impress of his name.
- 6 Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,  
Let us his high perfections sing :  
O let his praise employ our tongue,  
Whilst list'ning worlds applaud the song !

C. M.

38. *God is Love.*—1 John, iv. 8.

- 1 **A**MID the splendors of thy state,  
My God, thy *love* appears  
With the soft radiance of the moon  
Among a thousand stars.
- 2 Nature through all her ample round,  
Thy boundless *power* proclaims,  
And, in melodious accent, speaks  
The *goodness* of thy names.
- 3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,  
Our solemn awe excite ;  
But the sweet charms of sov'reign grace  
O'erwhelm us with delight.
- 4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,  
Thunders thy dreadful name ;  
But Sion sings, in melting notes,  
The honors of the Lamb.
- 5 In all thy doctrines and commands,  
Thy counsels and designs,

In ev'ry work thy hands have fram'd,  
Thy love supremely shines.

- 6 Angels and men the news proclaim  
Through earth and heaven above,  
The joyful, the transporting news,  
That God the Lord is *Love*!

L. M.

39.

*A Song of Praise to God.*

- 1 **T**O God, the universal King,  
Let all mankind their tribute bring;  
All that have breath, your voices raise,  
In songs of never-ceasing praise.
- 2 The spacious earth on which we tread,  
And wider heavens stretch'd o'er our head,  
A large and solemn temple frame  
To celebrate its Builder's fame.
- 3 Here the bright sun, that rules the day,  
As through the sky he makes his way,  
To all the world proclaims aloud  
The boundless sov'reignty of God.
- 4 When from his courts the sun retires,  
And with the day his voice expires,  
The moon and stars adopt the song,  
And through the night the praise prolong.
- 5 The list'ning earth with rapture hears  
The harmonious music of the spheres;  
And all her tribes the notes repeat,  
That God is wise, and good, and great.
- 6 But man, endow'd with nobler powers,  
His God in nobler strains adores;  
His is the gift to know the song,  
As well as sing with tuneful tongue.

40.

(309) L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL and immortal King!  
Thy peerless splendors none can bear;



- But darkness veils seraphic eyes ;  
 When God with all his glory's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,  
 The great Invisible can see ;  
 And with its tremblings mingle joy,  
 In fix'd regards, great God ! to thee.
- 3 Then ev'ry tempting form of sin,  
 Aw'd by thy presence, disappears ;  
 And all the glowing raptur'd soul,  
 The likeness it contemplates, wears.
- 4 O ever conscious to my heart !  
 Witness to its supreme desire ;  
 Behold it presses on to thee,  
 For it hath caught the heav'nly fire.
- 5 This one petition would I urge :  
 To bear thee ever in my sight !  
 In life, in death, in worlds unknown,  
 My only portion and delight.



## TRINITY.

C. M.

41. *The Doctrine and Use of the Trinity.*—Eph. ii. 18.

- 1 **F**ATHER of glory ! to thy name  
 Immortal praise we give,  
 Who dost an act of grace proclaim,  
 And bid us rebels live.
- 2 Immortal honor to the Son,  
 Who makes thine anger cease ;  
 Our lives he ransom'd with his own,  
 And died to make our peace.
- 3 To thy Almighty Spirit be  
 Immortal glory given,  
 Whose influence brings us near to thee,  
 And trains us up for heaven.

- 4 Let men, with their united voice,  
Adore th' eternal God,  
And spread his honors and their joys  
Through nations far abroad.
- 5 Let faith, and love, and duty join,  
One general song to raise ;  
Let saints in earth and heaven combine  
In harmony and praise.

L. M.

42. *A Song of Praise to the ever-blessed Trinity.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the Father and his love ;  
To whose celestial source we owe  
Rivers of endless joy above,  
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,  
From whose dear wounded body rolls  
A precious stream of vital blood,  
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,  
Who in our hearts of sin and wo  
Makes living springs of grace arise,  
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, we adore,  
That sea of life and love unknown,  
Without a bottom or a shore.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

43. *To the Trinity.*

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy Lord !  
Self-existent Deity,  
By the host of heaven ador'd,  
Teach us how to worship thee :  
Only uncreated mind,  
Wonders in thy nature meet ;  
Perfect Unity combin'd  
With Society complete.
- 2 All perfection dwells in thee,  
Now to us obscurely known,

- Three in one, and one in three,  
 Great Jehovah, God alone !  
 Be our all, O Lord divine !  
 Father, Saviour, Vital Breath !  
 Body, spirit, soul be thine,  
 Now, and at, and after death !
- 3 Glorious, thou, in holiness,  
 Father didst thy rights maintain ;  
 Truth and grace at once express,  
 When thy only Son was slain :  
 Here is deepest wisdom seen ;  
 Here the richest stores of grace ;  
 Mildest love, and vengeance keen ;  
 O how bright their mingled rays !
- 4 Fearful thou in praises too,  
 Loving Saviour, slaughter'd Lamb !  
 We with joy and reverence view  
 All thy glory, all thy shame !  
 Be thy death the death of sin,  
 Be thy life the sinner's plea ;  
 Save me, teach me, rule within,  
 Prophet, Priest, and King to me.



## PRAISE TO GOD.

- (1) L. M.  
 44. *Praise to God as the Creator and Preserver.*

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy :  
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men,  
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,  
 Our souls and all our mortal frame :

What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;  
Vast as eternity thy love;  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

45. (3) C. M.  
*Praise to God for Preservation and Redemption.*

1 **Y**E humble souls, approach your God  
With songs of sacred praise;  
For He is good, immensely good,  
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;  
In him we live and move:  
But nobler benefits declare  
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,  
To ransom rebel worms;  
'Tis here he makes his goodness known  
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;  
'Tis here our hope relies;  
A safe defence, a peaceful home,  
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds with kind regard  
The souls who trust in thee;  
Their humble hope thou wilt reward  
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love  
What honors shall we raise?



Not all the raptur'd songs above  
Can render equal praise.

46. (5) L. M.  
*Praise for the Mercies of God.*

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise !  
Mercy and truth are all his ways.  
Wonders of grace to God belong :  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown.  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fix'd the starry lights on high.  
Wonders of grace to God belong :  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light ;  
He bids the moon direct the night.  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When suns and moons shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with pow'r to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave.  
Wonders of grace to God belong :  
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this vain world he guides our feet,  
And leads us to his heav'nly seat.  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

47. (7) P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, as 113.

- 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker, whilst I've breath ;  
And, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs.  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
Whilst life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God, who made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train.  
His truth for ever stands secure ;  
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind ;  
The Lord supports the fainting mind ;  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless,  
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him, while he lends me breath ;  
And, when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs.  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
Whilst life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

48. (9) P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8, as 148.

- 1 **T**O your Creator God,  
Your great Preserver, raise,  
Ye creatures of his hand,  
Your highest notes of praise.  
Let ev'ry voice  
Proclaim his pow'r,  
His name adore,  
And loud rejoice.
- 2 Thou source of light and heat,  
Bright sov'reign of the day,  
Dispensing blessings round,  
With all-diffusive ray ;  
From morn to night,  
With ev'ry beam,  
Record his name,  
Who made thee bright.
- 3 Fair regent of the night,  
With all thy starry train,

Which rise in silent hosts,  
 To gild the azure plain ;  
 With countless rays  
 Declare his name,  
 Prolong the theme,  
 Reflect his praise.

4 Let all the creatures join  
 To celebrate his name,  
 And all their various pow'rs  
 Assist th' exalted theme.  
 Let nature raise  
 From ev'ry tongue  
 A general song  
 Of grateful praise.

5 But oh ! from human tongues  
 Should nobler praises flow ;  
 And ev'ry thankful heart  
 With warm devotion glow.  
 Your voices raise,  
 Ye highly blest  
 Above the rest ;  
 Declare his praise.

49. (10) P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 **G**LORY be to God on high,  
 God, whose glory fills the sky ;  
 Peace on earth to man forgiv'n,  
 Man, the well belov'd of heaven.  
 Glory be to God on high,  
 God, whose glory fills the sky.

2 Favor'd mortals, raise the song ;  
 Endless thanks to God belong ;  
 Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,  
 Join the hymns your voices raise :  
 Glory be, &c.

2 Call the tribes of beings round,  
 From creation's utmost bound ;

Where the Godhead shines confess'd,  
 There be solemn praise address'd :  
 Glory be, &c.

4 Mark the wonders of his hand !  
 Pow'r, no empire can withstand ;  
 Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;  
 Goodness, one eternal stream :  
 Glory be, &c.

5 Awful Being ! from thy throne  
 Send thy promis'd blessings down.  
 Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,  
 Bid our raging passions cease :  
 Glory be, &c.

50. (11) S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,  
 And hymns of glory sing !  
 Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
 The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;  
 He gave the seas their bound ;  
 The wat'ry worlds are all his own,  
 And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne ;  
 Come, bow before the Lord.  
 We are his works, and not our own ;  
 He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
 Come, like the people of his choice,  
 And own your gracious God !

51. (14) C. M.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Father ! how divine,  
 How bright thy bounties are !  
 Through nature's ample round they shine,  
 Thy goodness to declare.

- 2 But in the nobler work of grace,  
What sweeter mercy smiles  
In my benign Redeemer's face,  
And ev'ry fear beguiles!
- 3 Such wonders, Lord, while I survey,  
To thee my thanks shall rise,  
When morning ushers in the day,  
Or ev'ning veils the skies.
- 4 When glimm'ring life resigns its flame,  
Thy praise shall tune my breath;  
The sweet remembrance of thy name  
Shall gild the shades of death.
- 5 But, oh! how blest my song shall rise,  
When freed from feeble clay,  
And all thy glories meet mine eyes  
In one eternal day.
- 6 Not seraphs, who resound thy name  
Through yon ethereal plains,  
Shall glow with a diviner flame,  
Or raise sublimer strains.

52. (17) C. M.

- 1 **L**ONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,  
God of eternal love!  
My work and joy shall be the same,  
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,  
And let his praise be great:  
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,  
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;  
And, while my lips rejoice,  
The men that hear my sacred song  
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,  
And children learn thy ways;



Ages to come thy truth proclaim,  
And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date,  
Shall through the world be known :  
Thine arm of pow'r, thine heav'nly state,  
With public splendor shown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,  
Thy saints are rul'd by love ;  
And thine eternal kingdom stands,  
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

**53.** (22) S. M.

1 **O** Bless the Lord, my soul !  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul !  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulness,  
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins ;  
'Tis he relieves thy pain ;  
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,  
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When rescu'd from the grave ;  
He, that redeem'd our souls from death,  
Hath boundless pow'r to save.

5 He fills the poor with good ;  
He gives the suff'ers rest ;  
The Lord hath justice for the proud,  
And mercy for the oppress'd.

6 His wondrous works and ways  
He made by Moses known ;  
But sent the world his truth and grace  
By his beloved Son.

54.

(25) L. M.

- 1 **I**N glad amazement, Lord, I stand,  
Amidst the bounties of thy hand;  
How numberless those bounties are!  
How rich, how various, and how fair!
- 2 But oh! what poor returns I make!  
What lifeless thanks I pay thee back!  
Lord! I confess with humble shame,  
My off'rings scarce deserve the name.
- 3 Fain would my lab'ring heart devise  
To bring some nobler sacrifice;  
It sinks beneath the mighty load:  
What shall I render to my God?
- 4 To him I consecrate my praise,  
And vow the remnant of my days;  
Yet, what at best, I can pretend,  
Worthy such gifts from such a friend?
- 5 In deep abasement, Lord, I see  
My emptiness and poverty!  
Enrich my soul with grace divine,  
And make me worthier to be thine.
- 6 Give me at length an angel's tongue,  
That heav'n may echo with my song!  
The theme, too great for time, shall be  
The joy of long eternity.

S. M.

55.

*God all, and in all.*—Psalm lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,  
To thee, to thee, I call,  
I cannot live if thou remove,  
For thou art all in all.
- 2 Thy shining grace can cheer  
This dungeon where I dwell;  
'Tis paradise when thou art here,  
If thou depart, 'tis hell.

- 3 To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their bliss ;  
They sit around thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 4 Not all the harps above  
Can make a heavenly place,  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.
- 5 Nor earth, nor all the sky  
Can one delight afford ;  
No, not a drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 6 To thee my spirits fly  
With infinite desire,  
And yet how far from thee I lie !  
Dear Jesus raise me higher.

C. M.

56. *God glorious and Sinners saved.*—Rom. i. 30  
Chap. v. 8, 9. 1 Pet. iii. 22.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines !  
How high thy wonders rise !  
Known through the earth by thousand sign  
By thousands through the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
Their motions speak thy skill,  
And on the wings of every hour  
We read thy patience still.
- 3 But when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Our souls are fill'd with awe divine,  
To see what God performs.
- 4 When sinners break the Father's law,  
The dying Son atones ;  
Oh the dear mysteries of his cross !  
The triumph of his groans !

5 Now the full glories of the Lamb  
 Adorn the heavenly plains ;  
 Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,  
 And try their choicest strains.

6 O may I bear some humble part  
 In that immortal song ;  
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
 And love command my tongue.

57. (315) P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1 **P**ARENT of good ! thy works of might  
 I trace with wonder and delight ;  
 Thy name is all divine.  
 There's naught in earth, or sea, or air,  
 Or heav'n itself, that's good or fair,  
 But what is wholly thine.

2 Immensely high thy glories rise ;  
 They strike my soul with sweet surprise,  
 And sacred pleasure yield :  
 An ocean wide without a bound,  
 Where ev'ry noble wish is drown'd,  
 And ev'ry want is fill'd.

3 To thee my warm affections move,  
 In sweet astonishment and love,  
 While at thy feet I fall :  
 I pant for naught beneath the skies ;  
 To thee my ardent wishes rise,  
 O my eternal All !

4 What shall I do to spread thy praise,  
 My God ! through my remaining days,  
 Or how thy name adore ?  
 To thee I consecrate my breath ;  
 Let me be thine in life and death,  
 And thine for evermore.

## THE WORKS OF GOD.

58. (63) C. M.  
*God's love displayed in creation.*

- 1 **H**AIL, great Creator, wise and good !  
 To thee our songs we raise ;  
 Nature, thro' all her various scenes,  
 Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,  
 Fresh wonders strike our view ;  
 And while we gaze, our hearts exult,  
 With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in ev'ry star,  
 Which gilds the gloom of night ;  
 And decks the smiling face of morn  
 With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,  
 With countless beauties shine ;  
 The silent grove, the awful shade,  
 Proclaim thy pow'r divine.
- 5 Great nature's God ! still may these scenes  
 Our serious hours engage !  
 Still may our grateful hearts consult  
 Thy works' instructive page !
- 6 And while in all thy wondrous works,  
 Thy varied love we see ;  
 Still may the contemplation lead  
 Our hearts, O God, to thee !

59. (61) L. M.  
*Works of God.*

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim.



- 2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
Does his Creator's pow'r display,  
And publishes to ev'ry land  
The work of an almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the list'ning earth  
Repeats the story of her birth.
- 4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
What tho' nor real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
- 6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice,  
Forever singing, as they shine—  
The hand that made us is divine.

60. (64) C. M.  
*All things dependent on God.*

- 1 **W**E sing th' almighty pow'r of God,  
Who bade the mountains rise,  
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 We sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
The sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.
- 3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,  
Who fills the earth with food;  
Who form'd his creatures by a word,  
And then pronounc'd them good,
- 4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,  
Where'er we turn our eyes;

Whether we view the ground we tread,  
Or gaze upon the skies !

5 There's not a plant nor flow'r below,  
But makes thy glories known ;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from thy throne.

6 On him each moment we depend ;  
If he withdraw, we die.

O may we ne'er that God offend,  
Who is for ever nigh !

61.

(65) L. M.

*The riches of divine goodness.*

1 **L**ET the high heav'ns your songs invite ;  
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,  
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,  
And stars that glow from pole to pole.

2 Sing earth in verdant robes array'd,  
Its herbs and flowers, its fruits and shade ;  
Peopled with life of various forms,  
Of fish, and fowl, and beasts, and worms.

3 View the broad sea's majestic plains,  
And think how wide its Maker reigns ;  
That band remotest nations joins ;  
And on each wave his goodness shines.

4 But O ! that brighter world above,  
Where lives and reigns incarnate love !  
God's only Son, in flesh array'd,  
For man a bleeding victim made !

5 Thither my soul, with rapture soar ;  
There in the land of praise adore !  
The theme demands an angel's lay,  
Demands an everlasting day.

L. M.

62.

*Sun, Moon, and Stars, praise the Lord.*

1 **F**AIREST of all the lights above,  
Thou sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,

And with unwearied swiftness move,  
To form the circles of our years ;

2 Praise the Creator of the skies,  
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays ;  
Or let the sun forget to rise,  
If he forget his Maker's praise !

3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,  
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,  
Whose gentle beams, and borrow'd light,  
Are softer rivals of the noon ;

4 Arise, and to that sovereign Power  
Waxing and waning honors pay,  
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,  
And half supply the absent day !

5 Ye twinkling stars that gild the skies,  
When darkness has its curtain drawn ;  
That keep your watch with wakeful eyes,  
When business, cares, and day, are gone :

6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,  
Dispers'd through all the heavenly street,  
Whose boundless treasures can afford  
So rich a pavement for his feet !

7 O God of glory, God of love,  
Thou art the sun that makes our days ;  
With all thy shining works above  
Let man attempt to speak thy praise !

63.

L. M.

*The Ministry of Angels.*

1 GREAT God ! what hosts of angels stand,  
In shining ranks at thy right hand,  
Array'd in robes of dazzling light,  
With pinions stretch'd for distant flight !

2 Immortal fires ! seraphic flames !  
Who can recount their various names ?  
In strength and beauty they excel ;  
For near the throne of God they dwell.

- 3 How eagerly they wish to know  
The duties he would have them do:  
What joy their active spirits feel,  
To execute their Sovereign's will !
- 4 Hither, at his command, they fly  
To guard the beds on which we lie ;  
To shield our persons night and day,  
And scatter all our fears away.
- 5 Send, O my God, some angel down,  
(Though to a mortal eye unknown,)  
To guide and guard my doubtful way  
Up to the realms of endless day.

64.

C. M.

*The soul.*—Mark viii. 36.

- 1 **WHAT** is the thing of greatest price,  
The whole creation round ?  
That which was lost in Paradise,  
That which in Christ is found :
- 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath  
That keeps two worlds at strife ;  
Hell moves beneath to work its death,  
Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 God, to redeem it, did not spare  
His well beloved Son ;  
Jesus, to save it, deign'd to bear  
The sins of all in one.
- 4 And is this treasure borne below,  
In earthen vessels frail ?  
Can none its utmost value know,  
Till flesh and spirit fail ?
- 5 Then let us gather round the cross,  
That knowledge to obtain ;  
Not by the soul's eternal loss,  
But everlasting gain.

## PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

(71) C. M.

65.

*Volume of divine Providence.*

- 1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie  
Abas'd before the Lord!  
Whate'er his pow'rful hand has form'd,  
He governs with a word.
- 2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies  
Were into motion brought,  
All the long years and worlds to come  
Stood present to his thought.
- 3 There's not a sparrow or a worm  
O'erlook'd in his decrees,  
He raises monarchs to a throne,  
Or sinks with equal ease.
- 4 If light attend the course I go,  
'Tis he provides the rays;  
And 'tis his hand that hides the sun,  
If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Trusting his wisdom and his love,  
I would not wish to know,  
What in the book of his decrees  
Awaits me here below.
- 6 Be this alone my fervent pray'r:  
Whate'er my lot shall be,  
Or joys, or sorrows, may they form  
My soul for heav'n and thee!

(72) C. M.

66.

*God's dispensations merciful.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how fearful is his name!  
How wide is his command!  
Nature, with all her moving frame,  
Rests on his mighty hand,
- 2 Immortal glory forms his throne,  
And light his awful robe,



Whilst, with a smile or with a frown,  
He manages the globe.

3 Adoring angels round him fall,  
In all their shining forms ;  
His sov'reign eye looks thro' them all,  
And pities mortal worms.

4 His bowels to our worthless race  
In sweet compassion move ;  
He clothes his looks with softest grace,  
And takes his title, love.

5 Now, let the Lord for ever reign,  
And sway us as he will ;  
Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,  
We are his fav'rites still.

67. (75) L. M.  
*God provides for all.*

1 **G**REATEST of beings, source of life,  
Sov'reign of air, and earth, and sea !  
All nature feels thy pow'r ; but man  
A grateful tribute pays to thee.

2 Subject to wants, to thee he looks,  
And from thy goodness seeks supplies ;  
And, when oppress'd with guilt he mourns,  
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.

3 Children, whose little minds, unform'd,  
Ne'er rais'd a tender thought to heav'n ;  
And men, whom reason lifts to God,  
Tho' oft by passion downward driv'n ;

4 Those, too, who bend with age and care,  
And faint and tremble near the tomb,  
Who, sick'ning at the present scenes,  
Sigh for that better state to come :

5 All, great Creator ! all are thine ;  
All feel thy providential care ;  
And, thro' each varying scene of life,  
Alike thy constant pity share.

6 And, whether grief oppress the heart,  
 Or whether joy elate the breast,  
 Or life still keep its little course,  
 Or death invite the heart to rest :

7 All are thy messengers, and all  
 Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey ;  
 And all are training man to dwell  
 Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

68. (77) L. M.  
*God's appointments, wise and good.*

1 **T**HROUGH all the various shifting scene  
 Of life's mistaken ill or good,  
 Thy hand, O God, conducts, unseen,  
 The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care,  
 Howe'er unjustly we complain,  
 To all their necessary share  
 Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 Trust we to youth, or friends, or pow'r ?  
 Fix we on this terrestrial ball ?  
 When most secure, the coming hour,  
 If thou see fit, may blast them all.

4 Thy pow'rful consolations cheer ;  
 Thy smiles suppress the deep-fetch'd sigh ;  
 Thy hand can dry the trickling tear,  
 That secret wets the widow's eye.

5 All things on earth, and all in heav'n  
 On thy eternal will depend ;  
 And all for greater good were giv'n,  
 Would man pursue th' appointed end.

6 Be this my care :—To all beside,  
 Indiff'rent let my wishes be ;  
 Passion be calm, abas'd be pride,  
 And fix'd my soul, great God ! on thee.

69.

(78) C. M.

*God's ways incomprehensible.*

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform,  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep and unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints ! fresh courage take :  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and will break  
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust him for his grace ;  
Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain ;  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

70.

(79) L. M.

*In him we live and move.*

- 1 **V**AST are thy works, almighty Lord,  
All nature rests upon thy word ;  
Thy glories in the heav'ns we see ;  
The spacious earth is full of thee.
- 2 The various tribes of creatures stand,  
Waiting their portions from thy hand ;  
And, while they take their diff'rent food,  
Their cheerful looks pronounce thee good.

- 3 Whene'er thy face is hid, they mourn,  
And, dying, to their dust return ;  
Both man and beast their souls resign ;  
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.
- 4 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,  
And fill the world with beasts and men ;  
A word of thy creating breath,  
Repairs the wastes of time and death.
- 5 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,  
And at thy touch the mountains smoke :  
Yet humble souls may see thy face,  
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.
- 6 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,  
And make my meditations sweet :  
I to my God, my heav'nly King,  
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

(81) L. M.

71.

*God the refuge of his children.*

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of deep distress invade ;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd  
Down to the deep, and buried there ;  
Convulsions shake the solid world :  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar :  
In sacred peace our souls abide ;  
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore  
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 'Midst storms and tempests, Lord ! thy word  
Does ev'ry rising fear control :  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And well sustain the fainting soul.

(82) S. M.

72.

*Divine goodness a ground of trust.*

- 1 **G**IVE to the winds thy fears ;  
Hope, and be undismay'd :

God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,  
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms,  
He gently clears thy way ;  
Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not ;  
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,  
And ruleth all things well.

4 Thine everlasting truth,  
Father, thy ceaseless love,  
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows  
What best for each will prove.

5 And whatsoe'er thou will'st,  
Thou dost, O King of kings ;  
What thine unerring wisdom chose,  
Thy pow'r to being brings.

6 Let us in life, in death,  
Thy steadfast truth declare ;  
And publish with our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care.

73. (83) L. M.  
*God appointeth affliction.*

1 **N**OT from relentless fate's dark womb,  
Or from the dust, our troubles come ;  
No fickle chance presides o'er grief,  
To cause the pain, or send relief.

2 Look up, and see, ye sorrowing saints !  
The cause and cure of your complaints,  
Know, 'tis your heav'nly father's will :  
Bid ev'ry murmur then be still.

3 He sees, we need the painful yoke ;  
Yet love directs his heaviest stroke,  
He takes no pleasure in our smart,  
But wounds to heal and cheer the heart.



4 Blest trials those that cleanse from sin,  
And make the soul all pure within,  
Wean the fond mind from earthly toys,  
To seek and taste celestial joys!

(84) C. M.

74.

*God a present help in trouble.*

- 1 **T**O calm the sorrows of the mind,  
Our heav'nly Friend is nigh,  
To wipe the anxious tear that starts  
Or trembles in the eye.
- 2 Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,  
The secret wo control ;  
The inward malady canst heal,  
The sickness of the soul.
- 3 Thou canst repress the rising sigh ;  
Canst sooth each mortal care ;  
And ev'ry deep and heart-felt groan  
Is wafted to thine ear.
- 4 Thy gracious eye is watchful still ;  
Thy potent arm can save  
From threat'ning danger and disease,  
And the devouring grave.
- 5 When, pale and languid all the frame,  
The ruthless hand of pain  
Arrests the feeble pow'rs of life,  
The help of man is vain.
- 6 'Tis thou, great God ! alone canst check  
The progress of disease ;  
And sickness, aw'd by pow'r divine,  
The high command obeys.
- 7 Eternal source of life and health,  
And ev'ry bliss we feel !  
In sorrow and in joy, to thee  
Our grateful hearts appeal.

(86) C. M.

75.

*Man's dependence on God.*

- 1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,  
Nor death nor danger fear ;

While we confess, O Lord, to thee,  
What feeble things we are.

2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,  
And flourish bright and gay :  
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
And fades the grass away.

3 Our life contains a thousand springs,  
And dies if one be gone ;  
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long.

4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,  
The God that form'd us first ;  
Salvation to th' almighty name,  
That rear'd us from the dust.

5 While we have breath, or life, or tongues,  
Our Maker we'll adore ;  
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,  
Or they would breathe no more.

76. (87) P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.  
*God our pleasure.*

1 **U**PWARD I lift mine eyes,  
From God is all my aid ;  
The God who built the skies,  
And earth's foundations laid.  
God is the tow'r  
To which I fly :  
His grace is nigh  
In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide  
Or fall in fatal snares ;  
Since God, my guard and guide,  
Defends me from my fears.  
Those wakeful eyes,  
That never sleep,  
His children keep,  
When dangers rise.

- 3 No burning heats by day,  
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,  
Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there.  
Thou art my sun,  
And thou my shade,  
To guard my head  
By night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word,  
To save my soul from death?  
And I can trust the Lord,  
To keep my mortal breath,  
I'll go and come,  
Nor fear to die,  
Till from on high  
He call me home.

77. (88) L. M.  
*The people of God safe.*

- 1 **THEY**, that have made their refuge God,  
Shall find a most secure abode;  
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,  
And there at night shall rest their head.
- 2 If burning beams of noon conspire  
To dart a pestilential fire:  
God is their life; his wings are spread,  
To shield them 'midst ten thousand dead.
- 3 If vapors with malignant breath  
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death:  
Still they are safe; the poison'd air  
Again grows pure, if God be there.
- 4 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,  
Receive commission from the Lord,  
To strike his saints among the rest:  
Their very pains and death are blest.
- 5 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,  
Shall but fulfill their best desire;  
From sins and sorrows set them free,  
And bring thy children, Lord! to thee.

78. (89) C. M.  
*Trust in the promises of God.*

- 1 **A**ND art thou with us, gracious Lord,  
 To dissipate our fear?  
 Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,  
 Our God for ever near?
- 2 Doth thy right hand, which form'd the earth,  
 And bears up all the skies,  
 Stretch from on high its friendly aid,  
 When dangers round us rise?
- 3 And wilt thou lead our weary souls  
 To that delightful scene,  
 Where rivers of salvation flow  
 Through pastures ever green?
- 4 On thy support our souls shall lean,  
 And banish ev'ry care;  
 The gloomy vale of death shall smile,  
 If God be with us there.
- 5 While we his gracious succour prove,  
 'Midst all our various ways,  
 The darkest shades, thro' which we pass,  
 Shall echo with his praise.

79. (90) P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, as 112.  
*God our shepherd.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye;  
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When on the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant;  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads  
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads;  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious lonely wilds I stray ;  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,  
The barren wilderness shall smile ;  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.
- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread ;  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

80. (91) C. M.

- 1 **S**HINE on our souls, eternal God !  
With rays of mercy shine :  
O let thy favor crown our days,  
And their whole course be thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,  
Our hands might toil in vain :  
Small joy success itself could give,  
If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 'Tis ours the furrows to prepare,  
And sow the precious grain ;  
'Tis thine, to give the sun and air,  
And to command the rain.
- 4 With thee let ev'ry week begin,  
With thee each day be spent,  
For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,  
Since each by thee is lent.
- 5 Thus cheer us thro' this toilsome road,  
Till all our labors cease ;  
And thus prepare our weary souls  
For everlasting peace.

81. (92) C. M.  
*In travelling.*

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants blest, O Lord !  
How sure is their defence !



Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
They pass unhurt thro' burning climes,  
And breathe in tainted air.

3 Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry soil,  
Makes ev'ry region please ;  
The hoary frozen hills it warms,  
And smooths the boist'rous seas.

4 Tho' by the dreadful tempest toss'd,  
High on the broken wave,  
They know thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

5 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
Obedient to thy will ;  
The sea, that roars at thy command,  
At thy command is still.

6 From all my griefs and straits, O Lord !  
Thy mercy sets me free ;  
Whilst in the confidence of pray'r  
My heart takes hold on thee.

7 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
Thy goodness I'll adore ;  
And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

8 My life, while thou preserv'st my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be ;  
And; oh ! may death, when death shall come,  
Unite my soul to thee !

C. M.

82. *Dark Providence.*—1 Cor. xiii. 9, 12.

1 **T**HY way, O God, is in the sea ;  
Thy paths I cannot trace :  
Nor comprehend the mystery  
Of thy unbounded grace.

- 2 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense  
 My captive soul surround ;  
 Mysterious deeps of providence  
 My wand'ring thoughts confound.
- 3 As thro' a glass I dimly see  
 The wonders of thy love ;  
 How little do I know of thee,  
 Or of the joys above !
- 4 'Tis but in part I know thy will :  
 I bless thee for the sight ;  
 When will thy love the rest reveal,  
 In glory's clearer light ?
- 5 With raptures shall I then survey  
 Thy providence and grace ;  
 And spend an everlasting day  
 In wonder, love, and praise.

L. M.

83. *Elijah fed by Ravens.*—1 Kings xvii. 6.

- 1 **W**HEN God's own people stand in need,  
 His goodness will provide supplies :  
 Thus when Elijah faints for bread,  
 A raven to his succour flies.
- 2 At God's command with speedy wings,  
 The hungry bird resigns its prey ;  
 And to the rev'rend prophet brings  
 The needful portion day by day.
- 3 This method may be counted strange ;  
 But happy was Elijah's lot :  
 For nature's course shall sooner change,  
 Than God's dear children be forgot.
- 4 This wonder oft has been renew'd,  
 And saints by sweet experience find  
 Their evils overrul'd for good,  
 Their foes to friendly deeds inclin'd.
- 5 Who can distrust that mighty hand,  
 Which rules with universal sway ;

Which nature's laws can countermand,  
Or feed us by a bird of prey !

84.

L. M.  
*Providence.*

- 1 **T**HY ways, O Lord ! with wise design,  
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,  
And every dark and bending line  
Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,  
Poor mortals thy arrangements view ;  
Not knowing that the least are sure,  
And the mysterious just and true.
- 3 Thy flock, thy own peculiar care,  
Though now they seem to roam uney'd,  
Are led or driven only where,  
They best and safest may abide.
- 4 They neither know nor trace the way :  
But whilst they trust thy guardian eye,  
Their feet shall ne'er to ruin stray,  
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
- 5 My favor'd soul shall meekly learn  
To lay her reason at thy throne ;  
Too weak thy secrets to discern,  
I'll trust thee for my guide alone.

C. M.

85. *God our Guide and Preserver.*—Deut. xxxii.  
11, 12.

- 1 **T**HE eagle fond her charge awakes  
Where in the nest they doze ;  
And while her flutt'ring plumes she shakes,  
The way to fly she shows ;  
She spreads her wings, her young to bear,  
Before their own they try ;  
And takes them up, and cleaves the air ;  
And soars above the sky.
- 2 'Twas thus in nature's sleep I lay,  
When Christ the Spirit shed,

His Spirit stirr'd me up to pray,  
 And hover'd o'er my head,  
 Infusing the first gracious hope  
 He spread his wings abroad,  
 And train'd his infant pupil up  
 To seek the face of God.

3 The object of his kindest care  
 He never yet forsook,  
 But did himself my weakness bear,  
 And all my burthen took;  
 He bore me up, from earth he bore  
 On wings of heav'nly love,  
 And taught my unfledg'd soul to soar  
 To those bright realms above.

4 The Spirit of redeeming grace  
 Hath been my sure defence,  
 And through the pathless wilderness  
 Led on my innocence:  
 When simple as a little child  
 All idols I abhorr'd,  
 And saw as my Redeemer smil'd,  
 My Paradise restor'd.

L. M.

86. *Consolatory Reflection on Providence.*

1 'TIS wisdom, mercy, love divine,  
 Which mingles blessings with our cares;  
 And shall our thankless heart repine  
 That we obtain not all our prayers?

2 From diffidence our sorrows flow,  
 Short-sighted mortals, weak and blind,  
 Bend down their eyes to earth and wo,  
 And doubt if providence be kind.

3 Should heaven with every wish comply,  
 Say, would the grant relieve the care?  
 Perhaps the good for which we sigh,  
 Might change it's name and prove a snare.

- 4 Were once our vain desires subdu'd,  
The will resign'd, the heart at rest;  
In every scene we should conclude,  
The will of heaven is right, is best.

C. M.

87. *Praise for the Blessings of Providence and Grace.*—Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Father, gracious Lord,  
Kind guardian of my days,  
Thy mercies let my heart record  
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame  
Was thy indulgent care,  
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,  
Or breathe the infant prayer.
- 3 Each rolling year new favors brought  
From thy exhaustless store;  
But, ah! in vain my labouring thought,  
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 4 While sweet reflection, through my days,  
Thy bounteous hand would trace,  
Still dearer blessings claim thy praise,  
The blessings of thy grace.
- 5 Yes, I adore thee, gracious Lord!  
For favors more divine;  
That I have known thy sacred word,  
Where all thy glories shine.
- 6 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,  
And every weakness dies,  
Complete the wonders of thy grace,  
And raise me to the skies.

88. (260) C. M.

- 1 **Y**E trembling souls! dismiss your fears;  
Be mercy all your theme;  
Mercy, which like a river flows  
In one continued stream.



- 2 Fear not the pow'rs of earth and hell :  
God will these pow'rs restrain ;  
His mighty arm their rage repel,  
And make their efforts vain.
- 3 Fear not the want of outward good :  
He will for his provide,  
Grant them supplies of daily food,  
And give them heav'n beside.
- 4 Fear not, that he will e'er forsake,  
Or leave his work undone :  
He's faithful to his promises,  
And faithful to his Son.
- 5 Fear not the terrors of the grave,  
Nor death's tremendous sting :  
He will from endless wrath preserve,  
To endless glory bring.
- 6 You in his wisdom, pow'r, and grace,  
May confidently trust :  
His wisdom guides, his pow'r protects,  
His grace rewards the just.



## FALL AND DEPRAVITY OF MAN.

89. C. M.  
*Corrupt Nature from Adam.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D with the joys of innocence,  
Adam, our father, stood,  
Till he debas'd his soul to sense,  
And ate the unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,  
To sinful joys inclin'd ;  
Reason has lost its native place,  
And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh and sense and passion reigns,  
Sin is the sweetest good :

We fancy music in our chains,  
And so forget the load.

4 Great God, renew our ruin'd frame,  
Our broken powers restore;  
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,  
And flesh shall reign no more.

5 Eternal Spirit, write thy law  
Upon our inward parts,  
And let the second Adam draw  
His image on our hearts.

C. M.

90. *Original Sin ; or, the first and second Adam.—*  
Rom. v. 12. Psalm li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

1 **B**ACKWARD with humble shame we look,  
On our original ;  
How is our nature dash'd and broke  
In our first father's fall !

2 To all that's good, averse and blind,  
But prone to all that's ill ;  
What dreadful darkness veils our mind !  
How obstinate our will !

3 How strong in our degenerate blood,  
The old corruption reigns,  
And mingling with the crooked flood,  
Wanders through all our veins !

4 Wild and unwholesome as the root  
Will all the branches be ;  
How can we hope for living fruit  
From such a deadly tree ?

5 What mortal power from things unclean  
Can pure productions bring ?  
Who can command a vital stream  
From an infected spring ?

6 Yet mighty God, thy wondrous love  
Can make our nature clean,  
While Christ and grace prevail above  
The tempter, death, and sin.

- 7 The second Adam shall restore  
 The ruins of the first,  
 Hosanna to that sovereign power  
 That new-creates our dust.

C. M.

91. *The Deceitfulness of Sin.*

- 1 **S**IN has a thousand treacherous arts  
 To practise on the mind ;  
 With flattering looks she tempts our hearts,  
 But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives  
 The aged and the young ;  
 And while the heedless wretch believes,  
 She makes his fetters strong.
- 3 She pleads for all the joy she brings,  
 And gives a fair pretence ;  
 But cheats the soul of heavenly things,  
 And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair  
 Grew the forbidden food ;  
 Our mother took the poison there,  
 And tainted all her blood.

L. M.

92. *Adam and Christ, Lords of the Old and the New Creation.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what was man when made at first,  
 Adam the offspring of the dust,  
 That thou should'st set him and his race  
 But just below an angel's place ?
- 2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,  
 And make him lord of all below ;  
 Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,  
 And lay the fishes at his feet ?
- 3 But O, what brighter glories wait  
 To crown the second Adam's state !  
 What honors shall thy Son adorn,  
 Who condescended to be born !

- 4 See him below his angels made,  
 See him in dust amongst the dead,  
 To save a ruin'd world from sin ;  
 But he shall reign with power divine.
- 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all  
 The miseries that attend the fall,  
 New-made, and glorious, shall submi  
 At our exalted Saviour's feet.

L. M.

93.

*The Farewell.*

- 1 **D**EAD be my heart to all below,  
 To mortal joys and mortal cares ;  
 To sensual bliss that charms us so,  
 Be dark, mine eyes, and deaf, my ears.
- 2 Lord, I renounce my carnal taste  
 Of the fair fruit that sinners prize :  
 Their paradise shall never waste  
 One thought of mine, but to despise.
- 3 All earthly joys are overweigh'd  
 With mountains of vexatious care ;  
 And where's the sweet that is not laid  
 A bait to some destructive snare ?
- 4 Begone, for ever, mortal things !  
 Thou mighty mole-hill, earth, farewell !  
 Angels aspire on lofty wings,  
 And leave the globe for ants to dwell.
- 5 Come, heaven, and fill my vast desires,  
 My soul pursues the sovereign good ;  
 She was all made of heavenly fires,  
 Nor can she live on meaner food.

L. M.

94.

*The prosperity of Sinners cursed.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,  
 To mourn, and murmur, and repine  
 To see the wicked plac'd on high,  
 In pride and robes of honor shine,

- 2 But oh their end, their dreadful end !  
 Thy sanctuary taught me so :  
 On slippery rocks I see them stand,  
 And fiery billows roll below.
- 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,  
 I'll never envy them again :  
 There they may stand with haughty eyes,  
 Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
- 4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee !  
 Just like a dream when man awakes ;  
 Their songs of softest harmony  
 Are but a preface to their plagues.
- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine  
 Too dear to purchase with my blood ;  
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,  
 My life, my portion, and my God.

C. M.

95. *The World's three chief Temptations.*

- 1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine  
 We look on things below,  
 Honor, and gold, and sensual joy,  
 How vain and dangerous too !
- 2 Honor's a puff of noisy breath ;  
 Yet men expose their blood,  
 And venture everlasting death  
 To gain that airy good.
- 3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,  
 And feed on shining dust,  
 They rob the serpent of his food  
 T' indulge a sordid lust.
- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense  
 Are dangerous snares to souls ;  
 There's but a drop of flattering sweet,  
 And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is mine all-sufficient good,  
 My portion and my choice ;



In him my vast desires are fill'd,  
And all my powers rejoice.

- 6 In vain the world accosts my ear  
And tempts my heart anew ;  
I cannot buy your bliss so dear,  
Nor part with heaven for you.

C. M.

96.

*The End of the World.*

- 1 **W**HY should this earth delight us so ?  
Why should we fix our eyes  
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,  
And every pleasure dies ?
- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares  
Our comforts to devour,  
There is a land above the stars,  
And joys above his power.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,  
The sun must end his race,  
The earth and sea for ever fly  
Before my Saviour's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise ?  
When the last trumpet sound,  
And call the nations to the skies,  
From underneath the ground ?

L. M.

97.

*The Vanity of earthly Things.*

- 1 **W**HAT are possessions, fame, and power,  
The boasted splendor of the great ?  
What gold, which dazzled eyes adore,  
And seek with endless toils and sweat ?
- 2 Express their charms, declare their use,  
That we their merits may descry,  
Tell us what good they can produce,  
Or what important wants supply.
- 3 If, wounded with the sense of sin,  
To them for pardon we should pray,

- Will they restore our peace within,  
And wash our guilty stains away?
- 4 Can they celestial life inspire,  
Nature with power divine renew,  
With pure and sacred transports fire  
Our bosom, and our lusts subdue?
- 5 When with the pangs of death we strive,  
And yield all comforts here for lost,  
Will they support us, will they give  
Kind succour, when we need it most?
- 6 When at th' Almighty's awful bar  
To hear our final doom we stand,  
Can they incline the Judge to spare,  
Or wrest the vengeance from his hand?
- 7 Can they protect us from despair,  
From the dark reign of death and hell,  
Crown us with bliss, and throne us where  
The just, in joys immortal, dwell?
- 8 Sinners, your idols we despise,  
If these reliefs ye cannot grant;  
Why should we such delusions prize,  
And pine in everlasting want?

L. M.

98. *The Glutton and the Drunkard.*

- 1 **V**AIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,  
Prepares for his own punishment;  
What pains, what loathsome maladies  
From luxury and lust arise!
- 2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,  
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;  
Till all his active powers are lost,  
And fainting life draws near the dust.
- 3 The glutton groans and loathes to eat,  
His soul abhors delicious meat:  
Nature, with heavy loads opprest,  
Would yield to death to be releas'd.
- 4 Then how the frightened sinners fly  
To God for help with earnest cry!

He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,  
And saves them from approaching death.

- 5 O may the sons of men record  
The wondrous goodness of the Lord !  
And let their thankful offerings prove  
How they adore their Maker's love.



## CHRIST.

### *HIS DIVINITY.*

L. M.

99. *The Deity and Humanity of Christ.*—John i. 1.  
3. 14. Col. i. 16. Eph. iii. 9, 10.

- 1 **E**RE the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad  
From everlasting was the Word ;  
With God he was ; the Word was God,  
And must divinely be ador'd.
- 2 By his own power were all things made ;  
By him supported all things stand ;  
He is the whole creation's Head,  
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,  
He led the host of morning stars ;  
(Thy generation who can tell,  
Or count the number of thy years ?)
- 4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms,  
The Word descends and dwells in clay,  
That he may converse hold with worms,  
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face ;  
Th' eternal Father's only Son ;  
How full of truth ! how full of grace !  
When through his eyes the Godhead shone.

- 6 Archangels leave their high abode  
To learn new mysteries here, and tell  
The love of our descending God,  
The glories of Immanuel.

L. M.

**100.** *God the Son, equal with the Father.*

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of glory, dreadful God !  
Our Spirits bow before thy seat,  
To thee we lift an humble thought,  
And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 A thousand seraphs strong and bright  
Stand round the glorious Deity ;  
But who amongst the sons of light  
Pretends comparison with thee !
- 3 Yet there is one of human frame,  
Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,  
Thinks it no robbery to claim  
A full equality with God.
- 4 Their glory shines with equal beams ;  
Their essence is for ever one,  
Though they are known by different names,  
The Father God, and God the Son.
- 5 Then let the name of Christ our King  
With equal honors be ador'd ;  
His praise let every angel sing,  
And all the nations own their Lord.

C. M.

**101.** *The Divinity of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, Eternal Word !  
The Father's equal Son ;  
By heaven's obedient hosts ador'd,  
Ere time its course begun.
- 2 The first creation has display'd  
Thine energy divine ;  
For not a single thing was made  
By other hands than thine.

- 3 But ransom'd sinners, with delight,  
 Sublimier facts survey,—  
 The all-creating Word unites  
 Himself to dust and clay.
- 4 Creation's Author now assumes  
 A creature's humble form :  
 A man of grief and wo becomes,  
 And trod on like a worm.
- 5 The Lord of glory bears the shame  
 To vile transgressors due ;  
 Justice the Prince of life condemns  
 To die in anguish too.—
- 6 God over all, for ever blest,  
 The righteous curse endures ;  
 And thus, to souls with sin distress,  
 Eternal bliss ensures.
- 7 What wonders in thy person meet,  
 My Saviour, all divine !  
 I fall with rapture at thy feet,  
 And would be wholly thine.

### *HIS INCARNATION.*

L. M.

102. *Messiah*.—Gen. xlix. 10. Dan. ix. 26.  
 Hag. ii. 6.

- 1 **G**LORY to God! who reigns above,  
 Who dwells in light, whose name is love ;  
 Ye saints and angels, if ye can,  
 Declare the love of God to man.
- 2 O what can more his love commend,  
 His dear, his only Son to send !  
 'That man, condemn'd to die, might live,  
 And God be glorious to forgive !
- 3 Messiah's come—with joy behold  
 The days by prophets long foretold :  
 Judah, thy royal sceptre's broke ;  
 And time still proves what Jacob spoke.



- 4 Daniel thy weeks are all expir'd,—  
The time prophetic seals requir'd ;  
Cut off for sins, but not his own,  
Thy Prince, Messiah, did atone.
- 4 We see the prophecies fulfill'd  
In Jesus, that most wondrous child:  
His birth, his life, his death, combine  
To prove his character divine.

(96) C. M.

**103.** *The Angel's message to the shepherds, at  
Christ's nativity.*

- 1 **O**N Judah's plains as shepherds sat,  
Watching their flocks by night,  
The angel of the Lord appear'd,  
Clad in celestial light.
- 2 Awe-struck the vision they regard,  
Appall'd with trembling fear ;  
When thus a cherub-voice divine  
Breath'd sweetly on their ear.
- 3 "Shepherds of Judah ! cease your fears,  
And calm your troubled mind ;  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
To you and all mankind.
- 4 This day almighty love fulfills  
Its great eternal word ;  
This day is born in Bethlehem,  
A Saviour, Christ the Lord.
- 5 There shall you find the heav'nly babe,  
In humblest weeds array'd ;  
All meanly wrapp'd in swaddling clothes,  
And in a manger laid."
- 6 He ceas'd, and sudden all around  
Appear'd a radiant throng  
Of angels, praising God, and thus  
Warbling their choral song :
- 7 "Glory to God, from whom on high  
All-gracious mercies flow !

Who sends his heav'n-descending peace  
To dwell with man below."

**104.** (97) P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.  
*The birth of Christ, joy to the world.*

1 **H**ARK! what celestial notes,  
What melody we hear!

Soft on the morn it floats,  
And fills the ravished ear.

The tuneful shell,

The golden lyre,

And vocal choir

The concert swell.

2 Th' angelic hosts descend,

With harmony divine:

See how from heav'n they bend,

And in full chorus join.

Fear not, say they;

Great joy we bring:

Jesus, your King,

Is born to-day.

3 He comes, from error's night

Your wand'ring feet to save;

To realms of bliss and light

He lifts you from the grave.

This glorious morn,

(Let all attend!)

Your matchless friend,

Your Saviour's born.

4 Glory to God on high!

Ye mortals, spread the sound,

And let your raptures fly

To earth's remotest bound:

For peace on earth,

From God in heav'n,

To man is giv'n,

At Jesus' birth.

**105.** (94) C. M.  
*The Advent of the Saviour.*

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes,  
 The Saviour promis'd long!  
 Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,  
 And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,  
 Exerts his sacred fire;  
 Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,  
 His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the pris'ner to release,  
 In Satan's bondage held:  
 The gates of brass before him burst,  
 The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice  
 To clear the mental ray;  
 And on the eyes oppress'd with night,  
 To pour celestial day.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
 The bleeding soul to cure,  
 And, with the treasures of his grace,  
 T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace!  
 Thy welcome shall proclaim;  
 And heav'n's eternal arches ring  
 With thy beloved name.

(95) S. M.  
**106.** *Mercy and not Wrath results from the mission  
 of Christ.*

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs,  
 To an immortal tune;  
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
 Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing, how eternal love  
 Its chief beloved chose,  
 And bade him raise our wretched race,  
 From their abyss of woes.

- 3 His hand no thunder bears,  
 No terror clothes his brow ;  
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
 To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,  
 No wrath stood frowning by,  
 When Christ was sent with pardon down  
 To rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now sinners dry your tears ;  
 Let hopeless sorrows cease ;  
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
 And take the offer'd peace.

(99) C. M.

**107.***Christ comes to destroy sin.*

- 1 **J**OY to the world ; the Lord is come !  
 Let earth receive her King :  
 Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,  
 And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ; the Saviour reigns,  
 Let men their songs employ ;  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
 Nor thorns infest the ground ;  
 He comes to make his blessings flow  
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of his righteousness,  
 And wonders of his love.

(98) C. M.

**108.** *The divine glory and goodness in the mission  
 of Christ.*

- 1 **H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,  
 And join th' angelic throng ;  
 For angels no such love have known,  
 T' awake a cheerful song.

- 2 Good will to guilty men is shown,  
And peace on earth is giv'n ;  
For, lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes,  
With messages from heav'n.
- 3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,  
His rising beams adorn :  
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,  
Now such a child is born.
- 4 Glory to God, in highest strains,  
In highest worlds be paid !  
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,  
And by our lives display'd !
- 5 When shall we reach those blissful realms,  
Where Christ exalted reigns,  
And learn of the celestial choir  
Their own immortal strains ?

(101) L. M.

**109.** *God sent his Son not to condemn, but to save the world.*

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, who reigns above,  
Fix'd on his throne of truth and love :  
Behold the finger of his pow'r,  
Contemplate, wonder, and adore.
- 2 When man, debas'd and guilty man,  
From crime to crime with madness ran ;  
Well might his arm its thunders launch,  
And blast th' ungrateful, root and branch.
- 3 But clemency with justice strove,  
To save the people of his love:  
"Go, my beloved Son !" he cried,  
"Be thou their Saviour, thou their guide."
- 4 The eastern star with glory streams ;  
It comes, with healing on its beams :  
Dark mists of error flee away,  
And Judah hails the rising day.



5 His sacred memory we bless,  
 Whose holy gospel we profess ;  
 And praise that great almighty name,  
 From whom such light and favor came.

**110.** (104) P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.  
*Praise for the mission of Jesus.*

1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,  
 The universal Lord,  
 The sov'reign King of kings ;  
 And be his grace ador'd.  
 His pow'r and grace  
 Are still the same ;  
 And let his name  
 Have endless praise.

2 He saw the nations lie  
 All perishing in sin,  
 And pitied the sad state  
 The ruin'd world was in.  
 Thy mercy, Lord,  
 Shall still endure ;  
 And ever sure  
 Abides thy word.

3 He sent his only Son  
 To save us from our wo,  
 From Satan, sin, and death,  
 And ev'ry hurtful foe.  
 His pow'r and grace  
 Are still the same ;  
 And let his name  
 Have endless praise.

4 Give thanks aloud to God,  
 To God the heav'nly King ;  
 And let the spacious earth  
 His works and glories sing.  
 Thy mercy, Lord,  
 Shall still endure ;  
 And ever sure  
 Abides thy word.

## 111.

L. M.

- 1 **M**Y song shall bless the Lord of all,  
My praise shall climb to his abode ;  
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,  
The great Supreme, the mighty God.
- 2 Without beginning or decline,  
Object of faith, and not of sense ;  
Eternal ages saw him shine,  
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much, when in the manger laid,  
Almighty ruler of the sky,  
As when the six days' work he made,  
Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,  
Salvation is the dearest claim :  
That gracious sound well pleas'd he hears,  
And owns Immanuel for his name.
- 5 A cheerful confidence I feel,  
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see :  
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal  
To worship him who died for me.

S. M.

112. *The Birth of Christ.*—Heb. ii. 16.

- 1 **Y**E saints, proclaim abroad  
The honors of your king ;  
To Jesus your incarnate God,  
Your songs of praises sing.
- 2 Not angels round the throne  
Of majesty above,  
Are half so much oblig'd as we,  
To our Immanuel's love.
- 3 They never sunk so low,  
They are not rais'd so high ;  
They never knew such depths of wo,  
Such heights of majesty.

- 4 The Saviour did not join  
 Their nature to his own ;  
 For them he shed no blood divine,  
 Nor breath'd a single groan.
- 5 May we with angels vie,  
 The Saviour to adore ;  
 Our debts are greater far than theirs,  
 O be our praises more !

113.

P. M. 11, 10, 11, 10.

*Praise to the Saviour.*

- 1 **B**RIGHTEST, and best of the sons of the  
 morning !  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall ;  
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odours of Edom and off'rings divine ?  
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;  
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure :  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

*HIS LIFE AND MINISTRY.*

114.

(128) L. M.

*The life of Christ a pattern for Christians.*

- 1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord !  
 I read my duty in thy word :

But in thy life the law appears  
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,  
Thy love and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air  
Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r :  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too !
- 4 Be thou my pattern ; let me bear  
More of thy gracious image here ;  
Then God the Judge shall own my name  
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

115. (130) C. M.  
*Jesus went about doing good.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, where in a mortal form  
Appears each grace divine !  
The virtues, all in Jesus met,  
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,  
To give the mourner joy ;  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart, to all his friends  
A friend and servant found,  
He wash'd their feet, he wip'd their tears,  
And heal'd each bleeding wound.
- 4 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
Patient and meek he stood ;  
His foes ungrateful, sought his life ;  
He labor'd for their good.
- 5 To God he left his righteous cause ;  
And still his task pursued ;  
While humble pray'r and holy faith  
His fainting strength renew'd.

- 6 In the last hours of deep distress,  
 Before his Father's throne,  
 With soul resign'd he bow'd, and said,  
 "Thy will, not mine, be done!"
- 7 Be Christ our pattern and our guide!  
 His image may we bear!  
 O may we tread his holy steps,  
 His joy and glory share!

(132) C. M.

**116.** *Forgiveness from the example of Jesus.*

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise!  
 Thy Glory is my song;  
 Though sinners speak against thy grace  
 With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man  
 Thy Son on earth was found,  
 With cruel slanders, false and vain,  
 They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion mov'd;  
 Their peace he still pursu'd:  
 They render'd hatred for his love,  
 And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause;  
 Yet with his dying breath  
 He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,  
 And bless'd his foes in death.
- 5 O may his conduct, all-divine,  
 To me a model prove!  
 Like his, O God! my heart incline  
 My enemies to love.

(133) L. M.

**117.** *Resignation from the example of Jesus.*

- 1 **"F**ATHER divine," the Saviour cried,  
 While horrors press'd on ev'ry side,  
 And prostrate on the ground he lay,  
 "Remove this bitter cup away.
- 2 "But if these pangs must still be borne,  
 And stripes, and wounds, and cruel scorn,



- I bow my soul before thy throne,  
And say, Thy will, not mine, be done.”
- 3 Thus *our* submissive souls would bow,  
And, taught by Jesus, lie as low :  
Our *hearts*, and not our lips alone,  
Would say, “ Thy will, not ours, be done.”
- 4 Then, though like him in dust we lie,  
We’ll view the blissful moment nigh,  
Which, from our portion in his pains,  
Calls to the joy in which he reigns.

L. M.

118. *Christ's Transfiguration.*—Matt. xvii. 4.

- 1 **W**HEN at a distance, Lord, we trace  
The various glories of thy face,  
What transport pours o’er all our breast,  
And charms our cares and woes to rest !
- 2 With thee, in the obscurest cell,  
On some bleak mountain would I dwell,  
Rather than pompous courts behold,  
And share their grandeur and their gold.
- 3 Away, ye dreams of mortal joy ;  
Raptures divine my thoughts employ,  
I see the King of glory shine ;  
And feel his love, and call him mine.
- 4 On Tabor thus his servants view’d  
His lustre, when transform’d he stood ;  
And, bidding earthly scenes farewell,  
Cried, “ Lord, ’tis pleasant here to dwell.”
- 5 Yet still our elevated eyes  
To nobler visions long to rise ;  
That grand assembly would we join,  
Where all thy saints around thee shine.
- 6 That mount, how bright ! those forms, how fair !  
’Tis good to dwell for ever there !  
Come, death, dear envoy of my God,  
And bear me to that blest abode.

## 119.

(107) L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the blind their sight receive !  
 Behold, the dead awake and live !  
 The dumb speak wonders, and the lame  
 Leap like the heart, and bless his name.
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own  
 And seal the mission of the Son ;  
 The Father vindicates his cause,  
 While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies ; the heav'ns in mourning stood :  
 He rises, and appears a God.  
 Behold the Lord ascending high,  
 No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence, and for ever, from my heart  
 I bid my doubts and fears depart ;  
 And to those hands my soul resign,  
 Which bear credentials so divine.

## 120.

(129) L. M.

*Christian example of benevolence.*

- 1 **A**ND is the gospel peace and love ?  
 Such let our conversation be ;  
 The serpent blended with the dove,  
 Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,  
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife  
 On Jesus let us fix our eyes,  
 Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind !  
 How mild ! how ready to forgive !  
 Be this the temper of our mind,  
 And these the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heav'nly Father's will,  
 Was his employment and delight :  
 Humility and holy zeal  
 Shone thro' his life divinely bright.

- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,  
 The labors of his life were love ;  
 If then we love the Saviour's name,  
 Let his divine example move !

L. M.

**121.** *Rich Man and Lazarus.*—Luke vi. 25.

- 1 **I**N what confusion earth appears !  
 God's dearest children bath'd in tears ;  
 While they who heaven itself deride,  
 Riot in luxury and pride.
- 2 But patient let my soul attend,  
 And ere I censure, view the end :  
 That end, how diff'rent ! who can tell  
 The wide extremes of heaven and hell ?
- 3 See the red flames around him twine,  
 Who did in gold and purple shine !  
 Nor can his tongue one drop obtain,  
 T' allay the scorching of his pain.
- 4 While round the saint, so poor below,  
 Full rivers of salvation flow ;  
 On Abrah'm's breast he leans his head,  
 And banquets on celestial bread.
- 5 Jesus, my Lord, let me appear  
 The meanest of thy servants here ;  
 So that at length I may but taste  
 The blessings of thy marriage feast.

### *HIS SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.*

L. M.

**122.** *Gethsemane.*

- 1 **'T**IS midnight—and on Olive's brow,  
 The star is dimm'd that lately shone ;  
 'Tis midnight—in the garden now,  
 The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight—and from all remov'd,  
 Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears,  
 E'en the disciple that he lov'd  
 Heeds not his Master's griefs and tears.

- 3 'Tis midnight—and for others' guilt  
 The man of sorrows weeps in blood ;  
 Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,  
 Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight—and from ether plains,  
 Is borne the song that angels know :  
 Unheard by mortals are the strains  
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's wo.

**123.** (136) L. M.  
*The Passion of Christ.*

- 1 **C**OME, let our mournful songs record  
 The dying sorrows of our Lord,  
 When he expir'd in shame and blood,  
 Like one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,  
 And shook their heads, and laugh'd in scorn !  
 " He rescued others from the grave ;  
 Now let him try himself to save."
- 3 O harden'd people ! cruel priests !  
 How they stood round like savage beasts !  
 Like lions gaping to devour,  
 When God had left him in their pow'r !
- 4 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Till streams of blood each other meet ;  
 By lot his garments they divide,  
 And mock the pangs in which he died.
- 5 But, gracious God ! thy pow'r and love  
 Have made his death a blessing prove :  
 Tho' once upon the cross he bled,  
 Immortal honors crown his head.
- 6 Tho' Christ the Son our guilt forgive,  
 And let the mourning sinner live !  
 The Lord will hear us in his name ;  
 Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

**124.** (147) C. M.  
*The love of a dying Saviour.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind  
 Nail'd to the shameful tree ;

How vast the love that him inclin'd  
To bleed and die for thee !

- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature shakes,  
And earth's strong pillars bend !  
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,  
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid ;  
"Receive my soul !" he cries :  
See where he bows his sacred head !  
He bows his head and dies !
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,  
And in full glory shine ;  
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,  
Was ever love like thine !

**125.** L. M.  
*A Dying Saviour.*

- 1 **S**TRETCH'D on the cross, the Saviour dies,  
Hark ! his expiring groans arise !  
See, from his hands, his feet, his side,  
Runs down the sacred crimson tide !
- 2 But life attends the dreadful sound,  
And flows from every bleeding wound ;  
The vital stream, how free it flows  
To save and cleanse his rebel foes !
- 3 To suffer in the traitor's place,  
To die for man, surprising grace !  
Yet pass rebellious angels by—  
O why for man, dear Saviour, why ?
- 4 And didst thou bleed ?—for sinners bleed ?  
And could the sun behold the deed ?  
No ! he withdrew his sickening ray,  
And darkness veil'd the morning day.
- 5 Can I survey this scene of wo,  
Where mingling grief and wonder flow ;  
And yet my heart unmov'd remain,  
Insensible to love or pain ?



6 Come, dearest Lord ! thy grace impart,  
 To warm this cold, this stupid heart ;  
 Till all its powers and passions move  
 In melting grief and ardent love.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

126. “*Stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.*”  
 Isa. liii. 4.

- 1 “**S**TRICKEN, smitten and afflicted,”  
 See him dying on the tree !  
 'Tis the Christ by man rejected ;  
 Yes, my soul, 'tis he ! 'tis he !  
 'Tis the long expected prophet,  
 David's son, yet David's Lord ;  
 Proofs I see sufficient of it :  
 'Tis a true and faithful word.
- 2 Tell me, ye who hear him groaning,  
 Was there ever grief like his ?  
 Friends through fear his cause disowning,  
 Foes insulting his distress :  
 Many hands were rais'd to wound him,  
 None would interpose to save ;  
 But the awful stroke that found him,  
 Was the stroke that justice gave.
- 3 Ye who think of sin but lightly,  
 Nor suppose the evil great ;  
 Here may view its nature rightly,  
 Here its guilt may estimate.  
 Mark the sacrifice appointed !  
 See *who* bears the awful load ;  
 'Tis the WORD, the LORD'S ANOINTED,  
 Son of man, and Son of God.
- 4 Here we have a firm foundation ;  
 Here's the refuge of the lost :  
 Christ's the rock of our salvation :  
 His the name of which we boast :  
 Lamb of God for sinners wounded !  
 Sacrifice to cancel guilt !  
 None shall ever be confounded  
 Who on him their hope have built.

127.

(137) L. M.

*Christ our substitute.*

- 1 **T**WAS for our sake, eternal God,  
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load  
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,  
And shame defil'd his sacred face.
- 2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,  
Abus'd him when he check'd their sin;  
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,  
They hate him, but without a cause.
- 3 Zeal for the temple of his God  
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood;  
Reproaches at thy glory thrown  
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.
- 4 His friends forsook, his followers fled,  
While foes and arms surround his head;  
They nail him to the shameful tree;  
There hung my Lord, who died for me.
- 5 But God his Father heard his cry;  
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;  
The nations learn his righteousness,  
And humble sinners taste his grace.

128.

(115) P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

- 1 **W**ITH ecstasy of joy  
Extol his glorious name,  
Who rear'd the spacious earth,  
And rais'd our mortal frame.  
He built the church,  
Who spread the sky:  
Shout and exalt  
His honors high.
- 2 See the foundation laid  
By pow'r and love divine;  
Jesus his first-born Son,  
How bright his glories shine!  
Low he descends,  
In dust he lies,

That from his tomb  
A church might rise.

- 3 But he for ever lives,  
Nor for himself alone ;  
Each saint new life derives  
From him, the living stone.  
His influence spreads  
Through ev'ry soul,  
And in one house  
Unites the whole.
- 4 To him with joy we move ;  
In him cemented stand ;  
The living temple grows,  
And owns the founder's hand.  
That structure, Lord,  
Still higher raise,  
Louder to sound  
Its builder's praise.

L. M.

**129.** *Crucifixion to the world by the Cross of Christ.*  
Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but lost,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ my God ;  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small ;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all,

**130.** (152) S. M.  
*Freedom in the death of Jesus.*

- 1 **A**ND shall we still be slaves,  
And in our fetters lie,  
When summon'd by a voice divine  
T' assert our liberty?
- 2 Did the great Saviour bleed,  
Our freedom to obtain?  
And shall we trample on his blood,  
And glory in our chain?
- 3 Shall we go on to sin,  
Because thy grace abounds;  
Or crucify the Lord again,  
And open all his wounds?
- 4 Forbid it, mighty God!  
Nor let it e'er be said,  
That those, for whom thy Son has died,  
In vice are lost and dead.
- 5 The man that durst despise  
The law that Moses brought,  
Behold! how terribly he dies  
For his presumptuous fault.
- 6 But sorer vengeance falls  
On that rebellious race,  
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,  
And dare resist his grace.

C. M.

**131.** *Christ's dying Love; or, our Pardon bought a  
a dear price.*

- 1 **H**OW condescending and how kind  
Was God's eternal Son!  
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,  
And pity brought him down.
- 2 This was compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.

- 3 Now, though he reigns exalted high,  
 His love is still as great:  
 Well he remembers Calvary,  
 Nor should his saints forget.
- 4 Here we behold his bowels roll  
 As kind as when he died;  
 And see the sorrows of his soul  
 Bleed through his wounded side.
- 5 Here we receive repeated seals  
 Of Jesus' dying love:  
 Hard is the wretch that never feels  
 One soft affection move.
- 6 Here let our hearts begin to melt,  
 While we his death record,  
 And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,  
 Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

L. M.

132.

*Salvation in the Cross.*

- 1 **H**ERE at thy cross, my dying God,  
 I lay my soul beneath thy love,  
 Beneath the droppings of thy blood,  
 Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.
- 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,  
 With rage and lightning in their eyes,  
 Nor hell shall fright my heart away,  
 Should hell with all its legions rise.
- 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,  
 Moveless and firm this heart should lie;  
 Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)  
 If I must perish, there to die,
- 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;  
 Am I not safe beneath thy shade?  
 Thy vengeance will not strike me here,  
 Nor Satan dares my soul invade.
- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,  
 And all my foes shall lose their aim,  
 Hosanna to my dying God,  
 And my best honors to his name.



**133.** (148) C. M.  
*Sorrow for the sufferings of the Saviour.*

- 1 **A**LAS! and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sov'reign die?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When God the mighty Maker died,  
For man the creature's sin!
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away:  
'Tis all that I can do.

**134.** (145) L. M.

- 1 **W**ORTHY is he, that once was slain,  
The Prince of peace that groan'd and died;  
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,  
At his almighty Father's side.
- 2 Pow'r and dominion are his due,  
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;  
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
Though he was charg'd with madness here.
- 3 Honor immortal must be paid,  
Instead of scandal and of scorn;  
While glory shines about his head,  
And a bright crown without a thorn.

- 4 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
 Whose blood speaks peace to wretched men,  
 Let angels sound his sacred name ;  
 And ev'ry creature say, Amen.

**135.**

(144) S. M.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Son  
 Of David and of God,  
 Who brought the news of pardon down,  
 And seal'd it with his blood !
- 2 To Christ th' anointed King,  
 Be endless blessings giv'n !  
 Let the whole earth his glory sing,  
 Who made our peace with heav'n.

**136.**

(143) C. M.

*Tribute to the Lamb.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs  
 With angels round the throne ;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry  
 To be exalted thus ;  
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
 For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honor and pow'r divine ;  
 And blessings more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord ! for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
 And air, and earth, and seas,  
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
 And speak thine endless praise !

**137.**

(134) S. M.

*Praise for Redemption.*

- 1 **A**UTHOR of life and bliss !  
 Thy goodness I adore ;

- O give me strength to speak thy praise,  
And grace to love thee more !
- 2 First for this world, so fair,  
My daily thanks shall rise ;  
For ev'ry comfort, ev'ry joy,  
Thy bounteous hand supplies.
- 3 But yet a nobler cause  
Demands my warmest love ;  
Can words describe the wond'rous gift  
Descending from above ?
- 4 The Saviour dwelt on earth ;  
He died, that we might live ;  
Endur'd the sorrows of the cross,  
Immortal hope to give.
- 5 Ah who can tell the scorn,  
The dear Redeemer bore ?  
Or who describe the mental grief,  
Which his blest bosom tore ?
- 6 Low in the grave he lay,  
While darkness veil'd the skies ;  
But lo !—he burst the bands of death :  
To glory see him rise !
- 7 Father ! this work is thine ;  
For us thou gav'st thy Son ;  
O may we all devoted be,  
And live to thee alone !
138. (142) L. M.  
*The same.*
- 1 “ ’TIS finish'd ! ”—so the Saviour cried,  
And meekly bow'd his head and died.  
'Tis finish'd—yes, the race is run,  
The battle fought, the vict'ry won.
- 2 'Tis finish'd !—all that heav'n decreed,  
And all the ancient prophets said,  
Is now fulfill'd, as was design'd,  
In thee the Saviour of mankind.

- 3 'Tis *finish'd*!—Aaron now no more  
Must stain his robes with purple gore;  
The sacred veil is rent in twain,  
And Jewish rites no more remain.
- 4 'Tis *finish'd*!—man is reconcil'd  
To God, and pow'rs of darkness spoil'd:  
Peace, love, and happiness again  
Return and dwell with sinful men.
- 5 'Tis *finish'd*!—let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round;  
'Tis *finish'd*!—let the echo fly  
Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky!

## 139.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

*Finished Redemption.*

- 1 **H**ARK! the voice of love and mercy  
Sounds aloud from Calvary!  
See it rends the rocks asunder,  
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!  
"It is *finish'd*!"  
Hear the dying Saviour cry!
- 2 It is *finish'd*!—O what pleasure  
Do these charming words afford!  
Heavenly blessings, without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.  
It is *finish'd*!—  
Saints, the dying words record.
- 3 *Finish'd* all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law!  
*Finish'd* all that God had promis'd;  
Death and hell no more shall awe.  
It is *finish'd*!—  
Saints from hence your comfort draw.
- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
Join to sing the pleasing theme;  
All in earth, and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Immanuel's name.  
Hallelujah!  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

(140) C. M.  
**140.** *Joy in the victory of a crucified Saviour.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us lift our voices high,  
 High as our joys arise;  
 And join the songs above the sky,  
 Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 Jesus, the Lord that fought and bled,  
 How kind his smiles appear!  
 What melting, soothing words he says  
 To ev'ry humble ear!
- 3 "For you, the objects of my love,  
 It was for you I died;  
 Behold my hands, behold my feet,  
 And look into my side.
- 4 "These are the wounds for you I bore,  
 The tokens of my pains,  
 When I was sent to free your souls  
 From misery and chains."
- 5 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise  
 For goodness so divine:  
 O may we ever feel thy grace,  
 And die to ev'ry sin!

(139) S. M.  
**141.** *Love of Christ to men, the cause of his suffering.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD th' amazing sight,  
 The Saviour lifted high!  
 Behold the Son of God's delight  
 Expire in agony!
- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,  
 Were all these sorrows borne?  
 Why did he feel that piercing smart,  
 And meet that various scorn?
- 3 For love of us he bled,  
 And all in torture died;  
 'Twas love that bow'd his fainting head  
 And op'd his gushing side.



- 4 In sympathy of love  
 Let all the earth combine ;  
 And drawn by cords so gentle, prove  
 The energy divine.
- 5 In him our hearts unite,  
 Nor share his griefs alone,  
 But from his cross pursued their flight  
 To his triumphant throne.

142. (153) L. M.  
*Love to the brethren, a proper return to Christ.*

- 1 **N**OW be that sacrifice survey'd,  
 Which for our souls the Saviour made,  
 While love to sinners fir'd his heart,  
 And conquer'd all the killing smart.
- 2 Blest Jesus, while thy grace I sing,  
 What grateful tribute shall I bring,  
 That earth, and heav'n, and all may see  
 My love to him, who died for me?
- 3 That off'ring, Lord, thy word hath taught ;  
 Nor be thy new command forgot,  
 That, if their Master's death can move,  
 Thy servants should each other love.
- 4 When on the cross I fix mine eye,  
 Let ev'ry savage passion die ;  
 And may I ever ready be  
 To serve, forgive, and love like thee.

143. (155) C. M.  
*Christ anointing his disciples.*

- 1 **H**ARK ! 'tis our heav'nly Leader's voice  
 From the bright realms above ;  
 Amidst the war's tumultuous rage,  
 A voice of pow'r and love.
- 2 " Maintain the fight, my faithful band,  
 Nor fear the mortal blow ;  
 He, that in such a warfare dies,  
 Shall speedy vict'ry know.

- 3 "I have my days of combat seen,  
And in the dust was laid :  
But now I sit upon my throne,  
And glory crowns my head.
- 4 "This throne, this glory you shall share;  
My hands the crown shall give ;  
And you the sparkling honors wear,  
While God himself shall live. "
- 5 Lord! 'tis enough, our souls are fir'd  
With courage and with love,  
Vain are th' assaults of earth and hell ;  
Our hopes are fix'd above.
- 6 We'll trace the footsteps thou hast drawn  
To triumph and renown ;  
Nor shun thy combat and thy cross,  
May we but share thy crown.

*HIS RESURRECTION, ASCENSION,  
INTERCESSION, AND GLORY.*

144. (157) L. M.  
*Christ dying, rising, and reigning.*

- 1 **H**E dies, the friend of sinners dies !  
Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies ;  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come saints, and drop a tear or two,  
For him who groan'd beneath your load ;  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood !
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree :  
The Lord of glory dies for men !  
But lo !—what sudden joys we see !  
Jesus, the dead, revives again.
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb :  
In vain the tomb forbids his rise :  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.

- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,  
     How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;  
     Sing, how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
     And led the monster, death, in chains.
- 6 Say: "Live for ever, wondrous King!  
     Born to redeem, and strong to save!"  
     Then ask the monster: "where's thy sting!  
     And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?"

145. (160) P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.  
*Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.*

- 1 **A**NGEL, roll the rock away:  
     Death, yield up thy mighty prey;  
     See, he rises from the tomb,  
     Glowing in immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise  
     Fame's eternal trump of praise;  
     Let the world's remotest bound  
     Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Hail! victorious Jesus, hail!  
     On thy cloud of glory sail  
     In long triumph through the sky,  
     Up to waiting worlds on high.
- 4 Heav'n displays her portals wide:  
     Glorious hero! thro' them ride;  
     King of glory! mount thy throne,  
     Thy great Father's, and thine own.
- 5 Hosts of heav'n, seraphic fires!  
     Raptur'd, sweep your sounding lyres;  
     Sons of men! in humbler strain  
     Sing your mighty Saviour's reign.
- 6 Ev'ry note with wonder swell;  
     Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd hell!  
     Where is now, O Death! thy sting?  
     Where thy terrors, vanquish'd King?

(158) C. M.

**146.** *The resurrection of Christ, a source of consolation.*

- 1 **Y**E humble souls, that seek the Lord,  
Chase all your fears away;  
And bow with pleasure down to see  
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought!  
Such wonders love can do!  
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,  
Which throb'd and bled for you!
- 3 A moment give a loose to grief;  
Let grateful sorrows rise;  
And wash the bloody stains away  
With torrents from your eyes.
- 4 Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,  
The Saviour lives again!  
Not all the bolts and bars of death  
The Conqu'ror could detain.
- 5 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears  
His once dishonor'd head;  
And thro' unnumber'd years he reigns,  
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 6 With joy like his, shall ev'ry saint  
His empty tomb survey;  
And rise with his ascending Lord  
Thro' all his shining way.

**147.** (159) P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.  
*The same.*

- 1 **C**HRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to-day,  
Sons of men and angels say;  
Raise your joys and triumphs high;  
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done;  
Fought the fight, the battle won;  
Lo! our sun's eclipse is o'er,  
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal!  
 Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
 Death in vain forbids his rise;  
 Christ has open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King:  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
 Dying once, he all doth save:  
 Where thy victory, O grave?

148. (161) S. M.  
*Resurrection of Christ.*

1 **S**EE what a living stone  
 The builders did refuse!  
 Yet God hath built his church thereon,  
 In spite of envious Jews.

2 The work, O Lord, is thine,  
 And wondrous in our eyes:  
 This day declares it all divine,  
 This day did Jesus rise.

3 Since he hath left the grave,  
 His promises are true;  
 And each exalted hope he gave,  
 Confirm'd of heav'n we view.

4 Hosanna to the King  
 Of David's royal blood!  
 Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring  
 Salvation from your God.

5 O come the happy hour,  
 When all the world shall own  
 Thy Son, O God, declar'd with pow'r,  
 And worship at thy throne!

6 We bless thy holy word,  
 Which all this grace displays;  
 And offer on thine altar, Lord!  
 Our sacrifice of praise.

149. (162) P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.  
*The same.*

1 **Y**ES, the Redeemer rose;  
 The Saviour left the dead,



And e'er our hellish foes  
 High rais'd his conq'ring head.  
 In wild dismay,  
 The guards around  
 Fall to the ground,  
 And sink away.

2 Lo ! the angelic bands  
 In full assembly meet,  
 To wait his high commands,  
 And worship at his feet.  
 Joyful they come,  
 And wing their way  
 From realms of day  
 To Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heav'n they fly,  
 The joyful news to bear ;  
 Hark ! as they soar on high,  
 What music fills the air !  
 Their anthems say :  
 " Jesus, who bled,  
 Hath left the dead ;  
 He rose to-day."

4 Ye mortals, catch the sound,  
 Redeem'd by him from hell ;  
 And send the echo round  
 The globe on which you dwell.  
 With Christ we rise,  
 With Christ we reign,  
 And empires gain  
 Beyond the skies.

S. M.

150. "The Lord is risen indeed."—Luke xxiv. 34.

1 "THE Lord is risen indeed,"  
 And are the tidings true?  
 Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,  
 And saw him living too.

2 "The Lord is risen indeed,"  
 Then Justice asks no more ;

Mercy and Truth are now agreed,  
Who stood oppos'd before.

- 3 "The Lord is risen indeed,"  
Then is his work perform'd :  
The captive surely now is freed,  
And death, our foe, disarm'd.
- 4 "The Lord is risen indeed,"  
Attending angels hear ;  
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed,  
The joyful tidings bear.
- 5 Then take your golden lyres,  
And strike each cheerful cord,  
Join all the bright celestial choirs,  
To sing our risen Lord.

151.

(166) L. M.

*The same.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye shining worlds on high ;  
Behold the King of glory nigh !  
Who can this King of glory be ?  
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
- 2 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,  
To make the Lord, the Saviour, way ;  
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,  
The Conq'ror comes, with God to dwell.
- 3 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,  
He opens heav'n's eternal door,  
To give his saints a blest abode,  
Near their Redeemer and their God.

152.

(169) P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our triumphant Head,  
Ris'n victorious from the dead,  
To the realms of glory's gone,  
To ascend his rightful throne.
- 2 Cherubs on the Conqu'ror gaze,  
Seraphs glow with brighter blaze ;

Each bright order of the sky  
Hails him, as he passes by.

- 3 Heav'n its King congratulates,  
Opens wide her golden gates;  
Angels songs of vict'ry bring;  
All the blissful regions ring.
- 4 Sinners, join the heav'nly pow'rs;  
For redemption all is ours;  
Humble penitents shall prove  
Blood-bought pardon, dying love.
- 5 Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord!  
Holy Lamb! incarnate word!  
Hail, thou suff'ring Son of God!  
Take the trophies of thy blood.

**153.** (170) C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of life, with glory crown'd,  
On heav'n's exalted throne,  
Forgets not those, for whom on earth  
He heav'd his dying groan.
- 2 His greatness now no tongue of man  
Or seraph bright can tell:  
Yet still the chief of all his joys;  
That souls are sav'd from hell.
- 3 For this he taught, and toil'd, and bled;  
For this his life was giv'n;  
For this he fought, and vanquish'd death;  
For this he reigns in heav'n.
- 4 Join, all ye saints beneath the sky,  
Your grateful praise to give;  
Sing loud Hosannas to his name,  
With whom you too shall live.

L. M.

**154.** *Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.*  
Rev. v. 12.

- 1 **W**HAT equal honors shall we bring  
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,

- When all the notes that angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy name ?
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died,  
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign  
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are his due,  
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar :  
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
Though he was charg'd with madness here.
- 4 All riches are his native right,  
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss :  
To him ascribe eternal might,  
Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honor immortal must be paid,  
Instead of scandal and of scorn :  
While glory shines around his head,  
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched men :  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And every creature say, Amen.

L. M.

155. *Christ's Ascension.*—Psalm xxiv. 7.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead ;  
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;  
The powers of hell are captive led—  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay ;  
“ Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !  
Ye everlasting doors, give way ! ”
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;  
He claims those mansions as his right :—  
Receive the King of Glory in.

- 4 “Who is the King of Glory, who?”  
 The Lord that all his foes o’ercame;  
 The world, sin, death, and hell, o’erthrew;  
 And Jesus is the Conqueror’s name.

156.

S. M.

*Christ’s Intercession.*

- 1 **W**ELL, the Redeemer’s gone  
 T’ appear before our God,  
 To sprinkle o’er the flaming throne  
 With his atoning blood.
- 2 No fiery vengeance now,  
 Nor burning wrath comes down;  
 If justice call for sinner’s blood,  
 The Saviour shows his own.
- 3 Before his father’s eye  
 Our humble suit he moves,  
 The Father lays his thunder by,  
 And looks, and smiles, and loves.
- 4 Now may our joyful tongues  
 Our Maker’s honor sing,  
 Jesus the priest receives our songs,  
 And bears them to the King.
- 5 [We bow before his face,  
 And sound his glories high,  
 “Hosanna to the God of grace  
 That lays his thunder by.]
- 6 “On earth thy mercy reigns,  
 And triumphs all above;”  
 But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains  
 To speak immortal love!

157.

P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,  
 Shake off thy guilty fears,  
 The bleeding Sacrifice  
 In my behalf appears;



Before the throne my Surety stands,  
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede ;  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead ;  
His blood aton'd for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,  
Receiv'd on Calvary ;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly speak for me ;  
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,  
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die.

4 The Father hears him pray,  
His dear anointed One :  
He cannot turn away  
The Presence of his Son ;  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconcil'd,  
His pard'ning voice I hear :  
He owns me for his child,  
I can no longer fear ;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba Father ! cry.

L. M.

158. *I know that my Redeemer liveth.*—Job xix. 25.

1 **I** KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;  
What comfort this sweet sentence gives !  
He lives, he lives, who once was dead,  
He lives, my ever living head.

2 He lives to bless me with his love,  
He lives to plead for me above,  
He lives my hungry soul to feed,  
He lives to help in time of need.

3 He lives to grant me rich supply,  
 He lives to guide me with his eye,  
 He lives to comfort me when faint,  
 He lives to hear my soul's complaint.

4 He lives to silence all my fears,  
 He lives to stop and wipe my tears,  
 He lives to calm my troubled heart,  
 He lives, all blessings to impart.

5 He lives, all glory to his name !  
 He lives, my Jesus, still the same ;  
 O the sweet joy this sentence gives,  
 I know that my Redeemer lives !

159. (150) L. M.  
*Christ exalted.*

1 **N**OW let us raise our cheerful strains,  
 And join the blissful choir above ;  
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
 And there they sing his wondrous love.

2 Jesus, who once upon the tree  
 In agonizing pains expir'd,  
 To save us rebels,—yes, 'tis he !  
 How bright, how lovely, how admir'd !

3 Jesus, who died that we might live,  
 Died in the wretched traitor's place,  
 O what returns can mortals give  
 For such immeasurable grace !

4 Were universal nature ours,  
 And art with all her boasted store ;  
 Nature and art, with all their pow'rs,  
 Would still confess the off'ring poor,

5 Yet tho' for bounty so divine  
 We ne'er can equal honors raise :  
 Jesus ! may all our hearts be thine,  
 And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

(173) C. M.

**160.** *Christ adored by the heavenly host.*

- 1 **O** the delights, the heav'nly joys,  
The glories of the place,  
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams  
Of his o'erflowing grace!
- 2 Princes to his imperial name  
Bend their bright sceptres down;  
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice,  
To see him wear the crown.
- 3 Archangels sound his lofty praise,  
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street;  
And lay their highest honors down,  
Submissive at his feet.
- 4 While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains:  
Let all the earth his honors sing;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 5 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
For ever on thy head!
- 6 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,  
Hast set the pris'ner free,  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

**NAMES AND CHARACTERS OF  
CHRIST.****STAR OF BETHLEHEM.**

L. M.

**161.** *The Star of Bethlehem.*

- 1 **W**HEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
The glittering hosts bestud the sky;  
One star alone, of all the train,  
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,  
 From every host, from every gem ;  
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,  
 It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,  
 The storm was loud,—the night was dark,—  
 The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd  
 The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem ;  
 When suddenly a star arose,  
 It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all,  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,  
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever and for ever more,  
 The star !—the star of Bethlehem !

## MORNING STAR.

162. L. M.  
*The Morning Star.*

- 1 **O** THOU, whose beams serenely bright,  
 Can chase the darkness of my soul,  
 And pour a flood of purest light,  
 Where now the shades of midnight roll :  
 Ah ! why so long should horror shroud  
 This mourning breast with deep despair ?  
 Break through the dark and envious cloud,  
 Arise, arise, O Morning Star.
- 2 Through a long night of griefs and fears,  
 With gloom and sorrow compass'd round,  
 I drop my uncomplaining tears,  
 Nor yet the radiant dawn have found ;  
 Still towards the chambers of the day,  
 With eyes intent, expecting there,

With patient hope, thy promis'd ray,  
I long for thee, sweet Morning Star.

- 3 Increasing clouds announce thee nigh,  
Slumber my weary eyes invades ;  
Death spreads his horrors o'er the sky,  
And thickens all the gather'd shades.  
I yield, I bow my drooping head,  
Resign, at length, my anxious care,  
I sink awhile among the dead,  
To wake and hail my Morning Star.

L. M.

**163.** *Bright and Morning Star.*—Rev. xxii. 16.

- 1 **Y**E worlds of light, that roll so near  
The Saviour's throne of shining bliss,  
O tell, how mean your glories are,  
How faint and few, compar'd with his !
- 2 We sing the bright and morning Star,  
Jesus, the spring of light and love :  
See, how its rays, diffus'd from far,  
Conduct us to the realms above !
- 3 Its cheering beams spread wide abroad,  
Point out the puzzled Christian's way :  
Still, as he goes, he finds the road  
Enlighten'd with a constant day.
- 4 [Thus when the Eastern magi brought  
Their royal gifts, a star appears ;  
Directs them to the babe they sought,  
And guides their steps, and calms their fears.]
- 5 When shall we reach the heavenly place  
Where this bright Star shall brightest shine ?  
Leave far behind these scenes of night,  
And view a lustre so divine ?

ROCK OF AGES.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

**164.** *Rock smitten ; or the Rock of Ages.*  
Isaiah xxvi. 4.

- 1 **R**OCK of Ages, shelter me !  
Let me hide myself in thee !



Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfil thy law's demands:  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone:  
Thou must save, and thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to thee for dress;  
Helpless, look to thee for grace:  
Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eye-strings break in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,—  
Rock of Ages, shelter me!  
Let me hide myself in thee!

## FRIEND.

165. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7.  
Prov. xviii. 24.

- 1 **O**NE there is, above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend;  
His is love, beyond a brother's,  
Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood?  
But this Saviour died to have us  
Reconcil'd in him to God.
- 3 When he liv'd on earth abased,  
Friend of sinners was his name;  
Now, above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same.

- 4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften !  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;  
 We alas ! forget too often,  
 What a Friend we have above.

166.

L. M.

- 1 **P**OOOR, weak, and worthless, though I am,  
 I have a rich almighty friend ;  
 Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,  
 He freely loves and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood ;  
 And, by his power, my foes control'd :  
 He found me wandering far from God,  
 And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 But, ah ! my inmost spirit mourns ;  
 And well my eyes with tears may swim,  
 To think of my perverse returns :—  
 I've been a faithless friend to him.
- 4 Often my gracious friend I grieve,  
 Neglect, distrust, and disobey ;  
 And often Satan's lies believe  
 Sooner than all my friend can say.
- 5 Sure, were I not most vile and base,  
 I could not thus my friend requite !  
 And were not he the God of grace,  
 He'd frown and spurn me from his sight.

## REFUGE.

167. P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7,

- 1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the billows near me roll,  
 While the tempest still is high ;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life be past ;  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 Oh, receive my soul at last !

- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Lo ! I, helpless, hang on thee :  
 Leave, Oh, leave me not alone,  
 Lest I basely shrink and flee :  
 Thou art all my trust and aid,  
 All my help from thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing !
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
 Boundless love in thee I find :  
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
 Just and holy is thy name ;  
 I am all unrighteousness,  
 Vile and full of sin I am ;  
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within.  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee :  
 Reign, O Lord, within my heart,  
 Reign to all eternity.

## PHYSICIAN.

L. M.

168. *Physician of Souls.*—Jer. viii. 22.

- 1 **D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made ;  
 Where shall the sinner find a cure ?  
 In vain, alas ! in nature's aid ;  
 The work exceeds all nature's power.
- 2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns  
 With fatal strength in every part ;  
 The dire contagion fills the veins,  
 And spreads its poison to the heart.
- 3 And can no sovereign balm be found ?  
 And is no kind Physician nigh ;  
 To ease the pain, and heal the wound,  
 Ere life and hope for ever fly ?

- 4 There is a great Physician near ;  
 Look up, O fainting soul, and live :  
 See, in his heavenly smiles appear  
 Such ease as nature cannot give !
- 5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,  
 Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow ;  
 'Tis only this dear sacred flood  
 Can ease thy pain and heal thy wo.

169. P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

- 1 **H**OW lost was my condition,  
 Till JESUS made me whole !  
 There is but one Physician,  
 Can cure a sin-sick soul !—  
 The worst of all diseases  
 Is light combin'd with sin ;  
 On ev'ry part it seizes,  
 But rages most within.
- 2 From men great skill professing,  
 I thought a cure to gain ;  
 But this proved more distressing,  
 And added to my pain—  
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,  
 Some gave me up for lost,  
 Thus every refuge fail'd me,  
 And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 3 At length this great Physician—  
 How matchless is his grace !  
 Accepted my petition,  
 And undertook my case—  
 Next door to death he found me,  
 And snatch'd me from the grave  
 To tell to all around me,  
 His wondrous power to save.
- 4 A dying, risen JESUS,  
 Seen by the eye of faith,  
 At once from danger frees us,  
 And saves the soul from death—

Come then to this Physician,  
 His help he'll freely give,  
 He makes no hard condition,  
 'Tis only—look—and live.

## PASCHAL LAMB.

**170.** P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.  
*Types of Christ.*—Heb. iv. 2.

- 1 **I**SRRAEL, in ancient days,  
 Not only had a view  
 Of Sinai in a blaze,  
 But learn'd the gospel too :  
 The types and figures were a glass,  
 In which they saw the Saviour's face.
- 2 The paschal sacrifice,  
 And blood-besprinkled door,  
 Seen with enlighten'd eyes,  
 And once apply'd with pow'r,  
 Would teach the need of other blood,  
 To reconcile an angry God.
- 3 The lamb, the dove, set forth  
 His perfect innocence,  
 Whose blood of matchless worth  
 Should be the soul's defence ;  
 For he who can for sin atone,  
 Must have no failings of his own.
- 4 The scape-goat on his head  
 The people's trespass bore,  
 And, to the desert led,  
 Was to be seen no more ;  
 In him our surety seem'd to say,  
 "Behold, I bear your sins away."
- 5 Dipt in his fellows' blood,  
 The living bird went free :  
 The type, well understood,  
 Express'd the sinner's plea—  
 Describ'd the guilty soul enlarg'd,  
 And by the Saviour's death discharg'd.



- 6 Jesus, I love to trace  
 Throughout the sacred page,  
 The footsteps of thy grace,  
 The same in ev'ry age!  
 O grant that I may faithful be  
 To clearer light vouchsaf'd to me!

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7.

**171.** *Types of Christ. Paschal Lamb.*  
 Heb. ix. 12.

- 1 **P**ASCHAL Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on thee were laid:  
 By almighty love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made.
- 2 Adam's sons are now forgiven,  
 Through the virtue of thy blood!  
 Open'd is the gate of heaven—  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail, enthron'd in glory,  
 There for ever to abide;  
 All the heavenly hosts adore thee,  
 Seated at thy Father's side.
- 4 There for sinners thou art pleading—  
 There thou dost our place prepare;  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.
- 5 Glory, honor, pow'r, and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give.
- 6 When we join th' angelic spirits,  
 In their sweetest, noblest lays,  
 We will sing our Saviour's merits—  
 Gladly chant Immanuel's praise.

HOLY SPIRIT.

L. M.

**172.** *The Operations of the Holy Spirit.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! we confess  
And sing the wonders of thy grace;  
Thy power conveys our blessings down  
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day:  
Thine inward teachings make us know  
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory works within,  
And breaks the chains of reigning sin,  
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,  
And forms our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,  
Thy cheering words awake our joys;  
Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
And calm the surges of the mind.

(184) L. M.

**173.** *Praise for the Spirit.*

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With light and comfort from above;  
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;  
O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.
- 2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far  
From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare;  
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,  
And teach us lessons how to live.
- 3 The light of truth to us display,  
That we may know and love thy way;  
Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,  
That we from thee may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to righteousness, the road  
That we must take, to dwell with God;

Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

**174.** (185) C. M.

1 **C**OME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys!  
Our souls, how heavily they go,  
To reach eternal joys!

3 Dear Lord! and shall we always live  
At this poor, dying rate?  
Our love so cold, so faint to thee,  
And thine to us so great?

4 Come, holy spirit, heav'nly Dove,  
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

**175.** (189) C. M.

1 **M**Y hope, my portion, and my God,  
How little art thou known,  
By all the judgments of thy rod,  
And blessings of thy throne.

2 How cold and feeble is my love!  
How negligent my fear!  
How low my hope of joys above!  
How few affections there!

3 Great God! thy gracious aid impart,  
To give thy word success;  
Write thy salvation in my heart,  
That I may learn thy grace.

4 Show my forgetful feet the way  
That leads to joys on high:  
There knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.

**176.** (190) C. M.  
*Aid of the Spirit.*

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,  
My Saviour and my shield !  
He sends his Spirit with his word,  
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When all my foes their force unite,  
He makes my soul his care ;  
Instructs me in the heav'nly fight,  
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine,  
My fainting hope shall raise :  
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,  
And his shall be the praise.

**177.** (195) L. M.  
*The Holy Spirit a Comforter.*

- 1 **S**URE the blest Comforter is nigh,  
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart ;  
Else would my hope for ever die,  
And ev'ry cheering ray depart.
- 2 When some kind promise glads my soul,  
Do I not find his healing voice  
The tempest of my fears control,  
And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice?
- 3 What less than thine almighty word  
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,  
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,  
My life, my treasure, and my trust!
- 4 And when my cheerful hope can say,  
"I love my God, and taste his grace;"  
Lord, is it not thy blissful ray,  
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?
- 5 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart  
For ever dwell, O God of love ;  
And light and heav'nly peace impart,  
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

178.

(196) L. M.

- 1 **A** MIDST a world of hopes and fears,  
A world of cares, and toils, and tears,  
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,  
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat :
- 2 Send down, O Lord ! a heav'nly ray,  
To guide me in the doubtful way ;  
And o'er me hold thy shield of pow'r,  
To guard me in the dang'rous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flatt'ring paths to shun,  
In which the thoughtless many run,  
Who for a shade the substance miss,  
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 May never pleasure, wealth, or pride,  
Allure my wand'ring soul aside ;  
But through this maze of mortal ill,  
Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill.
- 5 There glories shine, and pleasures roll,  
That charm, delight, transport the soul ;  
And every panting wish shall be  
Possess'd of boundless bliss in thee.

179.

(198) C. M.

*Breathing after holiness.*

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways,  
To keep his statutes still !  
O that my God would grant me grace,  
To know and do his will !
- 2 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere ;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.
- 3 Assist my soul, too apt to stray,  
A stricter watch to keep ;  
And should I e'er forget thy way,  
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.



- 4 Make me to walk in thy commands ;  
 'Tis a delightful road :  
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
 Offend against my God.

180. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8.  
*To the blessed Spirit.*

- 1 **H**OLY Ghost, dispel our sadness,  
 Pierce the clouds of sinful night :  
 Come, thou source of sweetest gladness,  
 Breathe thy life, and spread thy light ;  
 Loving SPIRIT, GOD of peace,  
 Great distributor of grace,  
 Rest upon this congregation !  
 Hear, Oh ! hear our supplication.
- 2 From that height which knows no measure,  
 As a gracious shower descend :  
 Bringing down the richest treasure  
 Man can wish, or God can send.  
 O thou GLORY, shining down  
 From the FATHER and the SON,  
 Grant us thy illumination !  
 Rest on all this congregation.
- 3 Come, thou best of all donations  
 God can give, or we implore ;  
 Having thy sweet consolations,  
 We need wish for nothing more :  
 HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly DOVE,  
 Now descending from above,  
 Rest on all this congregation,  
 Make our hearts thy habitation.

181. P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, as 112.  
*Address to the Spirit.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, source of light,  
 Enliv'ning consecrating fire,  
 Descend, and, with celestial heat,  
 Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire ;  
 Our souls refine, our dross consume ;  
 Come, condescending Spirit, come !

- 2 In our cold breasts O strike a spark  
 Of that pure flame which seraphs feel ;  
 Nor let us wander in the dark,  
 Or lie benumm'd and stupid still.  
 Come, vivifying Spirit, come !  
 And make our hearts thy constant home.
- 3 Let pure devotion's fervors rise !  
 Let ev'ry pious passion glow !  
 O let the raptures of the skies  
 Kindle in our cold hearts below.  
 Come, purifying Spirit, come,  
 And make our souls thy constant home !



## THE GOSPEL CALL.

### 1. INVITING. GENERAL INVITATIONS.

S. M.

182. *Behold, now is the accepted Time.*  
 2 Cor. vi. 2.

- 1 **N**OW is th' accepted time,  
 Now is the day of grace ;  
 Now, sinners, come without delay,  
 And seek the Saviour's face.
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,  
 The Saviour calls to day ;  
 To-morrow it may be too late,  
 Then why should you delay ?
- 4 Now is th' accepted time,  
 The gospel bids you come ;  
 And ev'ry promise in his word  
 Declares there yet is room.
- 5 Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
 And feast them with thy love ;  
 Then will the angels clap their wings,  
 And bear the news above.

- 5 At length around thy throne  
 They shall thy face behold ;  
 While thro' eternity they'll strive  
 Their raptures to unfold.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

**183.** *Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.*

Isiah lv. 1.

- 1 **C**OME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore !  
 Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity join'd with power :  
 He is able,  
 He is willing : doubt no more.
- 2 Come, ye thirsty ! come and welcome ;  
 God's free bounty glorify :  
 True belief, and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings us nigh—  
 Without money,  
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
 All the *fitness* he requireth,  
 Is to feel your need of him ;  
 This he gives you ;  
 'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.
- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
 Lost and ruin'd by the fall !  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all :  
 Not the righteous,—  
 Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 View him prostrate in the garden ;  
 On the ground your Maker lies !  
 On the bloody tree behold him ;  
 Hear him cry, before he dies,  
 " It is finished ! "  
 Sinner, will not *this* suffice ?

- 6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of his blood :  
 Venture on him, venture wholly,  
 Let no other trust intrude ;  
 None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.
- 7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,  
 Sing the praises of the Lamb ;  
 While the blissful seats of heaven  
 Sweetly echo with his name :  
 Hallelujah !  
 Sinners *here* may sing the same.

184.

L. M.

- 1 **S**INNERS, approach your dying Lord,  
 And find your happiness restor'd :  
 His proffer'd benefits embrace,  
 The plenitude of gospel grace :
- 2 A pardon written with his blood,  
 The favor and the peace of God ;  
 The seeing eye, the feeling sense,  
 The trembling joys of penitence :
- 3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,  
 The meltings of a broken heart :  
 The tears that tell your sins forgiven :  
 The sighs that waft your souls to heaven ;
- 4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,  
 Th' unutterable tenderness :  
 The genuine meek humility ;  
 The wonder, " Why such love to me ? "
- 5 The o'erwhelming power of saving grace,  
 The sight that veils the seraph's face,  
 The speechless awe that dares not move,  
 And all the silent heaven of love !

185.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

- 1 **W**HAT could your Redeemer do  
 More than he hath done for you ?

- To procure your peace with God,  
 Could he more than shed his blood?
- 2 After all his flow of love,  
 All his drawings from above,  
 Why will ye your Lord deny?  
 Why will ye resolve to die?
- 3 Turn, he cries, ye sinners turn:  
 By his life your God hath sworn;  
 He would have you turn and live,  
 He would all the world receive:
- 4 If your death were his delight,  
 Would he you to life invite?  
 Would he ask, beseech, and cry,  
 Why will ye resolve to die?
- 5 Sinners, turn, while God is near!  
 Dare not think him insincere:  
 Now, e'en now, your Saviour stands,  
 All day long he spreads his hands!
- 6 Can ye doubt if God is love?  
 If to all his bowels move?  
 Will ye not his word receive?  
 Will ye not his oath believe?
- 7 See, the suff'ring God appears,  
 Jesus weeps, believe his tears!  
 Mingled with his blood they cry,  
 "Why will ye resolve to die?"

186.

P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

*The Jubilee.*

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow  
 The gladly solemn sound!  
 Let all the nations know,  
 To earth's remotest bound,  
 The year of Jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
 The sin-atoning Lamb;  
 Redemption by his blood  
 Through all the lands proclaim:



The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, &c.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell  
Your liberty receive ;  
And safe in Jesus dwell,  
And blest in Jesus live :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, &c.

4 Ye bankrupt debtors, know  
The boundless grace of heaven ;  
Though sums immense ye owe,  
A free discharge is given ;  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, &c.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,  
The news of pard'ning grace ;  
Ye happy souls draw near,  
Behold your Saviour's face :  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, &c.

6 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
Has full atonement made ;  
Ye weary Spirits, rest ;  
Ye mournful souls, be glad !  
The year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

187. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 **SINNERS**, will you scorn the message,  
Sent in mercy from above ?  
Every sentence—Oh, how tender !  
Every line is full of love ;  
Listen to it,  
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel  
News from Zion's King proclaim,  
To each rebel sinner—" Pardon,  
" Free forgiveness in his name : "

How important !  
Free forgiveness in his name !

- 3 Tempted souls they bring you succor ;  
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears ;  
And with news of consolation,  
Chase away the falling tears :  
Tender heralds—  
Chase away the falling tears.
- 4 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,  
Callous hearers of the word,  
While the messengers address you,  
Take the warnings they afford ;  
We entreat you,  
Take the warning they afford.
- 5 O ye angels, hovering round us,  
Waiting spirits, speed your way,  
Hasten to the court of heaven,  
Tidings bear without delay :  
Rebel sinners  
Glad the message will obey.

188. (123) S. M.  
*Gospel invitation.*

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry ear attend,  
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,  
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye starving souls,  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind :
- 3 Here wisdom has prepar'd  
A soul reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for streams,  
And pine away and die :

Here you may quench your raging thirst,  
With springs that never dry.

- 5 Rivers of mercy here  
In a rich ocean join;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 The gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day:  
Lord! we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

C. M.

**189.** *Inexhaustible Grace.*—Luke xv. 31.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH'S grace, how full, how free:  
His language how divine!  
"My Son, thou ever art with me,  
And all I have is thine.
- 2 "My saints shall each a portion share,  
That's worthy of a God;  
They are my chief, my constant care—  
The purchase of my blood.
- 3 "Both grace and glory I will give,  
And nothing good deny;  
With me my saints shall ever live,  
And reign with me on high.
- 4 "And should a hundred thousand more,  
Accept the proffer'd grace,  
I have a heaven prepared—for all;  
Nor shall you have the less."
- 5 Then, dearest Lord, let millions come,  
And feast on pard'ning grace;  
Bring prodigals, bring exiles home,  
And we will shout thy praise.

C. M.

**190.** *My Son give me thy Heart.*—Prov. xxiii. 26.

- 1 **W**HAT language now salutes the ear,  
And 'tis our Father's voice!

- Let all the world attentive hear,  
And ev'ry soul rejoice.
- 2 Sinner, he kindly speaks to thee,  
However vile thou art ;  
Here's grace and pardon, rich and free—  
My son, give me thy heart.
- 3 For thee, a traitor, Jesus bled,  
And suffer'd dreadful smart ;  
For thee, the Lord was crucifi'd—  
My son, give me thy heart.
- 4 Tho' thou hast long my grace withstood,  
And said to me, "Depart ;"  
I claim the purchase of my blood—  
My son, give me thy heart.
- 5 I'll form thee for myself alone,  
And ev'ry good impart ;  
I'll make my great salvation known—  
My son, give me thy heart.
- 6 Come, Lord, and conquer now my heart,  
Set up in me thy throne :  
Bid sin and satan hence depart,  
And claim me as thine own.

C. M.

191. *Whosoever will, let him come.*—REV. xxii. 17.

- 1 **WHAT** amazing words of grace  
Are in the gospel found !  
Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,  
Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,  
Are freely welcome here ;  
Salvation, like a river, rolls,  
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,  
Your ev'ry burden bring !  
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,  
A deep celestial spring!

- 4 Whoever will, (O gracious word!)  
 Shall of this stream partake;  
 Come thirsty souls and bless the Lord,  
 And drink for Jesus' sake!
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,  
 Have here found life and peace;  
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,  
 And drink, adore, and bless.

L. M.

**192.** *I will in no wise cast out.*—John vi. 37.

- 1 **H**ARK! 'tis the Saviour's voice I hear,  
 Come, trembling soul, dispel thy fear:  
 He saith, and who his word can doubt,  
 He will in no wise cast you out!
- 2 Doth satan fill you with dismay,  
 And tell you, Christ will cast away?  
 It is a truth, why should you doubt;  
 He will in no wise cast you out!
- 3 Doth sin appear before your view,  
 Of scarlet or of crimson hue?  
 If black as hell why should you doubt?  
 He will in no wise cast you out!
- 4 The Publican and dying Thief  
 Appli'd to Christ, and found relief;  
 Nor need you entertain a doubt;  
 He will in no wise cast you out!
- 5 Approach your God, make no delay,  
 He waits to welcome you to-day;  
 His mercy try, no longer doubt;  
 He will in no wise cast you out!

(124) L. M.

**193.***Christ's Invitation.*

- 1 **"C**OME hither, all ye weary souls!  
 Ye heavy-laden sinners! come;  
 I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
 And raise you to my heav'nly home.



- 2 "They shall find rest, that learn of me ;  
 I'm of a meek and lowly mind :  
 But passion rages like the sea,  
 And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 "Bless'd is the man, whose shoulders take  
 My yoke, and bear it with delight !  
 My yoke is easy to his neck ;  
 My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus ! we come at thy command,  
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal ;  
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
 To mould and guide us at thy will.

(126) C. M.

**194.** *Mercy for sinners who obey the call of Jesus.*

- 1 **T**HE Saviour calls ; let ev'ry ear  
 Attend the heav'nly sound ;  
 Ye doubting souls ! dismiss your fear ;  
 Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For ev'ry thirsty longing heart,  
 Here streams of bounty flow ;  
 And life, and health, and bliss impart,  
 To banish mortal wo.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,  
 To ease your ev'ry pain :  
 Immortal fountain ! full supplies !  
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.
- 4 Ye sinners ! come, 'tis mercy's voice ;  
 The gracious call obey ;  
 Mercy invites to heavenly joys :—  
 And can you yet delay ?
- 5 Dear Saviour ! draw reluctant hearts ;  
 To thee let sinners fly  
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
 And drink, and never die.

**195.** (127) C. M.  
*Room at the Gospel Feast.*

- 1 **T**HE King of heav'n his table spreads,  
 And dainties crown the board :  
 Not all the boasted joys of earth  
 Could such delight afford.
- 2 Pardon and peace to dying men,  
 And endless life are giv'n ;  
 And the rich blood, which Jesus shed,  
 To raise the soul to heav'n.
- 3 Ye hungry poor, who long have stray'd  
 In sin's dark mazes, come ;  
 Come from the hedges and highways,  
 And grace will find you room.
- 4 Thousands of souls, in glory now,  
 Were fed and feasted here ;  
 And thousands more, still on the way.  
 Around the board appear.
- 5 Yet is his house and heart so large,  
 That thousands more may come ;  
 Nor could the whole assembled world  
 O'erfill the spacious room.
- 6 All things are ready : enter in,  
 Nor weak excuses frame ;  
 Come, take your places at the feast,  
 And bless the Founder's name.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

**196.** "*In that Day there shall be a Fountain opened  
 for Sin and Uncleanness.*"—Zech. xiii. 1.

- 1 **S**EE, from Zion's sacred mountain,  
 Streams of living water flow :  
 God has open'd there a fountain ;  
 This supplies the plains below :  
 They are blessed,  
 Who its sov'reign virtues know.
- 2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,  
 Streams of mercy find their way ;

Life, and health, and joy bestowing,  
Making all around look gay :

O, ye nations !

Hail the long expected day.

- 3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,  
All-enriching as it goes :

Lo, the desert smiles with pleasure,  
Buds and blossoms as the rose,

Every object

Sings for joy where'er it flows.

- 4 Trees of life the banks adorning,  
Yield their fruit to all around ;

Those who eat are sav'd from mourning,  
Pleasure comes and hopes abound :

Fair their portion !

Endless life with glory crown'd.

## 2. FROM THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

L. M.

197.

*The wonderful love of Christ.*

- 1 **C**OME, let me love, or is my mind  
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice ?  
I see the blessed fair one bend,  
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies !
- 2 Oh ! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,  
And make a heart of iron move,  
That those sweet lips, that heav'nly look  
Should seek and wish a mortal love !
- 3 I was a traitor doom'd to fire,  
Bound to sustain eternal pains ;  
He flew on wings of strong desire,  
Assum'd my guilt and took my chains.
- 4 Infinite grace ! almighty charms !  
Stand in amaze, ye rolling skies !  
Jesus, the God, extends his arms,  
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.
- 5 Did pity ever stoop so low,  
Dress'd in divinity and blood ?

Was ever rebel courted so,  
In groans of an expiring God?

6 Again he lives, and spreads his hands,  
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart;  
"By these dear wounds," says he; and stands,  
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

7 Sure I must love; or are my ears  
Still deaf, or will my passions move?  
Lord! melt this stubborn heart to tears;  
This heart shall yield to death or love.

C. M.

198. *And yet there is room.*—Luke xiv. 22.

1 **Y**E wretched, hungry, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast!  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,  
For ev'ry humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;  
He calls, he bids you come!  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms,  
But see, there yet is room!

3 [Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;  
There love and pity meet:  
Nor will he bid the soul depart,  
That trembles at his feet.]

4 [In him the Father reconcil'd,  
Invites your souls to come:  
The rebel shall be call'd a child,  
And kindly welcom'd home.]

5 O come, and with his children taste  
The blessings of his love:  
While hope attends the sweet repast  
Of nobler joys above.

6 There, with united heart and voice  
Before th' eternal throne,  
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice  
In ecstasies unknown.

- 7 And yet ten thousand thousand more  
 Are welcome still to come ;  
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore,  
 Approach, there yet is room !

199. C. M.  
*Youth invited to love Christ.*—Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 **Y**E hearts with joyful vigor warm,  
 In smiling crowds, draw near ;  
 And turn from ev'ry mortal charm,  
 A Saviour's voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
 Stoops to converse with you ;  
 And lays his radiant glories by,  
 Your friendship to pursue.
- 3 " The soul that longs to see my face,  
 Is sure my love to gain ;  
 And those that early seek my grace,  
 Shall never seek in vain."
- 4 What object, Lord, my soul should move,  
 If once compar'd with thee ?  
 What beauty should command my love,  
 Like what in Christ I see ?
- 5 Away, ye false, delusive toys,  
 Vain tempters of the mind !  
 'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,  
 And here true bliss I find.

200. C. M.

- 1 **A**MAZING sight, the Saviour stands  
 And knocks at ev'ry door !  
 Ten thousand blessings in his hands  
 To satisfy the poor.
- 2 " Behold," he saith, " I bleed and die  
 To bring you to my rest :—  
 Hear sinners, while I'm passing by,  
 And be for ever blest.



- 3 "Will you despise my bleeding love,  
And choose the way to hell?  
Or in the glorious realms above,  
With me for ever dwell?
- 4 "Not to condemn your wretched race  
Have I in judgment come;  
But to display unbounded grace,  
And bring lost sinners home.
- 5 "Will you go down to endless night,  
And bear eternal pain?  
Or in the glorious realms of light  
With me for ever reign?
- 6 "Say—will you hear my gracious voice,  
And have your sins forgiven?  
Or will you make that wretched choice,  
And bar yourselves from heaven?"

## 201.

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy blessings are not few,  
Nor is thy gospel weak;  
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,  
And heal the dying Greek.
- 2 Wide as the reach of satan's rage,  
Does thy salvation flow;  
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,  
The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,  
The poor may take their share;  
No mortal has a just pretence  
To perish in despair.
- 4 Come, all ye wretched sinners, come,  
He'll form your souls anew;  
His gospel and his heart have room  
For rebels such as you.

## 202.

C. M.

- 1 **A**ND will the Lord thus condescend  
To visit sinful worms?

- Thus at the door shall mercy stand  
In all her winning forms ?
- 2 Surprising grace !—and shall my heart  
Unmov'd and cold remain ?  
Has this hard rock no tender part ?  
Must mercy plead in vain ?
- 3 Shall Jesus for admission sue—  
His charming voice unheard ?  
And this vile heart, his rightful due,  
Remain for ever barr'd ?
- 4 'Tis sin alas, with tyrant pow'r,  
The lodging has possess'd ;  
And crowds of traitors bar the door  
Against the heav'nly guest.
- 5 Ye dang'rous inmates, hence depart :  
Dear Saviour, enter in,  
And guard the passage to my heart,  
And keep out every sin.

203.

L. M.

Jer. xxxi. 18—20.

- 1 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, return,  
And seek an injur'd Father's face ;  
Those warm desires that in thee burn,  
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And seek a Father's melting heart ;  
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,  
His hand shall heal thine inward smart.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,  
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live ;  
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn  
How freely Jesus can forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer, return,  
And wipe away the falling tear :  
'Tis God who says, " No longer mourn,"  
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

L. M.

**204.** *Behold, I stand at the door.*—Rev. iii. 20.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a stranger at the door !  
He gently knocks,—has knock'd before,  
Hath waited long—is waiting still :  
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands  
With melting heart and loaded hands !  
Oh, matchless kindness ! and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes !
- 3 But will he prove a friend indeed ?  
He will ; the very friend you need ;  
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,  
With garments dy'd on Calvary.
- 4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine ;  
Turn out his enemy and thine,  
That soul-destroying monster, sin,  
And let the heavenly stranger in.
- 5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,  
His feet departed ne'er return ;  
Admit him, or the hour 's at hand,  
You'll at his door rejected stand.

3. FROM THE EXAMPLES OF SINNERS RECEIVED.

C. M.

**205.** *The repenting Prodigal.*—Luke xv. 13, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine  
Had wasted his estate,  
He begs a share among the swine,  
To taste the husks they ate !
- 2 “ I die with hunger here, (he cries,)  
I starve in foreign lands,  
My father's house has large supplies,  
And bounteous are his hands.
- 3 “ I'll go, and with a mournful tongue,  
Fall down before his face,

Father, I've done thy justice wrong,  
Nor can deserve thy grace."

- 4 He said, and hasten'd to his home  
To seek his father's love ;  
The father saw the rebel come,  
And all his bowels move.
- 5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,  
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son ;  
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake  
For follies he had done.
- 6 "Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"  
(The father gives command,)  
Dress him in garments white and clean,  
With rings adorn his hands.
- 7 "A day of feasting I ordain,  
Let mirth and joy abound ;  
My son was dead, and lives again,  
Was lost, and now is found."

C. M.

**206.** *The converted Thief.*—Luke xxiii. 42.

- 1 **A**S on the cross the Saviour hung,  
And wept, and bled, and died,  
He pour'd salvation on a wretch  
That languish'd at his side.
- 2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,  
The penitent confess'd ;  
Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ,  
And thus his prayer address'd ;
- 3 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heaven !  
Thou spotless Lamb of God !  
I see thee bath'd in sweat and tears,  
And weltering in thy blood.
- 4 "Yet quickly, from these scenes of wo  
In triumph thou shalt rise,  
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,  
And shine above the skies.

- 5 "Amid the glories of that world,  
 Dear Saviour, think on me,  
 And in the vict'ries of thy death  
 Let me a sharer be."
- 6 His prayer the dying Jesus hears,  
 And instantly replies,—  
 "To-day thy parting soul shall be  
 With me in Paradise."

C. M.

**207.** *The leper healed.*—Matt. viii. 2, 3.

- 1 **W**HEN the poor leper's case I read,  
 My own described I feel;  
 Sin is a leprosy indeed,  
 Which none but CHRIST can heal.
- 2 What anguish did my soul endure,  
 Till hope and patience ceas'd!  
 The more I strove myself to cure,  
 The more the plague increas'd.
- 3 While thus I lay distress'd, I saw  
 The Saviour passing by;  
 To him, though fill'd with shame and awe,  
 I rais'd my mournful cry.
- 4 Lord, thou canst heal me, if thou wilt,  
 Oh, pity to me shew;  
 Oh, cleanse my leprous soul from guilt;  
 My filthy heart renew.
- 5 He heard, and with a gracious look  
 Pronounc'd the healing word:  
 "I will—be clean," and while he spoke  
 I felt my health restor'd.
- 6 Come, sinners, seize the present hour,  
 The Saviour's grace to prove;  
 He can relieve, for he is pow'r—  
 He will, for he is love.

C. M.

**208.** *Bartimeus' Prayer.*—Mark x. 46—50.

- 1 **L**IKE Bartimeus, we are blind,  
 Inwrapp'd in nature's night;



The grossest darkness veils our mind,  
For sin prevents the sight.

2 But lo! the Lord from heaven is come  
To open sinners' eyes ;  
To make his wondrous mercy known,  
And heal their maladies.

3 Come then, ye blind, and beg, and pray,  
And in the Lord believe ;  
For who can tell? perhaps to day  
You may your sight receive.

4 Jesus of Naz'reth passeth by—  
He is the sinner's friend ;  
Call on his name, and wait, and cry,  
He will your suit attend.

5 Should sinners say, "Hold ye your peace,  
"Nor dare to make so free,"  
Then cry the more, and never cease,  
"Have mercy, Lord, on me."

6 Your worthless garments leave behind ;  
Go to the Lord of light ;  
Trust in his name, however blind,  
And he will give you sight.

FROM THE HAPPINESS OF THE CHRISTIAN IN THE  
PRESENT AND FUTURE LIFE.

209. (285) L. M.  
*The beatitudes.*

1 **B**LESS'D are the humble souls, who see  
Their ignorance and poverty :  
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,  
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;  
For them divine compassion flows,  
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar  
From rage and passion, noise and war :

God will secure their peaceful state,  
And plead their cause against the great.

- 4 Bless'd are the souls, who thirst for grace,  
Hunger and long for righteousness:  
They shall be well suppli'd and fed  
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Bless'd are the men, whose hearts still move  
And melt with sympathy and love;  
They shall themselves from God obtain  
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean  
From the defiling power of sin:  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of growing strife:  
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,  
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Bless'd are the suff'ers who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake:  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
Glory and joy are their reward.

## 210.

(284) C. M.

*The blessings of obedience.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart,  
Whose ways are right and clean;  
Who never from thy law depart,  
But fly from ev'ry sin.
- 2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,  
And practise thy commands;  
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,  
And serve thee with their hands.
- 3 Great is their peace, who love thy law;  
How firm their souls abide!  
Nor can a bold temptation draw  
Their steady feet aside.

- 4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,  
 And keep my face from shame,  
 When all thy statutes I obey,  
 And honor all thy name.

211.

L. M.  
*Religion.*

- 1 **T**HROUGH shades and solitudes profound,  
 The fainting traveller winds his way;  
 Bewildering meteors glare around,  
 And tempt his wandering feet astray.
- 2 Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,  
 The sudden moon's inspiring light,  
 When forth she sallies through the sky,  
 The guardian angel of the night!
- 3 Thus mortals, blind and weak, below  
 Pursue the phantom bliss, in vain;  
 The world's a wilderness of wo,  
 And life a pilgrimage of pain!
- 4 Till mild religion from above,  
 Descends, a sweet engaging form,  
 The messenger of heavenly love,  
 The bow of promise 'mid the storm.
- 5 Beyond the narrow vale of time,  
 Where bright celestial ages roll,  
 To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,  
 She points the way, and leads the soul.
- 6 At her approach the grave appears,  
 The gate of Paradise restor'd;  
 Her voice the watching cherub hears,  
 And drops his double-flaming sword.
- 7 Baptiz'd with her renewing fire,  
 May we the crown of glory gain:  
 Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,  
 And reign with God, for ever reign!

(234) S. M.

**212.** *The blessedness of the righteous, and the misery of the wicked.*

- 1 **T**HE man is ever blest,  
Who shuns the sinners' ways;  
Amongst their councils never stands,  
Nor takes the scorner's place.
- 2 But makes the law of God  
His study and delight,  
Amidst the labors of the day,  
And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,  
With waters near the root;  
Fresh as the leaf, his name shall live:  
His works are heav'nly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race,  
They no such blessings find;  
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff  
Before the driving wind.
- 5 How will they bear to stand  
Before that judgment-seat,  
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand  
In full assembly meet.
- 6 He knows and he approves  
The way the righteous go:  
But sinners and their works shall meet  
A dreadful overthrow.

## 2. AWAKENING. THE EVIL OF SIN.

L. M.

**213.***Evil of sin.*

- 1 **G**OD, from his throne with piercing eye,  
Naked does every heart behold;  
But never, till we come to die,  
Will he to us the view unfold.
- 2 Should sin, in naked form appear,  
Just as it rises in the heart,

And others know and see it there  
In ev'ry feeling, every thought.

- 3 The fire of hell must kindle soon,  
How envy and revenge would flame!  
One heart would urge another on,  
Till rage and vengeance want a name!
- 4 Sin in its nature would appear  
A living death, to form a hell;  
The worst of mis'ries creatures fear,  
The worst of plagues the tongue can tell.
- 5 Unveil'd and naked ev'ry heart  
Before the judgment seat must stand,  
Sin act no more a double part,  
But meet a death from its own hand.
- 6 The fiery lake must hotter grow  
From the fierce clash of sinful souls;  
Each bosom like a furnace glow,  
Nor God the rage or fire control.

C. M.

214.

*Sin.*

- 1 **A**ND now the scales have left mine eyes,  
Now I begin to see:  
O the curs'd deeds my sins have done!  
What murd'rous things they be!
- 2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,  
That thy fair body tore?  
Monsters, that stain'd those heavenly limbs  
With floods of purple gore!
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done  
My dearest Lord was slain,  
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,  
And put his soul to pain?
- 4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace,  
I'll wound my God no more;  
Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone,  
For Jesus I adore.



- 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms  
 From grace's magazine,  
 And I'll proclaim eternal war  
 With every darling sin.

C. M.

**215.** *We must be born again.*—John iii. 7.

- 1 **SINNERS**, this solemn truth regard !  
 Hear, all ye sons of men ;  
 For Christ, the Saviour, hath declar'd,  
 " Ye must be born again."
- 2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,  
 The sinner's boast is vain ;  
 Thus saith the glorious Son of God,  
 " Ye must be born again."
- 3 Our nature's totally deprav'd—  
 The heart a sink of sin ;  
 Without a change we can't be sav'd ;  
 " Ye must be born again."
- 4 [That which is born of flesh is flesh,  
 And flesh it will remain ;  
 Then marvel not that Jesus saith,  
 " Ye must be born again."]
- 5 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,  
 And breathe on sinners slain ;  
 Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,  
 That we are born again.
- 6 Dear Saviour, let us now begin  
 To trust and love thy word ;  
 And, by forsaking ev'ry sin,  
 Prove we are born of God.

## THE SINNER'S HELPLESSNESS.

C. M.

**216.** *The successful Resolve.*—Esth. iv. 16.

- 1 **COME**, humble sinner, in whose breast  
 A thousand thoughts revolve,

Come, with your guilt and fear opprest,  
And make this last resolve.

- 2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
Hath like a mountain rose ;  
I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,  
And there my guilt confess ;  
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,  
Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,  
Perhaps will hear my prayer ;  
But if I perish, I will pray,  
And perish only there.
- 5 "I can but perish if I go,  
I am resolv'd to try ;  
For if I stay away, I know  
I must forever die."
- 6 But if I die with mercy sought,  
When I the King have tried,  
This were to die (delightful thought !)  
As sinner never died.

VANITY AND UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

L. M.

**217.** *Life the Day of Grace and Hope.*  
Eccl. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time t' ensure the great reward ;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God has given  
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven ;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie,

They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

- 4 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands with all your might pursue,  
Since no device, nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope beneath the ground.
- 5 There are no acts of pardon past  
In the cold grave to which we haste,  
But darkness, death, and long despair,  
Reign in eternal silence there.

L. M.

218.

*To-day.*—Heb. iv. 7.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, O sinner, to be wise,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
The longer wisdom you despise,  
The harder is she to be won.
- 2 Oh, hasten, mercy to implore,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy season should be o'er  
Before this evening's course be run.
- 3 Hasten, O sinner, to return,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn  
Before the needful work is done.
- 4 Hasten, O sinner, to be blest,  
And stay not for the morrow's sun,  
For fear the curse should thee arrest,  
Before the morrow is begun.

C. M.

219.

*The rich worldling.*—Luke xii. 16—21.

- 1 “**M**Y barns are full, my stores increase;  
And now for many years,  
Soul, eat and drink, and take thine ease,  
Secure from wants and fears.”
- 2 Thus, while a worldling boasted once,  
As many now presume,

He heard the Lord himself pronounce  
His sudden, awful doom :

- 3 " This night, vain fool, thy soul must pass  
Into a world unknown ;  
And who shall then the stores possess  
Which thou hast call'd thine own ? "
- 4 Thus blinded mortals fondly scheme  
For happiness below ;  
Till death destroys the pleasing dream,  
And they awake to wo.

**220.** P. M. 6, 6, 8, 8, 6, 8, 6, 6.  
*Human Frailty.*

- 1 **W**HAT is this passing scene  
A peevish April-day ?  
A little sun—a little rain—  
And then night sweeps along the plain,  
And all things fade away :  
Man (soon discuss'd)  
Yields up his trust,  
And all his hopes and fears, Lie with him in the  
dust !
- 2 Oh, what is beauty's power ?  
It flourishes and dies ;  
Will the cold earth its silence break,  
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek  
Beneath its surface lies ?  
Mute, mute is all  
O'er beauty's fall ;  
Her praise resounds no more, When mantled  
in her pall.
- 3 The most belov'd on earth  
Not long survives to-day ;  
So music past is obsolete,  
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,  
But now 'tis gone away :  
Thus does the shade,  
In mem'ry fade,  
When in forsaken tomb, The form belov'd is  
laid !

- 4 Then since this world is vain,  
 And volatile and fleet,  
 Why should I lay up earthly joys,  
 Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,  
 And cares and sorrows eat ?  
 Why fly from ill  
 With anxious skill,  
 When soon this hand will freeze, This throbbing heart lie still ?

**221.** (122) P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.  
*Jesus' invitation to the afflicted.*

- 1 **C**OME, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
 Come, and make my paths your choice :  
 I will guide you to your home !  
 Weary pilgrim, hither come !
- 2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
 Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
 Long hast roam'd the barren waste ;  
 Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye, who toss'd on beds of pain,  
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain :  
 Ye, whose swell'n and sleepless eyes  
 Watch to see the morning rise :
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
 Guilt, in strong remorse, who mourn :  
 Here repose your heavy care :  
 Conscience wounded who can bear ?
- 5 Sinner, come ! for here is found  
 Balm that flows for ev'ry wound ;  
 Peace that ever shall endure ;  
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

**222.** C. M.  
*Love to the Creatures is dangerous.*

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below !  
 How false and yet how fair !  
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,  
 And every sweet a snare.



- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flatt'ring light ;  
We should suspect some danger nigh  
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,  
How they divide our wavering minds,  
And leave but half for God !
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love,  
How strong it strikes the sense !  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food ;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.

**223.** C. M.  
*The Shortness and Misery of Life.*

- 1 **O**UR days, alas ! our mortal days,  
Are short and wretched too :  
“*Evil and few,*” the patriarch says,  
And well the patriarch knew.
- 2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound  
That heaven allows to men,  
And pains and sins run through the round  
Of threescore years and ten.
- 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,  
Run on, my days, in haste ;  
Moments of sin, and months of wo,  
Ye cannot fly too fast.
- 4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,  
And call her to the skies,  
Where years of long salvation roll,  
And glory never dies.

224.

C. M.

*Frailty and Folly.*

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life!  
How vast our souls' affairs!  
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive  
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment's stay;  
Just like a story or a song,  
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,  
But we march heedless on,  
And ever hastening to the tomb,  
Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,  
That slight the joys above!  
What chains of vengeance should we feel,  
That break such cords of love.
- 5 Draw us, O Saviour, with thy grace,  
And lift our thoughts on high,  
That we may end this mortal race,  
And see salvation nigh.

225.

(225.) L. M.

*The vanity of Creatures.*

- 1 **M**AN has a soul of vast desires;  
He burns within with restless fires,  
Tost to and fro, his passions fly  
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find  
Some solid good to fill the mind;  
We try new pleasures, but we feel  
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So, when a raging fever burns,  
We shift from side to side by turns;  
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,  
To change the place, but keep the pain.
- 4 Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,  
This love to vanity and dust;

Cure the vile fever of the mind,  
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

L. M.

**226.** *Seek ye my face.*—Psalm xxvii. 8.

1 **J**EHOVAH speaks, "Seek ye my face,"  
My soul admires the wondrous grace;  
I'll seek thy face—thy spirit give!  
O let me see thy face and live.

2 I'll wait; perhaps my Lord may come;  
(If I turn back, how sad my doom!)  
And begging, in his way I'll lie,  
Till the sweet hour he passeth by.

3 Daily I'll seek, with cries and tears,  
With secret sighs, and fervent pray'rs;  
And, if not heard—I'll weeping sit,  
And perish at the Saviour's feet.

4 But canst thou, Lord! see all my pain,  
And bid me seek thy face in vain;  
Thou wilt not, canst not, me deceive—  
The soul that seeks thy face *shall* live.

C. M.

**227.** *Time is short.*—1 Cor vii. 29.

**T**HE time is short! the season near,  
When death will us remove;  
To leave our friends, however dear,  
And all we fondly love.

2 The time is short! sinners beware,  
Nor trifle time away;  
The word of great salvation hear,  
While it is call'd to-day.

3 The time is short! ye rebels, now  
To Christ the Lord submit;  
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,  
And fall at Jesus' feet.

5 The time is short! ye saints rejoice—  
The Lord will quickly come:

Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
To call you to your home.

5 The time is short ! it swiftly flies—  
The hour is just at hand,  
When we shall mount above the skies,  
And reach the wish'd-for land.

6 The time is short !—the moment near,  
When we shall dwell above ;  
And be for ever happy there,  
With Jesus' whom we love.

DANGER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT WITHDRAWING  
HIS INFLUENCE.

L M.

228. *The returning Backslider.*

1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
Though I have done thee such despite ;  
Nor cast the sinner quite away,  
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,  
And oft shook off my guilty fears ;  
And vex'd and urg'd thee to depart,  
For many long rebellious years ;

3 Though I have most unfaithful been  
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd ;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen ;  
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd ;

4 Yet O ! the chief of sinners spare  
In honor of my great High-Priest :  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,  
T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

5 This only wo I deprecate,  
This only plague I pray remove,  
Nor leave me in my lost estate,  
Nor curse me with this want of love.

6 E'en now, my weary soul release,  
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,

And guide into thy perfect peace  
And bring me to the promis'd land.

L. M.

**229.** *My Spirit shall not always strive.*—Gen. vi. 3.

- 1 **S**AY, sinner, hath a voice within  
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,  
Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,  
And yield thy heart to God's control?
- 2 Hath something met thee in the path  
Of worldiness and vanity,  
And pointed to the coming wrath,  
And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee?
- 3 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,—  
It was the spirit's gracious call ;  
It bade thee make the better choice,  
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 4 Spurn not the call to life and light ;  
Regard in time the warning kind ;  
That call thou may'st not always slight,  
And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 5 God's Spirit will not always strive  
With harden'd, self-destroying man ,  
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,  
May never hear his voice again.
- 6 Sinner—perhaps this very day,  
The last accepted time may be ;  
Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,  
Then hope may never beam on thee.

**230.** C. M.

- 1 **N**OW is the time, th' accepted hour,  
O sinners, come away ;  
The Saviour's knocking at your door,  
Arise without delay.
- 2 Oh ! don't refuse to give him room,  
Lest mercy should withdraw ;



He'll then in robes of vengeance come  
To execute his law.

- 3 Then, where, poor mortals, will you be,  
If destitute of grace,  
When you your injur'd Judge shall see,  
And stand before his face.
- 4 Oh! could you shun that dreadful sight,  
How would you wish to fly  
To the dark shades of endless night,  
From that all-searching eye?
- 5 The dead awak'd must all appear,  
And you among them stand,  
Before the great impartial bar,  
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.
- 6 Let not these warnings be in vain,  
But lend a list'ning ear;  
Lest you should meet them all again,  
When wrapt in keen despair.

THE CERTAINTY OF DEATH AND JUDGMENT.

231.

S. M.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die?  
To lay this body down?  
And must my trembling spirit fly  
Into a world unknown?
- 2 Soon as from earth I go  
What will become of me?  
Eternal happiness or wo  
Must then my portion be!
- 3 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound,  
I from my grave must rise,  
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,  
And see the flaming skies.
- 4 How shall I leave my tomb!  
With triumph or regret!

A fearful or a joyful doom,  
A curse or blessing meet?

5 Will angel bands convey  
Their brother to the bar?  
Or devils drag my soul away  
To meet its sentence there?

6 Who can resolve the doubt  
That tears my anxious breast?  
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,  
Or number'd with the blest?

7 I must from God be driven,  
Or with my Saviour dwell;  
Must come at his command to heaven,  
Or else depart to hell.

8 O thou that wouldst not have  
One wretched sinner die,  
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save  
From endless misery.

9 Show me the way to shun  
Thy dreadful wrath severe,  
That when thou comest on thy throne,  
I may with joy appear.

**232.** P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1 **A**ND am I only born to die?  
And must I suddenly comply  
With nature's stern decree?  
What after death for me remains?  
Celestial joys, or hellish pains,  
To all eternity.

2 How then ought I on earth to live,  
While God prolongs the kind reprieve,  
And props the house of clay;  
My sole concern, my single care,  
To watch, and tremble, and prepare  
Against that fatal day!

- 3 No room for mirth or trifling here,  
 For worldly hope, or worldly fear,  
 If life so soon is gone ;  
 If now the Judge is at the door,  
 And all mankind must stand before  
 Th' inexorable throne !
- 4 No matter which my thoughts employ ;  
 A moment's misery or joy :  
 But oh ! when both shall end,  
 Where shall I find my destin'd place ?  
 Shall I my everlasting days  
 With fiends or angels spend ?
- 5 Nothing is worth a thought beneath,  
 But how I may escape the death  
 That never, never dies !  
 How make my own election sure ;  
 And when I fail on earth, secure  
 A mansion in the skies.
- 6 Jesus, vouchsafe a pitying ray,  
 Be thou my guide, be thou my way  
 To glorious happiness !  
 Ah ! write the pardon on my heart !  
 And whensoever I hence depart,  
 Let me depart in peace !

L. M.

233.

*Sickness and Death.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, the minutes haste away,  
 Apace comes on th' important day,  
 When in the icy arms of death  
 I must give up my vital breath.
- 2 Look forward to the moving scene ;  
 How wilt thou be affected then ?  
 When from on high some sharp disease  
 Resistless shall my vitals seize.
- 3 When all the springs of life are low,  
 The spirits faint, the pulses slow ;

The eyes grow dim and short the breath,  
Presages of approaching death.

- 4 When clammy sweats thro' ev'ry part,  
Show life's retreating to the heart;  
Its last resistance there to make,  
And then the breathless frame forsake.
- 5 When all eternity's in sight;  
The brightest day, or blackest night;  
One shock will break the building down,  
And let thee into worlds unknown.
- 6 O come, my soul, the matter weigh!  
How wilt thou leave thy kindred clay!  
And how the unknown regions try,  
And launch into eternity!

L. M.

**234.** *The night cometh.*—John ix. 4.

- 1 **A**WAKE, awake, my sluggish soul,  
Awake, and view the setting sun;  
See how the shades of death advance,  
Ere half the task of life is done.
- 2 Death!—'tis an awful, solemn sound;  
Oh, let it wake the slumb'ring ear!  
Apace the dreadful conqu'ror comes,  
With all his pale companions near.
- 3 Thy drowsy eyes will soon be clos'd,—  
These friendly warnings heard no more;  
Soon will the mighty Judge approach,  
E'en now he stands before the door.
- 4 To-day attend his gracious voice;  
This is the summons that he sends:  
“Awake,—for on this transient hour  
Thy long eternity depends.”

L. M.

**235.** *The sinner weighed, and found wanting.*  
Dan. v. 27.

- 1 **R**AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye;  
Behold God's balance lifted high!

- There shall his justice be display'd,  
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.
- 2 See in one scale his perfect law ;  
Mark with what force its precepts draw :  
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain ?—  
Thy works how light ! thy thoughts how vain !
- 3 Behold, the hand of God appears  
To trace in dreadful characters ;  
“ Sinner—thy soul is wanting found,  
And wrath shall smite thee to the ground.”
- 4 Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace ;  
Let horror change thy guilty face ;  
Thro' all thy thoughts let anguish roll,  
Till deep repentance melt thy soul.
- 5 One only hope may yet prevail ;—  
Christ hath a weight to turn the scale ;  
Still doth the gospel publish peace,  
And show a Saviour's righteousness.
- 6 Great God, exert thy power to save ;  
Deep on the heart, these truths engrave ;  
The pond'rous load of guilt remove,  
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

236.

C. M.  
*The Scoffer.*

- 1 **A**LL ye who laugh and sport with death,  
And say there is no hell ;  
The gasp of your expiring breath  
Will send you there to dwell.
- 2 When iron slumbers bind your flesh,  
With strange surprise you'll find  
Immortal vigor springs afresh,  
And tortures wake the mind !
- 3 Then you'll confess the frightful names  
Of plagues, you scorn'd before,  
No more shall look like idle dreams,  
Like foolish tales no more.



- 4 Then shall ye curse that fatal day,  
 With flames upon your tongues,  
 When you exchang'd your souls away  
 For vanity and songs.

S. M.

**237.** *The harvest is past.*—Jer. viii. 20.

- 1 **I** SAW, beyond the tomb,  
 The awful Judge appear,  
 Prepar'd to scan with strict account,  
 My blessings wasted here.
- 2 His wrath like flaming fire,  
 Burn'd to the lowest hell—  
 And in that hopeless world of wo,  
 He bade my spirit dwell.
- 3 Ye sinners, fear the Lord,  
 While yet 'tis call'd to day ;  
 Soon will the awful voice of death  
 Command your souls away.
- 4 Soon will the harvest close—  
 The summer soon be o'er—  
 And soon, your injur'd, angry God,  
 Will hear your pray'rs no more.

P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

**238.** *Rom. iii. 16.*

- 1 **W**HEN frowning death appears,  
 And points his fatal dart,  
 What dark foreboding fears  
 Distract the sinner's heart !  
 The dreadful blow  
 No arm can stay,  
 But torn away  
 He sinks to wo.
- 2 Now every hope denied,  
 Bereft of every good,  
 He must the wrath abide  
 Of an avenging God ;

No mercy there  
Will greet his ear  
Nor wipe the tear  
Of black despair.

- 3 Sinners, awake, attend,  
And flee the wrath to come ;  
Make Christ, the Judge, your friend,  
And heav'n shall be your home :  
His mercy nigh,  
Now points the path  
That leads from death  
To joys on high.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

239.

*Sinner, prepare to meet God.*

- 1 **S**INNER, art thou still secure ?  
Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?  
Can thy heart or hands endure  
In the Lord's avenging day ?
- 2 See, his mighty arm is bar'd !  
Awful terrors clothe his brow !  
For his judgment stand prepar'd ;  
Thou must either break or bow.
- 3 At his presence nature shakes,  
Earth affrighted hastes to flee ;  
Solid mountains melt like wax,  
What will then become of thee ?
- 4 Who his advent may abide ?  
You that glory in your shame,  
Will you find a place to hide,  
When the world is wrapt in flame ?
- 5 Lord, prepare us by thy grace !  
Soon we must resign our breath,  
And our souls be call'd to pass  
Through the iron gate of death.
- 6 Let us now our day improve,  
Listen to the gospel voice :

Seek the things that are above ;  
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6.

240.

*The Alarm.*

- 1 **S**TOP, poor sinner, stop and think,  
Before you farther go ;  
Will you sport upon the brink  
Of everlasting wo !  
On the verge of ruin stop—  
Now the friendly warning take—  
Stay your footsteps—ere ye drop  
Into the burning lake.
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,  
That you his will oppose ?  
Fear ye not that iron rod  
With which he breaks his foes ?  
Can you stand in that dread day,  
Which his justice shall proclaim,  
When the earth shall melt away  
Like wax before the flame ?
- 3 Ghastly death will quickly come,  
And drag you to his bar ;  
Then to hear your awful doom,  
Will fill you with despair !  
All your sins will round you crowd ;  
You shall mark their crimson dye ;  
Each for vengeance crying loud,  
And what can you reply ?
- 4 Tho' your heart were made of steel,  
Your forehead lin'd with brass ;  
God at length will make you feel,  
He will not let you pass ;  
Sinners, then in vain will call,  
Those who now despise his grace,  
"Rocks and mountains on us fall,  
And hide us from his face."

**241.** C. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a voice of sovereign grace  
     Sounds from the sacred word ;  
 "Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,  
     And trust upon the Lord."
- 2 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,  
     And runs to this relief ;  
 I would believe thy promise, Lord,  
     Oh ! help my unbelief.
- 3 To the dear fountain of thy blood,  
     Incarnate God, I fly ;  
 Here let me wash my spotted soul  
     From crimes of deepest dye.
- 4 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King  
     My reigning sins subdue ;  
 Drive the old dragon from his seat,  
     With his apostate crew.
- 5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
     On thy kind arms I fall ;  
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
     My Jesus, and my all !

**242.**

L. M.  
*Eternity.*

- 1 **E**TERNITY is just at hand !—  
     And shall I waste my ebbing sand,  
 And careless view departing day,  
 And throw my inch of time away.
- 2 But an eternity there is  
     Of endless wo, or endless bliss ;  
 And swift as time fulfils its round,  
     We to eternity are bound.
- 3 What countless millions of mankind  
     Have left this fleeting world behind !

They're gone ! but where ?—ah, pause and see,  
Gone to a long eternity.

- 4 Sinner ! canst thou for ever dwell  
In all the fiery deeps of hell ;  
And is death nothing, then, to thee ;  
Death, and a dread eternity ?

**243.** (227.) C. M.  
*The misery and danger of Sinners.*

- 1 **SINNERS** ! the voice of God regard :  
'Tis mercy speaks to-day ;  
He calls you by his gracious word  
From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,  
You live devoid of peace ;  
A thousand stings within your breast  
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell :  
Why will you persevere ?  
Can you in frightful torments dwell,  
Shut up in black despair ?
- 4 Bow to the sceptre of his word,  
Renouncing ev'ry sin ;  
Submit to him your sov'reign Lord,  
And learn his will divine.

**244.** (228) L. M.  
*The folly of neglecting religion.*

- 1 **WHY** will ye lavish out your years  
Amidst a thousand trifling cares ?  
While, in the various range of thought,  
The one thing needful is forgot.
- 2 Why will you chase the fleeting wind,  
And famish an immortal mind ;  
While angels with regret look down,  
To see you spurn a heav'nly crown ;
- 3 Th' eternal God calls from above  
And Jesus pleads his dying love ;



Awaken'd conscience gives you pain :  
And shall they join their pleas in vain ?

- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view  
Those objects, which ye now pursue;  
Not so shall heav'n and hell appear,  
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God ! thine aid impart,  
To fix conviction on the heart;  
Thy pow'r can clear the darkest eyes,  
And make the haughtiest scorner wise.

245.

C. M.

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE thought ; shall I alone,  
Who may be sav'd, shall I,  
Of all, alas ! whom I have known,  
Through sin for ever die ?
- 2 While all my old companions dear,  
With whom I once did live,  
Joyful at God's right hand appear,  
A blessing to receive :
- 3 Shall I, amidst a ghastly band,  
Dragg'd to the judgment-seat,  
Far on the left with horror stand,  
My fearful doom to meet ?
- 4 While they enjoy their Saviour's love,  
Must I in torments dwell ?  
And howl, (while they sing hymns above,)  
And blow the flames of hell !
- 5 Ah ! no ; I still may turn and live,  
For still his wrath delays ;  
He now vouchsafes a kind reprieve,  
And offers me his grace.
- 6 I will accept his offers now,  
From ev'ry sin depart ;  
Perform my oft-repeated vow,  
And render him my heart.

- 7 I will improve what I receive,  
 The grace through Jesus given ;  
 Sure, if with God on earth I live,  
 To live with God in heaven.

**246.** C. M.  
*Youth and Judgment.*—Eccl. xi. 9.

- 1 **Y**E sons of Adam, vain and young,  
 Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue;  
 Taste the delights your souls desire,  
 And give a loose to all your fire .
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,  
 And cheer your hearts with songs and wine,  
 Enjoy the day of mirth ; but know  
 There is a day of judgment too.
- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,  
 His book records your secret faults,  
 The works of darkness you have done  
 Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 The vengeance to your follies due  
 Should strike your hearts with terror through :  
 How will ye stand before his face,  
 Or answer for his injur'd grace ?
- 5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes  
 From these alluring vanities ;  
 And let the thunder of thy word  
 Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

**247.** C. M.  
*Death and Eternity.*

- 1 **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that us'd to rise,  
 Converse a while with death ;  
 Think how a gasping mortal lies,  
 And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down,  
 His pulses faint and few,  
 Then, speechless, with a doleful groan  
 He bids the world adieu.

- 3 But, O the soul that never dies!  
 At once it leaves the clay!  
 Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,  
 And track its wondrous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,  
 It mounts triumphing there,  
 Or devils plunge it down to hell  
 In infinite despair.
- 5 And must my body faint and die?  
 And must this soul remove?  
 O for some guardian angel nigh  
 To bare it safe above!
- 6 Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand  
 My naked soul I trust,  
 And my flesh waits for thy command  
 To drop into my dust.



## PENITENCE OF THE AWAKENED SINNER.

### 1. PRAYER FOR PENITENCE.

248. P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.  
*A Prayer for Seriousness.*

**T**HOU God of glorious majesty,  
 To thee, against myself, to thee,  
 A worm of earth, I cry;  
 A half-awaken'd child of man,  
 An heir of endless bliss or pain,  
 A sinner born to die!

- 2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
 Secure, insensible:  
 A point of time, a moment's space  
 Removes me to that heav'nly place,  
 Or shuts me up in hell.

- 3 O God mine inmost soul convert !  
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
 Eternal things impress :  
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
 And tremble on the brink of fate,  
 And wake to righteousness.
- 4 Before me place in dread array  
 The pomp of that tremendous day,  
 When thou with clouds shalt come,  
 To judge the nations at thy bar ;  
 And tell me, Lord, shall I be there  
 To meet a joyful doom ?
- 5 Be this my one great business here,  
 With serious industry and fear  
 Eternal bliss t' insure :  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all thy righteous will,  
 And to the end endure.
- 6 Then, Saviour, then, my soul receive,  
 Transported from this vale to live,  
 And reign with thee above ;  
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
 And hope in full supreme delight,  
 And everlasting love.

S. M.

249.

*For true repentance.*

- 1 O THAT I could repent !  
 With all my idols part ;  
 And to thy gracious eye present  
 An humble contrite heart !
- 2 A heart with grief opprest,  
 For having griev'd my God ;  
 A troubled heart that cannot rest  
 Till sprinkled with thy blood !
- 3 Jesus on me bestow,  
 The penitent desire ;

With true sincerity of wo  
My aching breast inspire.

- 4 With softening pity look,  
And melt my hardness down ;  
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,  
And break this heart of stone !

C. M.

**250.** *For true Repentance.*—2 Kings xxii. 19, 20.

- 1 **O** FOR that tenderness of heart,  
Which bows before the Lord,  
Acknowledges how just thou art,  
And trembles at thy word !
- 2 O for those humble contrite tears  
Which from repentance flow,  
That consciousness of guilt, which fears  
The long suspended blow !
- 3 Saviour, to me in pity give  
The sensible distress,  
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,  
And bid me die in peace !
- 4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove  
Before the evil come,  
My spirit hide with saints above,  
My body in the tomb.

L. M.

**251.** *Hardness of Heart lamented.*

- 1 **L**ORD ! shed a beam of heavenly day  
To melt this stubborn stone away :  
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,  
This heart—this frozen heart of mine.
- 2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;  
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake ;  
Of feeling, all things show some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
What but an adamant would melt ?



Goodness and wrath, in vain combine  
To move this stupid heart of mine.

4 But One can yet perform the deed ;  
That *One* in all his grace I need ;  
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,  
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

5 Oh, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul !  
On me let streams of mercy roll :  
Now thaw with rays of love divine  
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

252.

S. M.

1 **O** THAT I could repent !  
O that I could believe !  
Thou, by thy voice the marble rend,  
The rock in sunder cleave !  
Thou, by thy two-edg'd sword,  
My soul and spirit part ;  
Strike with the hammer of thy word,  
And break my stubborn heart.

2 Saviour and Prince of peace,  
The double grace bestow ;  
Unloose the bands of wickedness,  
And let the captive go :  
Grant me my sins to feel,  
And then the load remove :—  
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,  
The balm of pard'ning love.

3 For thine own mercy's sake,  
The hind'rance now remove,  
And into thy protection take  
The pris'ner of thy love ;  
In every trying hour,  
Stand by my feeble soul,  
And screen me from my nature's power,  
Till thou hast made me whole.

- 4 This is thy will, I know,  
 That I should holy be ;  
 Should let my sins this moment go,  
 This moment turn to thee :  
 O might I now embrace  
 Thine all-sufficient power !  
 And never more to sin give place,  
 And never grieve thee more.

## L. M

**253.** *And I will take away the stony heart, and will give you a heart of flesh.—Ezek. xxxvi. 26.*

- 1 **O** For a glance of heav'nly day,  
 To take this stubborn heart away ;  
 And thaw with beams of love divine  
 This heart, this frozen heart of mine !
- 2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can quake ;  
 The seas can roar ; the mountains shake ;  
 Of feeling all things show some sign,  
 But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
 O Lord, an adamant would melt ;  
 But I can read each moving line,  
 And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 Thy judgments too, unmov'd I hear,  
 (Amazing thought !) which devils fear,  
 Goodness and wrath in vain combine,  
 To stir this stupid heart of mine.
- 5 Eternal Spirit ! mighty God !  
 Apply to me the Saviour's blood ;  
 'Tis his rich blood, and his alone,  
 Can move and melt this heart of stone.

## 2. PENITENCE.

## L. M.

**254.** *Original and actual Sin confessed.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin ;  
 And born unholy and unclean ;

Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defil'd in every part.
- 3 [Great God, create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true :  
O make me wise betimes to spy  
My danger and my remedy.]
- 4 Behold I fall before thy face,  
My only refuge is thy grace :  
No outward forms can make me clean ;  
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
Hath power sufficient to atone ;  
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;  
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
Nor flesh, nor soul hath rest or ease ;  
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And make my broken bones rejoice.

C. M.

**255.**     *The contrite Heart.*—Isa. lvii. 15.

- 1 **T**HE Lord will happiness divine  
On contrite hearts bestow ;  
Then tell me, gracious God ! is mine  
A contrite heart or no ?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,  
Insensible as steel ;  
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain  
To find I cannot feel.

- 3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd  
To love thee, if I could;  
But often feel another mind,  
Averse to all that's good.
- 4 My best desires are faint and few,  
I fain would strive for more;  
But, when I cry, "My strength renew,"  
Seem weaker than before.
- 5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,  
And love thy house of pray'r;  
I sometimes go where others go,  
But find no comfort there.
- 6 Oh, make this heart rejoice or ache;—  
Decide this doubt for me;  
And, if it be not broken, break—  
And heal it, if it be.

256.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.  
*Penitential Sighs.*

- 1 **F**ATHER! at thy call I come,  
In thy bosom there is room,  
For a guilty soul to hide,—  
Press'd with grief on every side.
- 2 Darkness fills my trembling soul;  
Floods of sorrow o'er me roll;  
Pity, Father! pity me;  
All my hope's alone in thee.
- 3 But may such a wretch as I,—  
Self-condemn'd and doom'd to die,—  
Ever hope to be forgiven,  
And be smil'd upon by Heaven?
- 4 Yes, I may! for I espy  
Pity trickling from thine eye:  
'Tis a Father's bowels move,—  
Move with pardon and with love.
- 5 Well I do remember, too,  
What his love hath deign'd to do;

- How he sent a Saviour down,  
All my follies to atone.
- 6 Has my elder brother died?  
And is justice satisfied?  
Why,—oh, why—should I despair  
Of my Father's tender care?

**257.** C. M.  
*The Penitent.*

- 1 **P**ROSTRATE, dear Jesus! at thy feet,  
A guilty rebel lies;  
And upwards to the mercy-seat  
Presumes to lift his eyes.
- 2 Oh let not justice frown me hence;  
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:  
Forbid it that Omnipotence  
Should crush a feeble worm.
- 3 If tears of sorrow would suffice  
To pay the debt I owe,  
Tears should from both my weeping eyes  
In ceaseless torrents flow.
- 4 But no such sacrifice I plead  
To expiate my guilt;  
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,—  
No blood, but thou hast spilt.
- 5 Think of thy sorrows, dearest Lord!  
And all my sins forgive:  
Justice will well approve the word  
That bids the sinner live.

**258.** (245) P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

- 1 **G**OD of mercy! God of grace!  
Hear our sad repentant songs;  
O restore thy suppliant race,  
Thou to whom our praise belongs!
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,  
'Talents wasted, time mispent;



- Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,  
Thankless for the blessings lent ;
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,  
Vain regrets for things as vain ;  
Lips too seldom taught to praise,  
Oft to murmur and complain ;
- 4 These, and ev'ry secret fault,  
Fill'd with grief and shame we own ;  
Humbled at thy feet we lie,  
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy ! God of grace !  
Here our sad repentant songs ;  
O restore thy suppliant race,  
Thou, to whom our praise belongs !

C. M.

259.

*Indwelling Sin lamented.*

- 1 **W**ITH tears of anguish I lament,  
Heare at thy feet, my God,  
My passion, pride, and discontent,  
And vile ingratitude.
- 2 Sure there was ne'er a heart so base,  
So false as mine has been ;  
So faithless to its' promises,  
So prone to every sin !
- 3 My reason tells me thy commands  
Are holy, just, and true ;  
Tells me whate'er my God demands  
Is his most righteous due.
- 4 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,  
And all her words approve ;  
But still I find it hard t' obey,  
And harder yet to love.
- 5 How long, dear Saviour, shall I feel  
These strugglings in my breast ?  
When wilt thou bow my stubborn will,  
And give my conscience rest ?

- 6 Break, sov'reign grace, O break the charm,  
And set the captive free:  
Reveal, Almighty God, thine arm,  
And haste to rescue me.

**260.** L. M.  
*Conflict between Flesh and Spirit.*—Rom.  
vii. 15.

- 1 **H**OW sad and awful is my state!  
The very thing I do, I hate!  
When I to God draw near in pray'r,  
I feel the conflict even there!
- 2 I mourn, because I cannot mourn,  
I hate my sin, yet cannot turn;  
I grieve, because I cannot grieve,  
I hear the truth, but can't believe.
- 3 Where shall so great a sinner run?  
I see I'm ruin'd and undone;  
Dear Lord, in pity now draw near,  
And banish ev'ry rising fear.
- 4 Thy blood dear Lord, which thou hast spilt,  
Can make this rocky heart to melt;  
Thy blood can make me clean within—  
Thy blood can pardon all my sin.
- 5 'Tis on the atonement of that blood,  
I now approach to thee, my God;  
This is my hope, this is my claim,  
Jesus has died and wash'd me clean.

**261.** L. M.

- 1 **A**LAS, alas, how blind I've been,  
How little of myself I've seen!  
Sportive I sail'd the sensual tide,  
Thoughtless of God, whom I defy'd.
- 2 Oft have I heard of heav'n, and hell,  
Where bliss and wo eternal dwell;  
But mock'd the threats of truth divine,  
And scorn the place where angels shine.

- 3 My heart has long refus'd the blood  
Of Jesus, the descending God ;  
And guilty passion boldly broke  
The holy law which heav'n had spoke.
- 4 Th' alluring world controll'd my choice ;  
When conscience spake I hush'd its voice ;  
Securely laugh'd along the road,  
Which hapless millions first had trod.
- 5 But now, th' Almighty God comes near  
And fills my soul with awful fear—  
Perhaps I sink to endless pain,  
Nor hear the voice of joy again.

## 262.

C. M.

- 1 **A**H, what can I, a sinner do,  
With all my guilt oppresst ?  
And feel the hardness of my heart,  
And conscience knows no rest.
- 2 Great God, thy good and perfect law  
Does all my life condemn ;  
The secret evils of my soul  
Fill me with fear and shame.
- 3 How many precious Sabbaths gone,  
I never can recall ;  
And Oh, what cause have I to mourn,  
Who misimprov'd them all !
- 4 How long, how often have I heard  
Of Jesus, and of heav'n ;  
Yet scarcely listen'd to his word,  
Or pray'd to be forgiv'n !
- 5 Constrain me, Lord, to turn to thee,  
And grant renewing grace ;  
For thou this flinty heart canst break,  
And thine shall be the praise.

263.

L. M.  
Ps. li. 9—13.

- 1 **O**H, turn, great ruler of the skies,  
Turn from my sin thy searching eyes,  
Nor let th' offences of my hand,  
Within thy book, recorded stand.
- 2 Give me a will to thine subdu'd,  
And conscience pure, a soul renew'd ;  
Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,  
An outcast from thy presence roam.
- 3 Oh, let thy Spirit to my heart  
Once more his quick'ning aid impart,  
My mind from every fear release,  
And sooth my troubled thoughts to peace.
- 4 So shall the souls, whom error's sway  
Has urg'd from thee, blest Lord, to stray,  
From me thy heavenly precepts learn,  
And, humbled, to their God return.

264.

S. M.  
*Conviction.*

- 1 **M**Y former hopes are fled,  
My terror now begins ;  
I feel, alas ! that I am dead  
In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly ?  
I hear the thunder roar ;  
The law proclaims destruction nigh,  
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,  
I dread impending doom ;  
But sure a friendly whisper says,  
"Flee from the wrath to come."
- 4 I see, or think I see,  
A glimm'ring from afar ;  
A beam of day that shines for me,  
To save me from despair.

- 5 Forerunner of the sun,  
It marks the pilgrim's way ;  
I'll gaze upon it while I run,  
And watch the rising day.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

265.

*Sin bewailed.*

- 1 **C**OME, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer pray'r ;  
He himself has bid thee pray,  
Rise and ask without delay.
- 2 With my burden I begin ;  
Lord ! remove this load of sin !  
Let thy blood for sinners spilt  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord ! I come to thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast ;  
There thy sov'reign right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.
- 4 Show me what I have to do,  
Ev'ry hour my strength renew ;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die thy people's death.

L. M.

266.

*Confession and repentance.*

- 1 **O** LORD, my God, in mercy turn,  
In mercy hear a sinner mourn !  
To thee I call, to thee I cry,  
O leave me, leave me not to die !
- 2 O pleasures past, what are ye now  
But thorns about my bleeding brow ?  
Spectres that hover round my brain,  
And aggravate and mock my pain.
- 3 For pleasure I have given my soul ;  
Now justice, let thy thunder roll !  
Now vengeance smile—and with a blow,  
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.



- 4 Yet Jesus, Jesus! there I'll cling,  
 I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing;  
 I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,  
 E'en me, oh bliss!—his wrath may spare.

C. M.

267.

*Repentance at the Cross.*

- 1 **O**H, if my soul was form'd for wo,  
 How would I vent my sighs!  
 Repentance should like rivers flow  
 From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord  
 Hung on the cursed tree,  
 And groan'd away a dying life  
 For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O how I hate those lusts of mine  
 That crucified my God,  
 Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh  
 Fast to the fatal wood.
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,  
 My heart has so decreed,  
 Nor will I spare the guilty things  
 That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst with a melting broken heart  
 My murder'd Lord I view,  
 I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
 And slay the murderers too.

C. M.

268.

*Slain and reviving.—Rom. vii. 9.*

- 1 **S**MOTE by the law, I'm justly slain;  
 Great God, behold my case;  
 Pity a sinner fill'd with pain,  
 Nor drive me from thy face.
- 2 Dread terrors fright my guilty soul—  
 Thy justice, all in flames,  
 Gives sentence on this heart so foul,  
 So hard, so full of crimes.

- 3 'Tis trembling hardness that I feel ;  
 I fear, but don't relent,—  
 Perhaps of endless death the seal :  
 Oh, that I could repent !
- 4 My pray'rs, my tears, my vows are vile ;  
 My duties black with guilt ;  
 On such a wretch can mercy smile,  
 Tho' Jesus' blood was spilt ?
- 5 Speechless I sink to endless night,  
 I see an opening hell :  
 But lo ! what glory strikes my sight !  
 Such glory who can tell !
- 6 Enwrapt in these bright beams of peace,  
 I feel a gracious God :  
 Swell, swell the note : Oh, tell his grace ;  
 Sound his high praise abroad !

**269.** P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.  
*Renouncing the World.*

- 1 **C**OME, my fond fluttering heart,  
 Come, struggle to be free,  
 Thou and the world must part,  
 However hard it be :  
 My trembling spirit owns it just,  
 But cleaves yet closer to the dust.
- 2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear,  
 Ye dearest idols, fall ;  
 My love ye must not share,  
 Jesus shall have it all :  
 'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart,  
 But ah ! thou must consent, my heart !
- 3 Ye fair enchanting throng !  
 Ye golden dreams, farewell !  
 Earth has prevail'd too long,  
 And now I break the spell :  
 Ye cherish'd joys of early years,  
 Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

- 4 But must I part with all?  
 My heart still fondly pleads,  
 Yes—Dagon's self must fall,-  
 It beats, it throbs, it bleeds.  
 Is there no balm in Gilead found  
 To sooth and heal the smarting wound?
- 5 O yes, there is a balm,  
 A kind physician there,  
 My fever'd mind to calm,  
 To bid me not despair:  
 Aid me, dear Saviour, set me free,  
 And I will all resign to thee.
- 6 O may I feel thy worth,  
 And let no idol dare,  
 No vanity of earth,  
 With thee, my Lord, compare:  
 Now bid all worldly joys depart,  
 And reign supremely in my heart!



## SUPPLICATION FOR THE DIVINE MERCY.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7.

**270.** *Penitent suing for Pardon.*—Job xiii. 15

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, canst thou love a traitor?  
 Canst thou love a child of wrath?  
 Can a hell-deserving creature  
 Be the purchase of thy death?
- 2 Is thy blood so efficacious,  
 As to make my nature clean?  
 Is thy sacrifice so precious,  
 As to free my soul from sin?
- 3 Sin on ev'ry side surrounds me,  
 I can hear of no relief;  
 Pangs of unbelief confound me,  
 Help me, Lord, to bear my grief.

- 4 This is now my resolution,  
At thy dearest feet to fall;  
Here I'll meet my condemnation,  
Or a freedom from my thrall.
- 5 If I meet with condemnation,  
Justly I deserve the same;  
If I meet with free salvation,  
I will magnify thy name.

L. M.

**271.** *Seeking pardon.*—Ps. xxvii. 8.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet I prostrate fall,  
Opprest with fears to thee I call:  
Reveal thy pard'ning love to me,  
And set my captive spirit free.
- 2 Hast thou not said, "Seek ye my face;"  
The invitation I embrace;  
I'll seek thy face; thy Spirit give!  
O let me see thy face, and live.
- 3 I'll wait, perhaps my Lord may come;  
If I turn back, hell is my doom;  
And begging, in his way I'll lie,  
Till the dear Saviour passes by.
- 4 I'll seek his face with cries and tears,  
With secret sighs and fervent pray'rs;  
And if not heard, I'll waiting sit,  
And perish at my Saviour's feet.
- 5 But canst thou, Lord, see all my pain,  
And bid me seek thy face in vain?  
No! Jesus will not, can't deceive,  
The soul that seeks his face shall live.

L. M.

**272.** "*What must I do to be saved?*"—Acts ix. 16.

- 1 **W**ITH melting heart and weeping eyes,  
My guilty soul for mercy cries;  
What shall I do, or whither flee,  
T' escape that vengeance due to me?

- 2 Till now, I saw no danger nigh :  
 I liv'd at ease, nor fear'd to die ;  
 Wrapt up in self-deceit and pride,  
 "I shall have peace at last," I cried.
- 3 But when, great God ! thy light divine  
 Had shone on this dark soul of mine,  
 Then I beheld, with trembling awe,  
 The terrors of thy holy law.
- 4 How dreadful, now, my guilt appears,  
 In childhood, youth, and growing years !  
 Before thy pure discerning eye,  
 Lord, what a filthy wretch am I !
- 5 Should vengeance still my soul pursue,  
 Death and destruction are my due ;  
 Yet mercy can my guilt forgive,  
 And bid a dying sinner live.
- 6 Does not thy sacred word proclaim  
 Salvation free in Jesus' name ?  
 To him I look, and humbly cry,  
 "O save a wretch condemned to die !"

L. M.

**273.** *Apprehension confessed, or Jesus was heard in  
 that he feared.—Heb. v. 7. ii. 15.*

- 1 **T**HOU man of griefs, remember me,  
 Who never canst thyself forget  
 Thy last, mysterious agony,  
 Thy fainting pangs, and bloody sweat !
- 2 When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,  
 Thy spirit sunk beneath its load !  
 Thy feeble flesh afraid to bear  
 The wrath of an almighty God !
- 3 Father, if I may call thee so,  
 Regard my fearful heart's desire,  
 Remove this load of guilty wo,  
 Nor let me in my sins expire !
- 4 I tremble lest the wrath divine,  
 Which bruises now my sinful soul,



Should bruise this wretched soul of mine,  
Long as eternal ages roll !

5 To thee, my last distress I bring !  
The heighten'd fear of death I find !  
The tyrant, brandishing his sting,  
Appears, and hell is close behind !

6 I deprecate that death alone,  
That endless banishment from thee !  
O save me, through thine only Son,  
Who trembled, wept, and bled for me !

274.

(240) L. M.

*Penitence.*

1 **S**HOW pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive !  
Let a repenting sinner live:  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not the contrite trust in thee ?

2 With shame my num'rous sins I trace,  
Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
And, though my pray'r thou shouldst not hear,  
My doom is just, and thou art clear,

3 Yet save a penitent, O Lord !  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
Seeks for some precious promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

4 My sins are great, but don't surpass  
The riches of eternal grace:  
Great God ! thy nature hath no bound ;  
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

5 O wash my soul from ev'ry stain,  
Nor let the guilt I mourn remain:  
Give me to hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And bid my bleeding heart rejoice.

6 Then shall thy love inspire my tongue ;  
Salvation shall be all my song ;  
And ev'ry power shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

**275.** (241.) L. M  
*Prayer for a new heart.*

- 1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry !  
 Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
 Behold them not with angry look,  
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
 And form my soul averse to sin :  
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;  
 Thy holy joys, O God, restore,  
 And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my king,  
 Is all the sacrifice I bring :  
 The God of grace will ne'er despise  
 A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just :  
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
 And save the soul condemn'd to die.

**276.** L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, if still the same thou art,  
 If all thy promises are sure,  
 Set up thy kingdom in my heart,  
 And make me rich, for I am poor.
- 2 Thou hast pronounc'd the mourner blest,  
 And lo! for thee I ever mourn ;  
 I cannot, no, I will not rest,  
 Till thou my only rest return.
- 3 Where is the blessedness bestow'd  
 On all that hunger after thee ?  
 I hunger now, I thirst for God !  
 See the poor fainting sinner, see.

- 4 Ah, Lord ! if thou art in that sigh,  
 Then hear thyself within me pray,  
 Hear in my heart thy Spirit's cry,  
 Mark what my lab'ring soul would say.
- 5 Shine on thy work, disperse the gloom;  
 Light in thy light I then shall see;  
 Say to my soul, "Thy light is come,  
 Glory divine is ris'n on thee."
- 6 Lord, I believe thy promise sure,  
 And trust thou wilt not long delay:  
 Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,  
 Upon thy word myself I stay.

277.

C. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, if still thou art to-day  
 As yesterday the same,  
 Present to heal, in me display  
 The virtue of thy name.
- 2 If still thou go'st about to do  
 Thy needy creatures good:  
 On me, that I thy praise may show,  
 Be all thy wonders show'd.
- 3 Now, Lord, to whom for help I call,  
 Thy miracles repeat;  
 With pitying eyes behold me fall  
 A leper at thy feet.
- 4 Loathsome, and foul, and self-abhorr'd,  
 I sink beneath my sin;  
 But if thou wilt, a gracious word  
 Of thine can make me clean.
- 5 Thou seest me deaf to thy commands,  
 Open, O Lord, my ear;  
 Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands,  
 And lift them up in prayer.
- 6 Silent (alas ! thou know'st how long)  
 My voice, I cannot raise ;

But O! when thou shalt loose my tongue  
The dumb shall sing thy praise.

7 Lamé at the pool I still am found :  
Give, and my strength employ ;  
Light as a hart I then shall bound,  
The lame shall leap for joy.

8 Blind from my birth to guilt and thee ;  
And dark I am within ;  
The love of God I cannot see,  
The sinfulness of sin.

9 But thou, they say, art passing by,  
O let me find thee near !  
Jesus, in mercy, hear my cry,  
Thou Son of David, hear !

10 Long have I waited in the way,  
For thee the heavenly light ;  
Command me to be brought, and say,  
“Sinner, receive thy sight.”

278. S. M.  
*To obtain mercy.*—1 Tim. i. 16.

1 **M**Y gracious, loving Lord,  
To thee what shall I say?  
Well may I tremble at thy word,  
And scarce presume to pray.

2 Ten thousand wants have I ;  
Alas ! I all things want !  
But thou hast bid me always cry,  
And never, never faint.

3 Yet Lord, well might I fear,  
Fear e'en to ask thy grace,  
So oft have I, alas ! drawn near,  
And mock'd thee to thy face.

4 With all pollution stain'd,  
Thy hallow'd courts I trod ;  
Thy name and temple I profan'd,  
And dar'd to call thee God !

5 Nigh with my lips I drew :  
 My lips were all unclean ;  
 Thee with my heart I never knew ;  
 My heart was full of sin.

6 Far from the living Lord,  
 Far, far from God and heav'n,  
 Thy purity I still abhorr'd,  
 Nor look'd to be forgiven.

**279.** P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6.  
*My peace I give unto you.*—John xiv. 27.

1 **L**AMB of God for sinners slain,  
 To thee I humbly pray :  
 Heal me of my grief and pain,  
 O take my sins away.  
 From this bondage, Lord, release ;  
 No longer let me be opprest ;  
 Jesus, master, seal my peace,  
 And take me to thy breast !

2 Wilt thou cast a sinner out,  
 Who humbly comes to thee !  
 No, my God, I cannot doubt ;  
 Thy mercy is for me :  
 Let me then obtain the grace,  
 And be of paradise possess :  
 Jesus, master, seal my peace,  
 And take me to thy breast !

3 Worldly good I do not want :  
 Be that to others giv'n ;  
 Only for thy love I pant ;  
 My all in earth or heav'n :  
 This the crown I fain would seize,  
 The good wherewith I would be blest ;  
 Jesus, master, seal my peace,  
 And take me to thy breast !

4 This delight I fain would prove,  
 And then resign my breath !  
 Join the happy few whose love  
 Was mightier than death !



Let it not, my Lord, displease,  
 That I would die to be thy guest !  
 Jesus, master, seal my peace,  
 And take me to thy breast !

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7.

**280.** *Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.*  
 Mark. x. 47.

- 1 **J**ESUS, full of all compassion,  
 Hear thy humble suppliant's cry ;  
 Let me know thy great salvation ;  
 See ! I languish, faint, and die.
- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,  
 Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,  
 Prostrate at thy feet repenting,  
 Send, O send me quick relief !
- 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,  
 But to him who comfort gives ?  
 Whither, from the dread of dying,  
 But to him who ever lives ?
- 4 While I view thee, wounded, grieving,  
 Breathless, on the cursed tree,  
 Fain I'd feel my heart believing  
 That thou suffer'dst thus for me.
- 5 Without thee, the world possessing,  
 I should be a wretch undone ;  
 Search through heaven,—the land of blessing,  
 Seeking good, and finding none.
- 6 Hear, then, blessed Saviour, hear me !  
 My soul cleaveth to the dust ;  
 Send the Comforter to cheer me ;  
 Lo ! in thee I put my trust.
- 7 Sav'd—the deed shall spread new glory  
 Through the shining realms above !  
 Angels sing the pleasing story,  
 All enraptur'd with thy love !

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

**281.** *Longing for an interest in the Redeemer.*

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear !  
My requests vouchsafe to hear ;  
Hear my never-ceasing cry ;  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 2 Lord deny me what thou wilt,  
Only ease me of my guilt :  
Suppliant at thy feet I lie,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 3 All unholy and unclean,  
I am nothing else but sin ;  
On thy mercy I rely,  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 4 Thou dost freely save the lost ;  
In thy grace alone I trust :  
With my earnest suit comply ;  
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 5 Father, dost thou seem to frown ?  
Let me shelter in thy Son !  
Jesus ! to thy arms I fly ;  
Come and save me, or I die.

P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, as 112.

**282.** *The Penitent's Prayer.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, God of love !  
Oh ! hear an humble suppliant's cry :  
Bend from thy lofty seat above,  
Thy throne of glorious majesty :  
O ! deign to listen to my voice,  
And bid this drooping heart rejoice.
- 2 I urge no merit of my own,  
For I, alas ! am all that's vile :  
No—when I bow before thy throne,  
Dare to converse with God awhile,  
Thy name, blest Jesus, is my plea,  
That dearest, sweetest name to me !

- 3 Within this heart of mine, I feel  
 The weight of sin's oppressive load :  
 Oh ! help ! or else I sink to hell,  
 Crush'd by thine arm, avenging God !  
 Entomb'd within that dread abyss,  
 And exil'd from the realms of bliss !

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

283.

*The Penitent pardoned.*

- 1 **S**OVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,  
 Prostrate at thy feet I fall :  
 Hear, oh hear my ardent cry,  
 Frown not, lest I faint and die !
- 2 Vilest of the sons of men,  
 Worst of rebels I have been !  
 Oft abus'd thee to thy face,  
 Trampled on thy richest grace.
- 3 Justly might thy vengeful dart,  
 Pierce this broken, bleeding heart ;  
 Justly might thy kindled ire  
 Blast me in eternal fire.
- 4 But with thee there's mercy found,  
 Balm to heal my ev'ry wound ;  
 Thou canst soothe the troubled breast,  
 Give the weary wand'rer rest.
- 5 Then my humble prayer attend,  
 Show thyself the sinner's friend ;  
 Bid the sufferer cease to mourn,  
 Bid the prodigal return !
- 6 Clasp me in thine arms of love,  
 Let me all thy fondness prove,  
 I die lest thou me forgive,  
 Whisper "pardoned," and I live !

L. M.

284. *The Dying Sinner's Prayer; or, the Prayer of  
 Old Age.*

- 1 **O** THOU that dost in secret see,  
 Regard a dying sinner's prayer,

Out of the deep I cry to thee—

Save, or I perish in despair.

2 Weeping, to Thee I lift mine eyes,  
Mine eyes which fail with looking up,  
For thee my heart laments and sighs—  
Sick with desire and lingering hope.

3 O that I could but surely know  
If I at last shall mercy find !  
For what am I reserv'd below ?  
Tell me, thou Saviour of mankind !

4 Let others walk with thee in light,  
But bless me with one parting ray,  
And ere I close mine eyes in night,  
Give me to see thy perfect day.

(217) C. M.

285. *Supplication for God's grace.*

1 **T**O thee, O God ! my pray'r ascends,  
But not for golden stores ;  
Nor covet I the brightest gems  
On the rich eastern shores :

2 Nor that deluding empty joy  
Men call a mighty name,  
Nor greatness with its pride and state,  
My restless thoughts inflame :—

3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms  
My fond desires allure :  
But nobler things than these, from thee,  
My wishes would secure.

4 The faith and and hope of joys to come  
My best affections move ;  
Thy light, thy favor, and thy smiles,  
Thine everlasting love.

5 These are the blessings I desire :  
Lord, be these blessings mine !  
And all the glories of the world  
I cheerfully resign.

286. (218) C. M.  
*God, the portion of the Soul.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love!  
 My everlasting all!  
 I've none but thee in heav'n above,  
 Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 In vain the bright meridian sun  
 Scatters his feeble light:  
 Thy brighter beams create my noon;  
 If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 3 And while upon my restless bed,  
 Amongst the shades I roll;  
 If God his light around me shed,  
 'Tis morning with my soul.
- 4 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,  
 And health, and safe abode:  
 Thanks to thy name for meaner things;  
 But they are not my God.
- 5 If I possess'd the spacious earth,  
 And call'd the stars my own;  
 Without thy mercy and thy love,  
 I were a wretch undone.
- 6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
 And grasp in all the shore;  
 Grant me to see thy blissful face,  
 And I desire no more!

287. (219) C. M.  
*God, the Christian's portion.*

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter and my hope,  
 My help for ever near!  
 Thine arm of mercy holds me up,  
 And saves me from despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord! shall guide my feet  
 Through this dark wilderness:  
 Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,  
 To dwell before thy face.



- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,  
 'Twould be no joy to me;  
 And whilst this earth is my abode,  
 I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
 And flesh and heart should faint?  
 God is my soul's eternal rock,  
 The strength of ev'ry saint..
- 5 Behold, the sinners that remove  
 Far from thy presence, die:  
 Not all the idol-gods they love  
 Can save them, when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God!  
 Shall be my sweet employ;  
 My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
 And tell the world my joy.

288.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU hidden God, for whom I groan,  
 Till thou thyself declare:  
 God inaccessible, unknown,  
 Regard a sinner's prayer.
- 2 A sinner weltering in his blood,  
 Unpurg'd and unforgiven;  
 Far distant from the living God,  
 As far as hell from heaven.
- 3 An unregen'rate child of man,  
 To thee for faith I call;  
 Pity thy fallen creature's pain,  
 And raise me from my fall.
- 4 The darkness which, thro' thee, I feel,  
 Thou only canst remove:  
 Thine own eternal power reveal,  
 The Deity of love..
- 5 I would not to thy foe submit;  
 I hate the tyrant's chain;

Send forth thy pris'ner from the pit,  
Nor let me cry in vain.

6 Show me the blood that bought my peace,  
The cov'nant blood apply!  
And all my griefs at once shall cease,  
And all my sins shall die.

7 Speak, Jesus, speak into my heart,  
What thou for me hast done ;  
One grain of living faith impart,  
And God is all my own.

289.

S. M.

1 **J**ESUS, my strength, my hope,  
On thee I cast my care,  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my prayer ;  
Give me on thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do,  
On thee, Almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down, and cast behind  
The baits of pleasing ill:  
A soul inur'd to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss ;  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,  
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,  
A quick discerning eye,  
That looks to thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly ;  
A spirit still prepar'd,  
And arm'd with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

- 4 I want a heart to pray,  
To pray and never cease,  
Never to murmur at thy stay,  
Or wish my suff'rings less:  
This blessing, above all,  
Always to pray I want,  
Out of the deep on thee to call,  
And never, never faint.
- 5 I want a true regard,  
A single, steady aim,  
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,  
To thee and thy great name;  
A jealous just concern  
For thine immortal praise:  
A pure desire that all may learn,  
And glorify thy grace.

C. M.

290. *Imploring Mercy.*—Luke xviii. 13.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy feet in dust I lie,  
And knock at mercy's door;  
With humble heart and weeping eye,  
Thy favor I implore.
- 2 On me, O Lord, do thou display  
Thy rich, forgiving love;  
O take my heinous guilt away,  
This heavy load remove.
- 3 Without thy grace, I sink opprest  
Down to the gates of hell;  
O give my troubled spirit rest,  
And all my fears dispel.
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy, I implore,  
O may thy bowels move:  
Thy grace is an exhaustless store,  
And thou thyself art love.
- 5 Should I at last in heaven appear,  
To join thy saints above;  
I'll shout that mercy brought me there,  
And sing thy bleeding love.

S. M.

**291.** *Inconstancy lamented.*—Rom. vii. 19.

- 1 **I** WOULD, but cannot sing,  
I would, but cannot pray;  
For satan meets me when I try,  
And frights my soul away.
- 2 I would, but can't repent,  
Tho' I endeavor oft;  
This stony heart can ne'er relent,  
Till Jesus makes it soft.
- 3 I would, but cannot love,  
Tho' woo'd by love divine;  
No arguments have pow'r to move  
A soul so base as mine.
- 4 I would, but cannot rest,  
In God's most holy will;  
I know what he appoints is best,  
Yet murmur at it still.
- 5 O could I but believe!  
Then all would easy be;  
I would but cannot—Lord relieve;  
My help must come from thee!

S. M.

**292.** *Bethesda's Pool.*—John v. 2—4.

- 1 **B**ESIDE the gospel pool,  
Appointed for the poor,  
From year to year my helpless soul  
Has waited for a cure.
- 2 How often have I seen  
The healing waters move;  
And others round me stepping in,  
Their efficacy prove!
- 3 But my complaints remain;  
I feel the very same;  
As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,  
As when at first I came.

- 4 O, would the Lord appear  
My malady to heal ;  
He knows how long I've languish'd here,  
And what distress I feel.
- 5 [How often have I thought,  
Why should I longer lie ?  
Surely the mercy I have sought  
Is not for such as I ?
- 6 But whither can I go ?  
There is no other pool  
Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow  
To make a sinner whole.]
- 7 Here, then, from day to day,  
I'll wait, and hope, and try ;  
Can Jesus hear a sinner pray,  
Yet suffer him to die ?
- 8 No—he is full of grace ;  
He never will permit  
A soul, that fain would see his face,  
To perish at his feet.

**293.** P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

- 1 **T**HOU great mysterious God unknown,  
Whose love hath gently led me on  
E'en from my infant days ;  
Mine inmost soul expose to view,  
And tell me if I ever knew  
Thy justifying grace.
- 2 If I have only known thy fear,  
And follow'd with a heart sincere  
Thy drawing from above !  
Now, now the farther grace bestow,  
And let my sprinkled conscience know  
Thy sweet forgiving love.
- 3 Short of thy love I would not stop,  
A stranger to the gospel hope,



The sense of sin forgiven ;  
 I would not, Lord, my soul deceive,  
 Without thy inward witness live,  
 That antepast of heaven.

4 If now the witness were in me,  
 Would he not testify of thee,  
     In Jesus reconcil'd ?  
 And should I not with faith draw nigh,  
 And boldly, Abba, Father, cry,  
     I know myself thy child ?

5 Ah ! never let thy servant rest,  
 Till of my part in Christ possess'd,  
     I on thy mercy feed :  
 Unworthy of the crumbs that fall,  
 Yet rais'd by him who died for all,  
     To eat the children's bread.

6 Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning love,  
 Or sin, or righteousness remove,  
     Thy glory to display ;  
 My heart of unbelief convince,  
 And now absolve me from my sins,  
     And take them all away.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

294. *The broken Heart ; or, the Sinner's Plea.*

1 **W**ILL the pard'ning God despise  
     A poor mourner's sacrifice,  
 One who brings his all to thee,  
 All his sin and misery.

2 Saviour, see my troubled breast,  
 Heaving, panting after rest,  
 Jesus, mark my hollow eye,  
 Never clos'd, and never dry.

3 Listen to my plaintive moans,  
 Deep uninterrupted groans,  
 Keep not silence at my tears,  
 Quiet all my griefs and fears.

- 4 Good physician, show thine art,  
Bind thou up my broken heart;  
Aches it not for thee, my God,  
Pants to feel the healing blood?
- 5 Jesus, answer all thy name,  
Save me from my fear and shame,  
Sunk in desperate misery,  
Sinner's friend, remember me!

(188) S. M.

**295.** *God, the preserver of his people.*

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel and his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls  
Unblemish'd and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all his faithful sons  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,  
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

**296.** P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, as 112.  
*A Prayer for the promised Rest.—Isa. xxvi. 3.*

- 1 **D**EAR Friend of friendless sinners, hear,  
And magnify thy grace divine;

Pardon a worm that would draw near,  
That would his heart to thee resign ;  
A worm, by self and sin opprest,  
That pants to reach thy promis'd rest.

- 2 With holy fear and reverend love,  
I long to lie beneath thy throne ;  
I long in thee to live, and move,  
And stay myself on thee alone :  
Teach me to lean upon thy breast,  
To find in thee the promis'd rest.
- 3 Thou say'st thou wilt thy servants keep  
In perfect peace, whose minds shall be  
Like new-born babes, or helpless sheep,  
Completely stay'd, dear Lord ! on thee :  
How calm their state, how truly blest,  
Who trust on thee, the promis'd rest.
- 4 Take me, my Saviour, as thine own,  
And vindicate my righteous cause ;  
Be thou my portion, Lord, alone,  
And bend me to obey thy laws :  
In thy dear arms of love caress'd,  
Give me to find thy promis'd rest.
- 5 Bid the tempestuous rage of sin,  
With all its wrathful fury, die ;  
Let the Redeemer dwell within,  
And turn my sorrows into joy :  
Oh, may my heart by thee possess'd,  
Know thee to be my promis'd rest.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

**297.** *Pleading the Atonement.—Ps. lxxxiv. 9.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, God, who seest in me  
Only sin and misery,  
Turn to thy Anointed One,  
Look on thy beloved Son,  
Him, and then the sinner, see ;  
Look through Jesus' wounds on me.

- 2 Heavenly Father, Lord of all,  
Hear and show thou hear'st my call!  
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Smile on me a sinner now!  
Now the stone to flesh convert,  
Cast a look and melt my heart.
- 3 Lord, I cannot let thee go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow;  
Hear my Advocate divine,  
Lo! to his, my suit I join;  
Join'd with his, it cannot fail:  
Let me now with thee prevail!
- 4 Jesus, answer from above,  
Is not all thy nature love!  
Pity from thine eye let fall;  
Bless me whilst on thee I call:  
Am I thine, thou Son of God?  
Take the purchase of thy blood.

(243) C. M.

**298.** *The terrors of judgment, and penitence from them.*

- 1 **W**HEN, rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought:—
- 3 When thou, O Lord! shall stand disclos'd  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear!
- 4 But there's forgiveness, Lord, with thee;  
Thy nature is benign:  
Thy pard'ning mercy I implore;  
For mercy, Lord, is thine.

- 5 O let thy boundless mercy shine  
 On my benighted soul !  
 Correct my passions, mend my heart,  
 And all my fears control.
- 6 And may I taste thy richer grace  
 In that decisive hour,  
 When Christ to judgment shall descend,  
 And time shall be no more.

**299.** (247) C. M.

- 1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears  
 Contrition's humble sigh ;  
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears  
 From sorrow's weeping eye !
- 2 See ! low before thy throne of grace,  
 A wretched wand'rer mourn ;  
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ?  
 Hast thou not said, return ?
- 3 Absent from thee, my guide, my light !  
 Without one cheering ray ;  
 Through dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
 How desolate my way !
- 4 O shine on this benighted heart,  
 With beams of mercy shine ;  
 And let thy healing voice impart  
 A taste of joys divine.

**300.** C. M.  
*For a new Nature.*

- 1 SUPREME High-priest, the pilgrim's light,  
 My heart for thee prepare ;  
 Thine image stamp, and deeply write  
 Thy superscription there.
- 2 Ah ! let my forehead bear thy seal,  
 My arm thy badge retain,  
 My heart the inward witness feel  
 That I am born again.



- 3 Into thy humble mansion come,  
Set up thy dwelling here :  
Possess my heart, and leave no room,  
For sin to harbor there.
- 4 Ah, give me, Lord, the single eye,  
Which aims at naught but thee :  
I fain would live, and yet not I—  
Let Jesus live in me.
- 5 O that the penetrating sight  
And eagle's eye were mine !  
Undazzled at the boundless light,  
Of majesty divine ;
- 6 That with the armies of the sky  
I too may sit and sing,  
Add, Saviour, to the eagle's eye,  
The dove's aspiring wing.

C. M.

**301.** *For Salvation from the power of Sin here, and  
from its existence finally.*

- 1 **O** WHEN wilt thou my Saviour be !  
O when shall I be clean !  
The true eternal Sabbath see,  
A perfect rest from sin !
- 2 Jesus ! the sinner's rest thou art,  
From guilt, and fear, and pain ;  
While thou art absent from my heart,  
I look for rest in vain !
- 3 The consolations of thy word  
My soul have long upheld ;  
The faithful promise of the Lord  
Shall surely be fulfill'd.
- 4 Joining thy sheep in yonder fold,  
Like them I shall rejoice ;  
Like them thy glory shall behold,  
And hear my shepherd's voice.

- 5 O that I now the voice might hear,  
That speaks my sins forgiven ;  
Thy word is past to give me here  
The inward pledge of heaven.

L. M.

**302.** *Prayer of a Penitent.*—Ps. 6.

- 1 OH that the Lord would hear my cry,  
And stay his anger lest I die !  
Thy wrath is just—yet, oh, forgive !  
And let a mourning sinner live.
- 2 In all my frame, without, within,  
I feel the sad effects of sin ;  
How long, my God, must I complain,  
And deprecate thy wrath in vain ?
- 3 Oh, should I die depriv'd of thee !  
What being else can succor me ?  
Thy frowns would rend my soul in death,  
And sink it to the depths beneath.
- 4 Ye darling sins, that plague me so,  
The greatest enemies I know,  
Depart—for God hath heard my pray'r,  
And will not let me long despair.
- 5 No ;—I shall yet his goodness bless ;  
And when this transient life shall pass,  
Then, full of glory, I shall prove  
He can be just, and sinners love.



## SALVATION THROUGH JESUS CHRIST.

THE SINNER TRUSTING IN CHRIST FOR SALVATION.

L. M.

**303.** *Humble Trust ; or, Despair prevented.*

- 1 LORD, didst thou die, but not for me ?  
Am I forbid to trust thy blood ?  
Hast thou not pardons, rich and free ?  
And grace, an overwhelming flood ?
- 2 Presumptuous thought ! to fix the bound—  
To limit mercy's sovereign reign :

What other happy souls have found,  
I'll seek ; nor shall I seek in vain.

- 3 I own my guilt ; my sins confess ;  
Can men or devils make them more ?  
Of crimes already numberless,  
Vain the attempt to swell the score.
- 4 Were the black list before my sight,  
While I remember thou hast died,  
'Twould only urge my speedier flight  
To seek salvation at thy side.
- 5 Low at thy feet I'll cast me down,  
To thee reveal my guilt and fear ;  
And—if thou spurn me from thy throne—  
I'll be the *first* who perish'd there.

## 304.

L. M.

- 1 **F**AR from thy fold, O God, my feet  
Once moved in error's devious maze ;  
Nor found religious duties sweet,  
Nor sought thy face, nor lov'd thy ways.
- 2 With tend'rest voice thou bad'st me flee  
The paths which thou could'st ne'er ap-  
prove ;  
And gently drew my soul to thee,  
With cords of sweet, eternal love.
- 3 Now to thy footstool, Lord, I fly,  
And low in self-abasement fall ;  
A vile, a helpless worm, I lie,  
And thou, my God, art all in all.
- 4 Dearer, far dearer to my heart,  
Than all the joys that earth can give ;  
From fame, from wealth, from friends I'd part,  
Beneath thy countenance to live.
- 5 And when, in smiling friendship drest,  
Death bids me quit this mortal frame,

Gently reclin'd on Jesus' breast,  
My latest breath shall bless his name.

- 6 Then my unfetter'd soul shall rise,  
And soar above yon starry spheres,  
Join the full chorus of the skies,  
And sing thy praise thro' endless years.

**305.** P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.  
*The surrender.*

- 1 **W**ELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,  
Welcome to this heart of mine ;  
Lord, I make a full surrender,  
Ev'ry pow'r and thought be thine,  
Thine entirely,  
Thro' eternal ages thine.

- 2 Known to all to be thy mansion,  
Earth and hell will disappear ;  
Or in vain attempt possession,  
When they find the Lord is near—  
Shout, O Zion !  
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here !

**306.** C. M.  
*Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification.*

- 1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is !  
Our sin how deep it stains !  
And satan binds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word,  
"Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,  
And trust upon the Lord."
- 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,  
And runs to this relief,  
I would believe thy promise, Lord,  
Oh ! help my unbelief.
- 4 To the dear fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly,

Here let me wash my spotted soul,  
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,  
My reigning sins subdue,  
Drive the old dragon from his seat,  
With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall :  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My Jesus and my all.

C. M.

**307.** *Old things passed away.*—2 Cor. v. 17.

1 **L**ET carnal minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me ;  
Once I admir'd its trifles too,  
But grace has set me free.

2 Its fading charms no longer please,  
No more content afford ;  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have seen the Lord.

3 As by the light of op'ning day,  
The stars are all conceal'd ;  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice—  
I bid them all depart ;  
His name, and love, and gracious voice,  
Have fix'd my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,  
And wholly live to thee ;  
But may I hope that thou wilt own  
A worthless worm like me !

**308.** L. M.

1 **O** GOD, to whom in flesh reveal'd,  
The helpless all for succor came ;



The sick to be reliev'd and heal'd,  
And found salvation in thy name.

2 With publicans and harlots I,  
In these thy Spirit's gospel days,  
To thee, the sinner's friend, draw nigh,  
And humbly sue for saving grace.

3 Thou seest me helpless and distressed,  
Feeble, and faint, and blind, and poor ;  
Weary I come to thee for rest,  
And sick of sin implore a cure.

4 My sin's incurable disease,  
Thou, Jesus, thou alone canst heal ;  
Inspire me with thy power and peace,  
And pardon on my conscience seal.

5 A touch, a word, a look from thee,  
Can turn my heart and make it clean ;  
Purge the foul inbred leprosy,  
And save me from my bosom-sin.

6 Lord, if thou wilt, I do believe  
Thou canst the saving grace impart ;  
Thou canst this instant now forgive,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.

7 My heart, which now to thee I raise,  
I know thou canst this moment cleanse :  
The deepest stains of sin efface,  
And drive the evil spirit hence.

8 Be it according to thy word !  
Accomplish now thy work in me ;  
And let my soul, to health restor'd,  
Devote its little all to thee !

309.

L. M.

*The sinner trusting in God.*

1 **W**HAT mean these jealousies and fears?  
As if the Lord was loath to save,

- Or lov'd to see us drench'd in tears,  
Or sink with sorrow to the grave.
- 2 Does he want slaves to grace his throne  
Or rules he by an iron rod?  
Loves he the deep despairing groan?  
Is he a tyrant, or a God?
- 3 Not all the sins which we have wrought,  
So much his tender bowels grieve,  
As this unkind injurious thought,  
That he's unwilling to forgive.
- 4 What though our crimes are black as night,  
Or glowing like the crimson morn,  
Immanuel's blood will make them white  
As snow through the pure ether borne.'
- 5 Lord, 'tis amazing grace we own,  
And well may rebel worms surprise;  
But, was not thy incarnate Son  
A most amazing sacrifice?
- 5 "I've found a ransom," saith the Lord,  
"No humble penitent shall die,"  
Lord, we would now believe thy word,  
And thy unbounded mercies try!

L. M.

**310.***Parting with carnal joys.*

- 1 **I** SEND the joys of earth away;  
Away, ye tempters of the mind,  
False as the smooth deceitful sea,  
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along  
Down to the gulf of black despair,  
And whilst I listened to your song,  
Your streams had ev'n conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
That warned me of that dark abyss,  
That drew me from those treacherous seas,  
And bid me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above  
 I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes.  
 O for the pinions of a dove  
 To bear me to the upper skies.

5 There from the bosom of my God  
 Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;  
 There would I fix my last abode,  
 And drown the sorrows of my soul.

**311.** (296) L. M.

1 **BY** various maxims, forms, and rules,  
 That pass for wisdom in the schools,  
 I strove my passions to restrain ;  
 But all my efforts prov'd in vain.

2 But since the Saviour I have known,  
 My rules are all reduced to one :  
 To keep my Lord, by faith, in view,  
 This strength supplies and motives too.

3 I see him lead a suff'ring life,  
 Patient amidst reproach and strife ;  
 And from this pattern courage take  
 To bear and suffer for his sake.

4 Upon the cross I see him bleed,  
 And by the sight from fear am freed ;  
 This sight destroys the life of sin,  
 And quickens heav'nly life within.

5 To look to Jesus as he rose,  
 Confirms my hope, disarms my foes ;  
 The world I shame and overcome,  
 By pointing to my Saviour's tomb.

6 I see him look with pity down,  
 And hold in view the conq'ror's crown ;  
 If pressed with griefs and cares before,  
 My soul revives, and asks no more.

7 By faith I see the hour at hand,  
 When in his presence I shall stand ;

Then it will be my endless bliss,  
To see him where and as he is.

**312.** (303) L. M.  
*Trusting in God.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, who loud proclaims :  
His various and his saving names,  
O may they not be heard alone,  
But by our sure experience known.
- 2 Awake, our noblest pow'rs to bless  
The God of Abra'm, God of peace ;  
Now by a dearer title known,  
Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 3 Through ev'ry age his gracious ear  
Is open to his servants' pray'r ;  
Nor can one humble soul complain,  
That it has sought its God in vain.
- 4 What unbelieving heart shall dare  
In whispers to suggest a fear,  
While still he owns his ancient name,  
The same his pow'r, his love the same !
- 5 To thee our souls in faith arise,  
To thee we lift expecting eyes,  
And boldly through the desert tread ;  
For God will guard, where God shall lead.

**213.** (294) C. M.  
*The power of Faith.*

- 1 **F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
And save's me from its snares ;  
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,  
And softens all my cares.
- 2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
And lights the sacred fire  
Of love to God and heav'nly things,  
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r  
The healing balm to give ;

That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.

- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
Where deathless pleasures reign ;  
And bids me seek my portion there,  
Nor bids me seek in vain.
- 5 Shows me the precious promise seal'd  
With the Redeemer's blood ;  
And helps my feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 There, there unshaken would I rest,  
Till this vile body dies ;  
And then on Faith's triumphant wings  
At once to glory rise.

**314.** (295) L. M.  
*Faith a substitute for vision.*

- 1 'TIS by the faith of joys to come,  
We walk through deserts dark as night ;  
Till we arrive at heav'n our home,  
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;  
She makes the pearly gates appear;  
Far into distant worlds she pries,  
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray :  
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abra'm, by divine command,  
Left his own house to walk with God ;  
His faith beheld the promis'd land,  
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

**315.** (298.) L. M.  
*There is salvation in none other than Jesus.*

- 1 IN vain would boasting reason find  
The path to happiness and God :



Her weak directions leave the mind  
Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.

- 2 Jesus, thy words alone impart  
Eternal life; on these I live;  
Diviner comforts cheer my heart  
Than all the pow'rs of nature give.
- 3 Here let my constant feet abide;  
Thou art the true, the living way;  
Let thy good Spirit be my guide  
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 4 The various forms that men devise,  
To shake my faith with treach'rous art,  
I scorn as vanity and lies,  
And bind thy gospel to my heart.

## 2. THE GRACIOUS NATURE OF THIS SALVATION.

S. M.

316. *Salvation by Grace.*—Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming sound!  
Harmonious to the ear!  
Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd the way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps *that* grace display  
Which drew the wond'rous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;  
And new supplies, each hour, I meet,  
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace taught my soul to pray,  
And made my eyes o'erflow:  
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go.
- 5 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.

L. M.

**317.** *By grace ye are saved.*—Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 **S**ELF righteous souls on works rely,  
And boast their mortal dignity;  
But if I lisp a song of praise,  
Grace is the note my soul shall raise.
- 2 'Twas grace that quicken'd me when dead,  
And grace my soul to Jesus led;  
Grace brings me pardon for my sin—  
'Tis grace subdues my lusts within.
- 3 'Tis grace that sweetens ev'ry cross,  
'Tis grace supports in ev'ry loss;  
In Jesus' grace my soul is strong—  
Grace is my hope, and Christ my song.
- 4 'Tis grace defends when danger's near;  
And 'tis by grace I persevere;  
'Tis grace constrains my soul to love—  
Free grace is all they sing above.
- 5 Thus 'tis alone of grace I boast,  
And 'tis in grace alone I trust;  
For all that's past grace is my theme,  
For what's to come 'tis still the same.
- 6 Thro' endless years, of grace I'll sing,  
Adore and bless my heavenly King;  
I'll cast my crown before his throne,  
And shout free grace to him alone.

L. M.

**318.** *Faith connected with Salvation.*—Rom. 1  
16. Heb. x. 39.

- 1 **N**OT by the law of innocence  
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven;  
New works can give us no pretence  
To have our ancient sins forgiven.
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done  
Can make a wounded conscience whole!  
Faith is the grace,—and faith alone,  
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word !  
 Fain would I have my soul renew'd :  
 I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord  
 To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.

4 O may thy grace its power display !  
 Let guilt and death no longer reign ;  
 Save me in thine appointed way,  
 Nor let my humble faith be vain !

**319.** 1, 1, 8, 1, 1, 8. P. M.  
*Redeeming grace.*—1. Cor. iv. 7.

1 **I**N songs of sublime adoration and praise,  
 Ye pilgrims for Sion who press,  
 Break forth and extol the great Ancient of days,  
 His rich and unmerited grace.

2 His love from eternity burned for our race,  
 Broke forth and discover'd its flame,  
 And now with the cords of his kindness he draws,  
 And brings us to love his great name.

3 O had he not pitied the state we were in,  
 Our bosoms his love had ne'er felt: [sin,  
 We all would have liv'd, would have died too in  
 And sunk with the load of our guilt.

4 What was there in man, that could merit esteem,  
 Or give the Creator delight?  
 'Twas "even so, Father," we ever must sing,  
 Because it seem'd good in thy sight.

[5 Urged on by this grace, did the Saviour appear,  
 The bearer of help from above,  
 Now all who are thirsting may freely draw near,  
 And drink in the streams of his love.

6 Then give all the glory to his holy name,  
 To him all the glory belongs ;  
 Be ours the high joys still to sound forth his fame,  
 And crown him in each of our songs.

**320.** S. M.  
*Lamb of God.*—John i. 29.

1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,  
 On Jewish altars slain,

Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away ;

A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear hand of thine—

While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursed tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove ;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

321.

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. P. M.  
*Salvation is of Grace.*

1 **E**VERY fallen soul, by sinning,  
Merits everlasting pain ;  
But thy love without beginning,  
Has redeemed the world again.  
Countless millions  
Shall in life, through Jesus reign.

2 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder !  
Ask, "O why such love to me ;"  
Grace hath put me in the number  
Of the Saviour's family :  
Hallelujah !  
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee !

3 Since that love had no beginning,  
And shall never, never cease ;  
Keep, O keep me Lord, from sinning !  
Guide me in the way of peace !

Make me walk in  
All the paths of holiness.

- 4 When I quit this feeble mansion,  
And my soul returns to thee,  
Let the power of thy ascension  
Manifest itself in me ;  
Through thy Spirit,  
Give the final victory !
- 5 When the angel sounds the trumpet ;  
When my soul and body join ;  
When my Saviour comes to judgment,  
Bright in majesty divine ;  
Let me triumph  
In thy righteousness as mine.

L. M.

**322.** *Redemption by Christ alone.*—1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

- 1 **E**NSLAV'D by sin, and bound in chains  
Beneath its dreadful tyrant sway,  
And doom'd to everlasting pains,  
We wretched guilty, captives lay.
- 2 Nor gold nor gems could buy our peace ;  
Nor the whole world's collected store  
Suffice to purchase our release ;  
A thousand worlds were all too poor.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, the mighty God,  
An all-sufficient ransom paid :  
Invalu'd price ! his precious blood  
For vile rebellious traitors shed.
- 4 Jesus the sacrifice became  
To rescue guilty souls from hell :  
The spotless, bleeding, dying Lamb,  
Beneath avenging justice fell.
- 5 Amazing goodness ! love divine !  
O may our grateful heart adore  
The matchless grace ; nor yield to sin,  
Nor wear its cruel fetters more !



## 3. TRUE FAITH ACCOMPANIED BY A HOLY LIFE.

323. (305) C. M.  
*A living faith necessary.*

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls, that dream of heav'n,  
 And make their empty boast  
 Of inward joys and sins forgiv'n,  
 While they are slaves to lust!
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
 If faith be cold and dead ;  
 None but a living pow'r unites  
 To Christ the living Head :—
- 3 A faith that changes all the heart ;  
 A faith that works by love ;  
 That bids all sinful joys depart,  
 And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 Faith must obey our Father's will,  
 As well as trust his grace :  
 A pard'ning God requires us still  
 To perfect holiness.

## 4. ADDRESS TO CHRIST, AND GRATITUDE FOR REDEEMING LOVE.

324. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. P. M.  
*The unsearchable Love of Christ.*—Ephes.  
 iii. 17—19.

- 1 **O** LOVE divine, how sweet thou art !  
 When shall I find my willing heart  
 All taken up by Thee !  
 I thirst, and faint, and die to prove  
 The greatness of redeeming love,  
 The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell ;  
 Its riches are unsearchable ;  
 The first-born sons of light  
 Desire in vain its depth to see,  
 They cannot reach the mystery,  
 The length, and breadth, and height.

- 3 O that I could forever sit,  
 With Mary at the Master's feet!  
 Be this my happy choice,  
 My only care, delight, and bliss,  
 My joy, my heaven on earth be this,  
 To hear the bridegroom's voice.
- 4 O that I could with favor'd John  
 Recline my weary head upon  
 The dear Redeemer's breast!  
 From care and sin, and sorrow free,  
 Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee  
 My everlasting rest.

8, 7, 8, 7. P. M.

**325.** *Miracle of Grace.*—Luke xix. 10.

- 1 **H**AIL! my ever blessed Jesus,  
 Only thee I wish to sing;  
 To my soul thy name is precious,  
 Thou my prophet, priest, and king.
- 2 O! what mercy flows from heaven,  
 O, what joy and happiness!  
 Love I much? I've much forgiven;  
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,  
 Unconcern'd in sin I lay;  
 Swift destruction still pursuing,  
 Till my Saviour pass'd this way.
- 4 Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,  
 My Redeemer's tenderness;  
 Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Shout, ye heirs of this salvation,  
 Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;  
 Whilst I sing with admiration,  
 God's free grace and boundless love.
- 6 That blest moment I receiv'd him,  
 Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;

Love I much? I've much forgiven,  
I'm a miracle of grace.

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. P. M.  
**326.** *Excellency of Christ.*—Isaiah xxxv. 2.

1 **O** COULD I speak the matchless worth,  
O could I sound the glories forth  
Which in my Saviour shine,  
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,  
In notes almost divine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine;  
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
In which all perfect heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne:  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come,  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see his face:  
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend  
Triumphant in his grace.

C. M.  
**327.** *Praise for the fountain opened.*—Zech. xiii. 1.

1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;  
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see  
That fountain in his day;

- O there may I, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away !
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing thy power to save ;  
When this poor lisping stamm'ring tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd  
(Unworthy though I be)  
For me a blood-bought free reward,  
A golden harp for me !
- 7 'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless years,  
And form'd by power divine ;  
To sound in God the Father's ears  
No other name but thine.

L. M.

328. *The Loving Kindness of the Lord.*—Psalm  
lxiii. 7.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving-kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,  
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all ;  
He sav'd me from my lost estate,  
His loving-kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,  
Though earth and hell my way oppose,

He safely leads my soul along,  
His loving-kindness, O how strong !

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,  
He near my soul has always stood,  
His loving-kindness, O how good !

5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
Prone from my Jesus to depart ;  
But though I have him oft forgot,  
His loving-kindness changes not.

6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;  
O! may my last expiring breath  
His loving-kindness sing in death.

7 Then let me mount and soar away  
To the bright world of endless day ;  
And sing, with rapture and surprise,  
His loving-kindness in the skies.

**329.**            6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.    P. M.

1 **L**ET earth and heaven agree ;  
Angels and men be joined,  
To celebrate with me  
The Saviour of mankind :  
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,  
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus ! transporting sound !  
The joy of earth and heaven ;  
No other help is found,  
No other name is given  
By which we can salvation have,  
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus ! harmonious name !  
It charms the host above ;  
They evermore proclaim,  
And wonder at his love ;  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,  
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.



- 4 Stung by the scorpion sin,  
 My poor expiring soul  
 The balmy sound drinks in,  
 And is at once made whole :  
 See there my Lord upon the tree !  
 I hear, I feel he died for me.
- 5 O unexampled love !  
 O all-redeeming grace !  
 How swiftly didst thou move  
 To save a fallen race :  
 What shall I do to make it known,  
 What thou for all mankind hast done.
- 6 O for a trumpet voice,  
 On all the world to call ;  
 To bid their hearts rejoice  
 In him who died for all !  
 For all my Lord was crucified !  
 For all, for all my Saviour died.
- 7 To serve thy blessed will,  
 Thy dying love to praise,  
 Thy counsel to fulfil,  
 And minister thy grace,  
 Freely what I receive to give,  
 The life of heaven on earth I live.
- 330.**      8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, as 112.    P. M.
- 1 **O** LOVE divine ! what hast thou done !  
 Th' immortal God has died for me !  
 The Father's coeternal Son,  
 Bore all my sins upon the tree :  
 Th' immortal God for me hath died :  
 My Lord, my Love is crucified.
- 2 Behold and love, ye that pass by,  
 The bleeding Prince of life and peace !  
 Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,  
 And say, was ever grief like his ?  
 Come, feel with me his blood applied ;  
 My Lord, my Love is crucified :

- 3 Is crucified for me and you,  
 To bring us rebels back to God :  
 Believe, believe the record true,  
 Ye all are bought with Jesus' blood ;  
 Pardon for all flows from his side :  
 My Lord, My Love is crucified.
- 4 Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
 And gladly catch the healing stream :  
 All things for him account but loss,  
 And give up all our hearts to him ;  
 Of nothing think or speak beside,  
 My Lord, my Love is crucified.

### 331. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y hope, my all, my Saviour thou,  
 To thee, lo ! now my soul I bow ;  
 I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,  
 I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.
- 2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,  
 Protect me through my life's short day :  
 In all my acts may wisdom guide,  
 And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.
- 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me ;  
 As I have need my Saviour be ;  
 And if I would from thee depart,  
 Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.
- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,  
 Save me from sin and Satan's power ;  
 Tear every idol from thy throne,  
 And reign, my Saviour—reign alone.
- 5 My suffering time shall soon be o'er,  
 Then shall I sigh and weep no more ;  
 My ransom'd soul shall soar away,  
 To sing thy praise in endless day.

### 332. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8. (114) P. M. *Jesus above all praise.*

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious names  
 Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,

That ever mortals knew,  
 That angels ever bore :  
 All are too mean  
 To speak his worth ;  
 Too mean to set  
 My Saviour forth.

2 But O what gentle terms,  
 What condescending ways,  
 Doth our Redeemer use,  
 To teach his heav'nly grace !  
 Mine eyes with joy  
 And wonder see,  
 What forms of love  
 He bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal flesh,  
 He like an angel stands,  
 And holds the promises  
 And pardons in his hands ;  
 Commission'd from  
 His Father's throne,  
 To make his grace  
 To mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God !  
 My tongue would bless thy name :  
 By thee the joyful news  
 Of our salvation came ;  
 The joyful news  
 Of sin forgiv'n,  
 Of hell subdu'd,  
 And peace with heav'n.

L. M.

**333.** *Holiness, Justice and Mercy united.*  
 Ps. lxxxv. 10.

1 **I**NFINITE grace ! and can it be  
 That heaven's Supreme should stoop so low !  
 To visit one so vile as I,  
 One who has been his bitt'rest foe !

2 Can holiness and wisdom join,  
 With truth, with justice, and with grace,

- To make eternal blessings mine,  
And sin, with all its guilt erase?
- 3 O love! beyond conception great,  
That form'd the vast stupendous plan!  
Where all divine perfections meet  
To reconcile rebellious man!
- 4 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,  
And justice all her rights maintains!  
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,  
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.
- 5 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too—  
In Christ harmoniously they meet:  
He paid to justice all her due,  
And now he fills the mercy-seat.
- 6 Such are the wonders of our God,  
And such th' amazing depths of grace,  
To save from wrath's vindictive rod,  
The sons of Adam's fallen race.
- 7 With grateful songs, then let our souls  
Surround our gracious Father's throne;  
And all between the distant poles  
His truth and mercy ever own.

L. M.

334. *Hiding Place.*—Isaiah xxxii. 2.

- 1 **H**AIL, boundless love, that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man!  
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,  
That gave my soul a hiding-place.
- 2 Against the God that rules the sky  
I fought with hands uplifted high;  
Despis'd his rich, abounding grace,  
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
- 3 Indignant justice stood in view;  
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;  
I felt the arrows of distress,  
But found I had no hiding place.

- 4 Ere long a heav'nly voice I heard,  
And mercy's angel-form appear'd ;  
Conducted me to rest and peace  
In Jesus Christ my hiding-place.

## 335.

C. M.

*Christ the Eternal Life.*

- 1 **W**HERE shall the tribes of Adam find  
The sovereign good to fill the mind ?  
Ye sons of mortal wisdom, show  
The spring whence living waters flow.
- 2 Say, will the stoic's flinty heart  
Melt, and this cordial juice impart ?  
Could Plato find these blissful streams,  
Amongst his raptures and his dreams ?
- 3 In vain I ask—for nature's power  
Extends but to this mortal hour :  
'Twas but a poor relief she gave  
Against the terrors of the grave.
- 4 Jesus, our kinsman, and our God,  
Array'd in majesty and blood,  
Thou art our life ! our souls in thee  
Possess a full felicity !
- 5 All our immortal hopes are laid,  
In thee our surety and our head ;  
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,  
Are big with glories yet unknown.
- 6 Here let my soul for ever lie,  
Beneath the blessings of thine eye ;  
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
To see thy face, to taste thy love.

## 336.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

*Christ the Believer's all.*

- 1 **L**AMB of God, we fall before thee,  
Humbly trusting in thy cross ;  
That alone be all our glory,  
All things else are only dross.



Thee we own a perfect Saviour,  
 Only source of all that's good,  
 Every grace and every favor  
 Comes to us through Jesus' blood.

- 2 Jesus gives us true repentance,  
 By his Spirit sent from heaven :  
 Whispers this transporting sentence,  
 "Son, thy sins are all forgiven."  
 Faith he grants us to believe it,  
 Grateful hearts his love to prize :  
 Want we wisdom? he must give it ;  
 Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.
- 3 Jesus gives us pure affections,  
 Wills to do what he requires ;  
 Makes us follow his directions,  
 And what he commands—inspires.  
 All our prayers, and all our praises,  
 Rightly offer'd in his name,  
 He that dictates them is Jesus ;  
 He that answers is the same.

337.

C. M.

- 1 **O**H for a thousand tongues to sing  
 My dear Redeemer's praise ;  
 The glories of my God and King,  
 The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
 Assist me to proclaim,  
 To spread thro' all the earth abroad  
 The honors of thy name.
- 3 **JESUS**, the name that calms our fears,  
 That bids our sorrows cease ;  
 'Tis music in the sinner's ear,  
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the pow'r of reigning sin,  
 He sets the pris'ner free ;  
 His blood can make the foulest clean ;  
 His blood avail'd for me,

- 5 Let us obey, we then shall know,  
 Shall feel our sins forgiv'n :  
 Anticipate our heav'n below,  
 And own that love is heav'n.

C. M.

**338.** *Salvation by Grace.*—Titus iii. 3—7.

- 1 [**L**ORD, we confess our numerous faults,  
 How great our guilt has been!  
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
 And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,  
 For ever love his name,  
 Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways  
 Of folly, sin and shame.]
- 3 ['Tis not by works of righteousness  
 Which our own hands have done;  
 But we are sav'd by sovereign grace  
 Abounding through his Son.]
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God  
 That all our hopes begin ;  
 'Tis by the water and the blood  
 Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis through the purchase of his death,  
 Who hung upon the tree,  
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
 On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew ;  
 And, justified by grace,  
 We shall appear in glory too,  
 And see our Father's face.

**339.** (116) P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8,—113.  
*Salvation in Christ for Jew and Gentile.*

- 1 **W**E sing the wise, the gracious plan,  
 Which God devis'd ere time began,  
 At length disclos'd in all its light;  
 We bless the wondrous birth of love,

Which beams around us from above,  
With grace so free and hope so bright.

- 2 Here has the wise eternal mind  
In Christ, their common head, conjoined  
Gentiles and Jews, and earth and heaven ;  
Through him from the great Father's throne,  
Rivers of bliss come rolling down,  
And endless peace and life are giv'n.
- 3 No more the awful cherubs guard  
The tree of life with flaming sword,  
To drive afar man's trembling race ;  
At Salem's pearly gates they stand,  
And smiling wait, a friendly band,  
To welcome strangers to the place.
- 4 While we expect that glorious sight,  
Love shall our hearts with theirs unite,  
And ardent hope our bosoms raise ;  
From earth's low cottages of clay,  
To those resplendent realms of day,  
We'll try to send the sounding praise.

L. M.

**340.** *Praise to the Redeemer.*—Lev. xvi. 9—22.

- 1 **O** THAT I had a seraph's fire,  
His rapt'rous song and golden lyre,  
To chant the love and grace supreme,  
Reveal'd as in the gospel scheme.
- 2 Here's pardon for transgressions past—  
It matters not how black their cast ;  
And, O my soul, with wonder view,  
For sins to come, here's pardon too.
- 3 When Jesus died, our debts were paid,  
Our sins laid on this Scape-Goat's head,  
Were to the trackless desert drove,  
And buried in eternal love.
- 4 In this abyss of love profound,  
When sought for they shall not be found ;

Hid from Jehovah's piercing eye,  
There, in oblivion's shades, they lie.

**341.** P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.  
*The Long-suffering of God.*

1 **L**ORD, and am I yet alive,  
Not in torments, not in hell !  
Still doth thy good Spirit strive !—  
With the chief of sinners dwell !  
Tell it unto sinners, tell,  
I am, I am out of hell !

2 Yes, I still lift up mine eyes,  
Will not of thy love despair ;  
Still in spite of sin I rise,  
Still I bow to thee in prayer.  
Tell it, &c.

3 O the length and breadth of love !  
Jesus, Saviour, can it be !  
All thy mercy's height I prove,  
All the depth is seen in me.  
Tell it, &c.

4 See a bush that burns with fire,  
Unconsum'd amid the flame !  
Turn aside the sight t' admire,  
I the living wonder am.  
Tell it, &c.

5 See a stone that hangs in air !  
See a spark in ocean live !  
Kept alive with death so near,  
I to God the glory give :  
Ever tell—to sinners tell,  
I am, I am out of hell !

**342.** L. M.

1 **C**OME, Saviour Jesus, from above !  
Assist me with thy heavenly grace ;  
Empty my heart of earthly love,  
And for thyself prepare the place.

- 2 O let thy sacred presence fill,  
And set my longing spirit free ;  
Which pants to have no other will,  
But night and day to feast on thee.
- 3 While in this region here below,  
No other good will I pursue ;  
I'll bid this world of noise and show,  
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.
- 4 That path with humble speed I'll seek,  
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine ;  
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,  
Of any other love but thine.
- 5 Henceforth may no profane delight  
Divide this consecrated soul ;  
Possess it thou, who hast the right,  
As Lord and master of the whole.
- 6 Nothing on earth do I desire,  
But thy pure love within my breast ;  
This, only this, will I require,  
And freely give up all the rest.

343.

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
On whom I cast my ev'ry care,  
On whom for all things I depend,  
Inspire, and then accept my prayer.
- 2 If I have tasted of thy grace,  
The grace that sure salvation brings ;  
If with me now thy Spirit stays,  
And hov'ring hides me in his wings :
- 3 Still let him with my weakness stay,  
Nor for a moment's space depart ;  
Evil and danger turn away,  
And keep, till he renews my heart.
- 4 When to the right or left I stray,  
His voice behind me may I hear,  
"Return, and walk in Christ thy way,  
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near."



5 Jesus, I fain would walk in thee,  
 From nature's every path retreat :  
 Thou art my way, my leader be,  
 And set upon the rock my feet.

6 Uphold me, Saviour, or I fall ;  
 O reach to me thy gracious hand :  
 Only on thee for help I call ;  
 Only by faith in thee I stand.

**344.** P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

1 **O** THOU God of my salvation,  
 My Redeemer from all sin,  
 Mov'd to this by great compassion,  
 Yearning bowels from within ;  
 I will praise thee :  
 Where shall I thy praise begin ?

2 While the angel-choirs are crying  
 Glory to the great I AM ;  
 I with them would still be vieing,  
 Glory, glory to the Lamb !  
 O how precious  
 Is the sound of Jesus' name !

3 Now I see with joy and wonder,  
 Whence the healing streams arose :  
 Angel-minds are lost to ponder  
 Dying love's mysterious cause ;  
 Yet the blessing,  
 Down to all, to me it flows.

4 Though unseen, I love the Saviour,  
 He almighty grace hath shown ;  
 Pardon'd guilt, and purchas'd favor !  
 This he makes to mortals known,  
 Give him glory,  
 Glory, glory is his own.

5 Angels now are hov'ring round us,  
 Unperceiv'd they mix the throng,

Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,  
 Glad to join the holy song :  
 Hallelujah,  
 Love and praise to Christ belong.

**345.**

L. M.

- 1 **O**F him who did salvation bring  
 I could for ever think and sing ;  
 Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive ;  
 Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given ;  
 Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven ;  
 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,  
 Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,  
 He clos'd his eyes to show us God ;  
 Let all the world fall down and know,  
 That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone  
 I shed my tears and make my moan !  
 Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
 I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly ;  
 I drink, and yet am ever dry ;  
 Ah ! who against thy charms is proof ?  
 Ah ! who that loves can love enough ?

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

**346.***Gratitude for the Atonement.*

- 1 **H**AIL ! thou once despised Jesus,  
 Hail ! thou Galilean king !  
 Thou didst suffer to release us ;  
 Thou didst free salvation bring :  
 Hail ! thou agonizing Saviour,  
 Bearer of our sin and shame !  
 By thy merits we find favor ;  
 Life is given through thy name.

- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
 All our sins on thee were laid ;  
 By almighty love anointed,  
 Thou hast full atonement made :  
 All thy people are forgiven  
 Through the virtue of thy blood ;  
 Open'd is the gate of heaven ;  
 Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail ! enthron'd in glory,  
 There for ever to abide !  
 All the heavenly host adore thee,  
 Seated at thy Father's side :  
 There for sinners thou art pleading ;  
 There thou dost our place prepare ;  
 Ever for us interceding,  
 Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,  
 Thou art worthy to receive ;  
 Loudest praises, without ceasing,  
 Meet it is for us to give :  
 Help, ye bright angelic spirits !  
 Bring your sweetest, noblest lays !  
 Help to sing our Saviour's merits ;  
 Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

C. M.

**347.** *Hosanna to Christ.*—Matt. xxi. 9. Luke  
 xix. 38, 40.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the royal Son  
 Of David's ancient line,  
 His natures two, his person one,  
 Mysterious and divine.
- 2 The root of David here we find,  
 And offspring is the same ;  
 Eternity and time are join'd  
 In our Immanuel's name.
- 3 Blest he that comes to wretched men  
 With peaceful news from heaven ;  
 Hosannas of the highest strain  
 To Christ the Lord be given.

- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take  
 Th' hosanna on their tongues,  
 Lest rocks and and stones should rise, and break  
 Their silence into songs.

C. M.

**348.** *God, reconciled in Christ.*

- 1 **D**EAREST of all the names above,  
 My Jesus, and my God,  
 Who can resist thy heavenly love,  
 Or trifle with thy blood?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death  
 The father smiles again ;  
 'Tis by thine interceding breath  
 The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 Till God in human flesh I see,  
 My thoughts no comfort find ;  
 The holy, just, and sacred Three  
 Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if Immanuel's face appear,  
 My hope, my joy begins ;  
 His name forbids my slavish fear,  
 His grace removes my sins.
- 5 While Jews on their own law rely,  
 And Greeks of wisdom boast,  
 I love th' incarnate mystery,  
 And there I fix my trust.

C. M.

**349.** *Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair  
 We wretched sinners lay,  
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
 Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace  
 Beheld our helpless grief,  
 He saw, and (O amazing love !)  
 He ran to our relief.

- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
 With joyful haste he fled,  
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the powers of darkness thus,  
 And brake our iron chains;  
 Jesus has freed our captive souls  
 From everlasting pains.
- 5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell  
 His cursed projects tries,  
 We that were doom'd his endless slaves  
 Are raised above the skies.]
- 6 O for this love, let rocks and hills  
 Their lasting silence break,  
 And all harmonious human tongues  
 The Saviour's praises speak.
- 7 Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
 Strike all your harps of gold;  
 But when you raise your highest notes  
 His love can ne'er be told.

**350.** (121) P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heav'nly theme,  
 Sing aloud in Jesus' name!  
 Ye, who his salvation prove,  
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye, who see the Father's grace  
 Beaming in the Saviour's face,  
 As to heav'n ye onward move,  
 Triumph in redeeming love.
- 3 Mourning souls! dry up your tears;  
 Banish all your guilty fears;  
 See your guilt and care remove,  
 Cancell'd by redeeming love.
- 4 Ye, alas! who long have been  
 Willing slaves of death and sin!



Now from bliss no longer rove ;  
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Christ subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs ;  
His tremendous foes, and ours,  
From their cursed empire drove,  
Mighty in redeeming love.

6 Hither, then, your music bring ;  
Strike aloud the joyful string :  
Mortals ! join the host above,  
Join to praise redeeming love.

**351.** (111) S. M.  
*The blessedness of Gospel times.*

1 **H**OW beauteous are their feet,  
Who stand on Zion's hill !  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal.

2 How charming is their voice !  
How sweet the tidings are !  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;  
He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found !

4 How blessed are our eyes,  
That see this heav'nly light !  
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
Thro' all the earth abroad ;  
Let ev'ry nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

**352.** P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, *as* 112.  
*The pardoning God.*—Micah vii. 18.

- 1 **G**REAT God of wonders! all thy ways  
 Are matchless, godlike, and divine;  
 But the fair glories of thy grace,  
 More godlike and unrivall'd shine:  
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 2 Crimes of such horror to forgive,  
 Such guilty daring worms to spare;  
 This is thy grand prerogative,  
 And none shall in the honor share.  
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 3 Angels and men resign their claim  
 To pity, mercy, love, and grace,  
 These glories crown Jehovah's name  
 With an incomparable blaze:  
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 4 In wonder lost, with trembling joy,  
 We take the pardon of our God,  
 Pardon for crimes of deepest dye;  
 A pardon seal'd with Jesus' blood:  
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free?
- 5 O may this strange, this matchless grace,  
 This godlike miracle of love,  
 Fill the wide earth with grateful praise,  
 And all the angelic choirs above:  
 Who is a pardoning God like thee?  
 Or who has grace so rich and free?

**353.** C. M.  
*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **T**O our Redeemer's glorious name  
 Awake the sacred song!

- O may his love (immortal flame !)  
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love what mortal thought can reach !  
What mortal tongue display !  
Imagination's utmost stretch  
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,  
Left the bright realms of bliss,  
And came to earth to bleed and die !—  
Was ever love like this ?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay  
Our humble thanks to thee,  
May every heart with rapture say,  
"The Saviour died for me."
- 5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,  
Fill every heart and tongue :  
Till strangers love thy charming name,  
And join the sacred song.

354.

(344) C. M.

- 1 **B**RIGHT source of everlasting love !  
To thee our souls we raise ;  
And to thy matchless bounty rear  
A monument of praise.
- 2 Thy mercy gilds the path of life  
With ev'ry cheering ray ;  
Kindly restrains the rising tear,  
Or wipes that tear away.
- 3 When sunk in guilt, our race approach'd  
The borders of despair ;  
Thy grace through Jesus' blood proclaim'd  
A free salvation near.
- 4 What shall we render, bounteous Lord,  
For all the grace we see ?  
Alas ! the goodness worms can yield  
Extendeth not to thee.

- 5 To tents of wo, to beds of pain,  
 Our cheerful feet repair ;  
 And, with the gifts thy hand bestows,  
 Relieve the mourners there.
- 6 The widow's heart shall sing for joy ;  
 The orphan shall be glad :  
 And hung'ring souls we'll gladly point  
 To Christ the living bread.
- 7 Thus, passing through this vale of tears,  
 Our useful light shall shine ;  
 And others learn to glorify  
 Our Father's name divine.



## CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

1. THE CONVERT ENTERTAINING HOPE OF PAR-  
 DON; AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

C. M.

**355.** *Lively Hope and gracious Fear.*

- 1 **I** WAS a grovelling creature once,  
 And basely cleav'd to earth :  
 I wanted spirit to renounce  
 The clod that gave me birth.
- 2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,  
 And sent me from above,  
 Wings, such as clothe an angel's form,  
 The wings of joy and love.
- 3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,  
 And there delighted stand,  
 To view beneath a shining sky  
 The spacious promis'd land.
- 4 The Lord of all the vast domain  
 Has promis'd it to me ;  
 The length and breadth of all the plain,  
 As far as faith can see.

- 5 How glorious is my privilege !  
 To thee for help I call ;  
 I stand upon a mountain's edge,  
 Oh save me, lest I fall !
- 6 Though much exalted in the Lord,  
 My strength is not my own ;  
 Then let me tremble at his word,  
 And none shall cast me down.

S. M.

356. *That which we have seen and heard.*  
 1 John i. 3.

- 1 **H**OW can a sinner know  
 His sins on earth forgiv'n ?  
 How can my gracious Saviour show  
 My name inscrib'd in heav'n !
- 2 What we have felt and seen  
 With confidence we tell ;  
 And publish to the sons of men,  
 The signs infallible.
- 3 We who in Christ believe  
 That he for us hath died,  
 We all his unknown peace receive,  
 And feel his blood applied !
- 4 Exults our rising soul,  
 Deliver'd of her load,  
 And swells unutterably full  
 Of glory and of God.
- 5 His love surpasses far  
 The love of all beneath,  
 We find within our hearts, and dare  
 The pointless darts of death.
- 6 Stronger than death or hell  
 The sacred pow'r we prove :  
 And conqu'rors of the world we dwell  
 In heav'n who dwell in love.



**357.** (119) P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, as 112.  
*Jesus the anchor of the soul.*

- 1 **N**OW I have found the ground wherein  
 Sure my soul's anchor may remain:  
 The love of God forgiving sin,  
 Through Jesus crucified and slain.  
 His mercy shall unshaken stay,  
 When heav'n and earth have pass'd away.
- 2 Father! thine everlasting grace  
 Our scanty thought surpasses far;  
 Thine heart still melts with tenderness,  
 Thine arms of love still open are;  
 And Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,  
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.
- 3 Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head,  
 Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone,  
 Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,  
 Tho' ev'ry comfort be withdrawn:  
 On this my steadfast soul relies,  
 Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 4 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,  
 Tho' my heart fail and strength decay;  
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
 When earth's foundations melt away:  
 Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,  
 Lov'd with an everlasting love.

**358.** P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7.  
*Conversion.—Jer. xxxi. 3.*

- 1 **O**N the brink of fi'ry ruin,  
 Justice with a flaming sword,  
 Was my guilty soul pursuing,  
 When I first beheld my Lord.
- 2 [Terrifi'd with Sinai's thunder,  
 Straight I flew to Calvary,  
 Where I saw with love and wonder,  
 Him by faith who died for me.]

- 3 "Sinner," he exclaim'd, "I've lov'd thee  
With an everlasting love ;  
Justice has in me approv'd thee ;  
Thou shalt dwell with me above."
- 4 Sweet as angels' notes in heaven,  
When to golden harps they sound,  
Is the voice of sins forgiven,  
To the soul by satan bound.
- 5 Sweet as angels' harps in glory,  
Was that heavenly voice to me,  
When I saw my Lord before me  
Bleed and die to set me free!
- 6 Saints, attend with holy wonder !  
Sinners, hear and sing his praise !  
'Tis the God that holds the thunder  
Shows himself the God of grace !

359.

L. M.

- 1 **I** HEAR a voice that comes from far ;  
From Calvary it sounds abroad ;  
It sooths my soul, and calms my fear :  
It speaks of pardon bought with blood.
- 2 And is it true, that many fly  
The sound that bids my soul rejoice ;  
And rather choose in sin to die,  
Than turn an ear to mercy's voice !
- 3 Alas, for those !—the day is near,  
When mercy will be heard no more ;  
Then will they ask in vain to hear  
The voice they would not hear before.
- 4 With such, I own, I once appear'd,  
But now I know how great their loss ;  
For sweeter sounds were never heard  
Than mercy utters from the cross.

**360.**

(255) C. M.

*The joy of conversion from sin.*

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,  
And chang'd my mournful state,  
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,  
The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,  
And did thy hand confess ;  
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,  
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 "Great is thy work," my neighbors cried,  
And own'd thy pow'r divine ;  
"Great is thy work," my heart replied,  
"And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
Can give us day for night ;  
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those, that sow in sadness, wait  
Till the fair harvest come ;  
They shall confess their sheaves are great,  
And shout the blessings home.

**361.**

(256) S. M.

*The pleasures of Conversion.*

- 1 **H**OW various and how new  
Are thy compassions, Lord !  
Each morning shall thy mercies shew,  
Each night thy love record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,  
Dawn'd on our early days,  
Ere infant reason had begun  
To form our lips to praise.
- 3 Each object we beheld  
Gave pleasure to our eyes ;  
And nature all our senses held  
In bands of sweet surprise.

4 But pleasures more refin'd  
Awaited that blest day,  
When light arose upon our mind  
To chase our sins away.

5 How various and how new  
Are thy compassions, Lord !  
Eternity thy truth shall shew,  
And all thy love record.

**362.** (117) C. M.  
*Joy for salvation.*

1 **S**ALVATION, O the joyful sound !  
'Tis music to our ears ;  
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay :  
But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around ;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

**363.** C. M.  
*Joy in the Holy Ghost.*—Luke i. 46.

1 **M**Y soul doth magnify the Lord,  
My spirit doth rejoice  
In God, my Saviour, and my God ;  
I hear his joyful voice.

2 I need not go abroad for joy,  
Who have a feast at home ;  
My sighs are now turn'd into songs,—  
The Comforter is come.

3 Down from on high, the blessed Dove  
Is come into my breast,  
To witness God's eternal love ;  
This is my heav'nly feast.

4 There is a stream that issues forth  
From God's eternal throne,

And from the Lamb, a living stream,  
Clear as the crystal stone.

- 5 That stream doth water paradise ;  
It makes the angels sing ;  
One cordial drop revives my heart ;  
Hence all my joys do spring.

L. M.

**364.** *Repentance and free Pardon ; or, Justification  
and Sanctification.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, for ever bless'd,  
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,  
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,  
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.
- 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord  
Imputes not his iniquities,  
He pleads no merit of reward,  
And not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free,  
His humble joy, his holy fear,  
With deep repentance well agree,  
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness  
That hides and cancels all his sins !  
While a bright evidence of grace  
Through his whole life appears and shines.

L. M.

**365.** *Happy in the Salvation of God.—Psalm xlv. 4.*

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God ! to Thee I raise  
My spirit fraught with joy and praise :  
Grateful I bow before thy throne,  
My debt of mercy there to own.
- 2 Rivers descending, Lord ! from Thee,  
Perpetual glide to solace me :  
Their varied virtues to rehearse,  
Demands an everlasting verse.



- 3 And yet there is, beyond the rest,  
One stream—the widest and the best—  
*Salvation!* Lo, the purple flood  
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood.
- 4 I taste—delight succeeds to wo;  
I bathe—no waters cleanse me so:  
Such joy and purity to share,  
I would remain enraptur'd there.
- 5 Till death shall give this soul to know  
The fulness sought in vain below;—  
The fulness of that boundless sea  
Whence flow'd the river down to me.
- 6 My soul—with such a scene in view—  
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu;  
Nor dreads a few chastising woes  
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

366.

L. M.

*The New Convert.*

- 1 **T**HE new-born child of gospel grace,  
Like some fair tree when summer's nigh,  
Beneath Emmanuel's shining face,  
Lifts up his blooming branch on high.
- 2 No fear he feels, he sees no foes,  
No conflict yet his faith employs,  
Nor has he learnt to whom he owes  
The strength and peace his soul enjoys.
- 3 But sin soon darts its cruel sting,  
And comforts sinking day by day;  
What seem'd his own, a self-fed spring,  
Proves but a brook that glides away.
- 4 When Gideon arm'd his numerous host,  
The Lord soon made his numbers less:  
And said, lest Israel vainly boast,  
"My arm procured me this success."

- 5 Thus will he bring our spirits down,  
And draw our ebbing comforts low,  
That saved by grace, but not our own,  
We may not claim the praise we owe.

**367.** (258) S. M.  
*Heavenly joy on earth.*

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your joys be known ;  
Join in a song with sweet accord,  
Whilst ye surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,  
Who never knew our God :  
But servants of the heav'nly King  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God, who rules on high,  
Who all the earth surveys,  
Who rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas :
- 4 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love ;  
He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs,  
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin !  
There, from the rivers of his grace,  
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,  
The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.
- 7 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below.  
Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be dry :

We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

(262) L. M.

**368.** *The privileges of the sons of God.*

- 1 **N**OT all the noblest of the earth,  
Who boast the honors of their birth,  
Such real dignity can claim,  
As those who bear the Christian's name.
- 2 To them the privilege is giv'n,  
To be the sons and heirs of heav'n;  
Sons of the God who reigns on high,  
And heirs of joy beyond the sky.
- 3 His will he makes them early know,  
And teaches their young feet to go;  
Whispers instruction to their minds,  
And on their hearts his precepts binds.
- 4 Their daily wants his hands supply:  
Their steps he guards with watchful eye;  
Leads them from earth to heav'n above,  
And crowns them with eternal love.
- 5 If I've the honor, Lord! to be  
One of this num'rous family:  
On me the gracious gift bestow,  
To call thee Abba, Father, too.
- 6 So may my conduct ever prove  
My filial piety and love!  
Whilst all my brethren clearly trace  
Their Father's likeness on my face.

(265) C. M.

**369.** *The pleasures of a pure conscience.*

- 1 **O** happy soul that lives on high!  
While men lie grov'ling here,  
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,  
And faith forbids his fear.
- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings;  
While grace and joy combine

To form a life, whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God :

His God in secret sees ;  
Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
He dwells in heav'nly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,  
Beyond this world of time,  
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5 He looks to heav'n's eternal hill,  
To meet that glorious day,  
When Christ his promise shall fulfil,  
And call his soul away.

**370.** (268) S. M.

1 **W**HEN gloomy thoughts and fears  
The trembling heart invade,  
And all the face of nature wears  
A universal shade :

2 Religion can assuage  
The tempest of the soul ;  
And ev'ry fear shall lose its rage  
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewilder'd way,  
Her hand unerring leads ;  
And o'er the path her heav'nly ray  
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When reason, tir'd and blind,  
Sinks helpless and afraid ;  
Thou blest supporter of the mind,  
How pow'rful is thine aid !

5 O let me feel thy pow'r,  
And find thy sweet relief,  
To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,  
And soften ev'ry grief.

371. (270) L. M.  
*The glorious prospects of faith.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a glorious world on high,  
    Resplendent with eternal day;  
Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,  
    While God's own word reveals the way.
- 2 There shall the fav'rites of the Lord  
    With never-fading lustre shine;  
Surprising honor! vast reward!  
    Conferr'd on man by love divine.
- 3 How blest are those, how truly wise,  
    Who learn and keep the sacred road!  
Happy the men, whom heav'n employs  
    To turn rebellious hearts to God.
- 4 To win them from the fatal way  
    Where erring folly thoughtless roves;  
And that blest righteousness display,  
    Which Jesus taught and God approves.
- 5 The shining firmament shall fade,  
    And sparkling stars resign their light:  
But these shall know nor change nor shade,  
    For ever fair, for ever bright.
- 6 On wings of faith and strong desire,  
    O may our spirits daily rise;  
And reach at last the shining choir,  
    In the bright mansions of the skies!

372. (304) C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose wishes climb  
    To mansions in the skies!  
He looks on all the joys of time  
    With undesiring eyes.
- 2 In vain soft pleasure spreads her charms,  
    And throws her silken chain;  
And wealth and fame invite his arms,  
    And tempt his ear in vain.



- 3 He knows that all these glitt'ring things  
Must yield to sure decay ;  
And sees on time's extended wings  
How swift they flee away !
- 4 To things unseen by mortal eyes,  
A beam of sacred light  
Directs his view ; his prospects rise  
All permanent and bright.
- 5 His hopes are fix'd on joys to come :  
Those blissful scenes on high  
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,  
When time and nature die.

2. COMMUNION WITH CHRIST, AND LOVE TO HIM

C. M.

**373.** *Christ precious.*—1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of JESUS sounds  
In a believer's ear !  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 By him, my pray'rs acceptance gain,  
Although with sin defil'd ;  
Satan accuses me in vain,  
And I am own'd a child.
- 4 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,  
With every fleeting breath ;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

374.

A. M. 8, 7, 8, 7.  
*Sitting at Jesus' feet.*

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessings,  
Which before the cross I spend ;  
Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
With my tears his feet I'll bathe ;  
Constant still in faith abiding,  
Life deriving from his death.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station—  
Low before his cross I'll lie ;  
While I see divine compassion  
Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 Here I'll sit—forever viewing  
Mercy streaming in his blood :  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

375.

C. M.

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far ;  
From scenes where Satan wages still  
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With pray'r and praise agree :  
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,  
For those who follow thee.
- 3 Then if thy Spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She does commune with God !
- 4 There like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays ;  
Nor asks a witness of her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.

C. M.

376.

*Evening twilight.*

- 1 **I** LOVE to steal awhile away  
From every cumb'ring care,  
And spend the hours of setting day  
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all His promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driv'n.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

377.

*For closer communion with God.—Ps. xxiii.*

- 1 **T**HOU Shepherd of Israel divine,  
Thou joy and desire of my heart,  
For closer communion I pine,  
I long to reside where thou art:  
The pasture I languish to find,  
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,  
Are fed, on thy bosom reclin'd,  
And screen'd from the heat of the day.
- 2 Ah! show me that happiest place,  
The place of thy people's abode,  
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,  
And hang on a crucified God:

Thy love for a sinner declare,  
 Thy passion and death on the tree ;  
 My spirit to Calvary bear,  
 To suffer and triumph with thee.

- 3 'Tis there with the lambs of thy flock,  
 There only I covet to rest,  
 To lie at the foot of the Rock,  
 Or rise to be hid in thy breast ;  
 'Tis there I would always abide,  
 And never a moment depart ;  
 Conceal'd in the cleft of thy side,  
 Eternally held in thy heart.

**378.** C. M.  
 Job xxiii. 3.

- 1 **O**H, that I knew the secret place,  
 Where I might find my God ?  
 I'd spread my wants before his face,  
 And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,  
 What sorrows I sustain ;  
 How grace decays, and comfort dies,  
 And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take  
 To wrestle with my God ;  
 I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,  
 And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,  
 And heal my broken bones ;  
 He takes the meaning of his saints,  
 The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,  
 And banish every fear ;  
 He calls thee to his throne of grace,  
 To spread thy sorrows there.

**379.** C. M.

- 1 **O**H, could I find from-day to day,  
 A nearness to my God :

Then should my hours glide sweet away,  
And lean upon his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live  
Anew from day to day ;  
In joys the world can never give,  
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,  
And make me wholly thine,  
That I may never more depart,  
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,  
Thy goodness I'll adore ;  
And when my flesh dissolves in death,  
My soul shall love thee more.

P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

380. *None upon earth I desire beside thee.*  
Psalm lxxiii. 25.

1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours,  
When Jesus no longer I see ;  
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,  
Have lost all their sweetness with me ;  
The midsummer's-sun shines but dim,  
The fields strive in vain to look gay ;  
But when I am happy in him,  
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,  
And sweeter than music his voice ;  
His presence disperses my gloom,  
And makes all within me rejoice :  
I should were he always so nigh,  
Have nothing to wish or to fear ;  
No mortal so happy as I,  
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,  
My all to his pleasure resign'd ;  
No changes of season or place,  
Would make any change in my mind :



While bless'd with a sense of his love,  
A palace a toy would appear ;  
And prisons would palaces prove,  
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

- 4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,  
If thou art my sun and my song ;  
Say, why do I languish and pine,  
And why are my winters so long ?  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,  
Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;  
Or take me unto thee on high,  
Where winter and clouds are no more.

381.

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy boundless love to me,  
No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;  
O knit my thankful heart to thee,  
And reign without a rival there.
- 2 O grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but thy pure love alone !  
O may thy love possess me whole !  
My joy, my treasure and my crown.
- 3 O love, how cheering is thy ray !  
All pain before thy presence flies ;  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er thy healing beams arise.
- 4 Unwearied may I this pursue,  
Dauntless to the high prize aspire ;  
Hourly within my soul renew  
This holy flame, this heavenly fire.
- 5 Still let thy love point out my way ;  
How wondrous things thy love hath wrought !  
Still lead me, lest I go astray :  
Direct my word, inspire my thought.
- 6 In suffering be thy love my peace,  
In weakness be thy love my power,

And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Receive me in the trying hour.

**382.**              P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

*But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law  
doth he meditate day and night.—Psalm i. 2.*

1 **H**OW happy, gracious Lord, are we !  
Divinely drawn to follow thee :

Whose hours divided are,  
Betwixt the mount and multitude :  
Our day is spent in doing good,  
Our night in praise and pray'r.

2 With us no melancholy void ;  
No moment lingers unemploy'd,  
Or unimprov'd below :  
Our weariness of life is gone,  
Who live to serve our God alone,  
And only thee to know.

3 The winter's night and summer's day,  
Glide imperceptibly away,  
'Too short to sing thy praise ;  
Too few we find the happy hours,  
And haste to join those heav'nly pow'rs,  
In everlasting lays.

4 With all who chant thy name on high,  
And holy, holy, holy, cry,  
A bright harmonious throng !  
We long thy praises to repeat,  
And ceaseless sing around thy seat  
The new eternal song.

**383.**              L. M.  
*Desiring Communion with God.*

1 **M**Y rising soul, with strong desires,  
To perfect happiness aspires,  
With steady steps would tread the road,  
That leads to heaven—that leads to God.

- 2 I thirst to drink unmingled love  
From the pure fountain-head above;  
My dearest Lord, I long to be  
Empty'd of sin and full of thee.
- 3 For thee I pant, for thee I burn;  
Art thou withdrawn? again return,  
Nor let me be the first to say,  
Thou wilt not hear when sinners pray.

384.

L. M.

- 1 **I** THIRST, thou wounded lamb of God,  
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;  
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Take my poor heart, and let it be  
For ever clos'd to all but thee!  
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.
- 3 How blest are they who still abide,  
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!  
Who life and strength from thence derive,  
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are our works but sin and death,  
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe?  
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move,  
O wondrous grace! O boundless love!
- 5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,  
That thou shouldst us to glory bring;  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
Deck'd with a never-fading crown?
- 6 Ah! Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,  
To know the wonders thou hast wrought,  
Unloose our stamm'ring tongues to tell  
Thy love immense, unsearchable!

C. M.

385.

*Love to Christ.*—John xxi. 15.

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my Lord?  
Behold my heart, and see:

And turn each cursed idol out,  
That dares to rival thee.

- 2 Do not I love thee from my soul?  
Then let me nothing love :  
Dead be my heart to ev'ry joy,  
Which thou dost not approve.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still  
To mine attentive ear?  
Doth not each pulse with pleasure beat  
My Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,  
I would disdain to feed?  
Hast thou a foe, before whose face  
I fear thy cause to plead?
- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;  
But O, I long to soar  
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,  
That I may love thee more.

C. M.

386.

*Jesus precious.*—1 Pet. ii. 7.

- 1 **B**LEST Jesus, when my soaring thoughts  
O'er all thy graces rove,  
Now is my soul in transport lost—  
In wonder, joy, and love!
- 2 Not softest strains can charm mine ears,  
Like thy beloved name;  
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire  
My heart with equal flame.
- 3 Where'er I look, my wond'ring eyes  
Unnumber'd blessings see;  
But what is life, with all its bliss,  
If once compared to thee?
- 4 Hast thou a rival in my breast?  
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell;  
If aught can raise my passions thus,  
Or please my soul so well.

- 5 No, thou art precious to my heart,  
 My portion and my joy ;  
 For ever let thy boundless grace  
 My sweetest thoughts employ.
- 6 When nature faints, around my bed  
 Let thy bright glories shine ;  
 And death shall all his terrors lose,  
 In raptures so divine.

**387.** P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.  
*Lovest thou me ?*—John xxi. 16.

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;  
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word :  
 Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :  
 " Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 " I deliver'd thee when bound,  
 And, when bleeding heal'd thy wound,  
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,  
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 " Can a woman's tender care  
 Cease towards the child she bare ?  
 Yes, she may forgetful be,  
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 " Mine is an unchanging love,  
 Higher than the heights above ;  
 Deeper than the depths beneath—  
 Free and faithful—strong as death.
- 5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
 When the work of grace is done ;  
 Partner of my throne shall be,  
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ? "
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
 That my love is weak and faint ;  
 Yet I love thee, and adore ;  
 O for grace to love thee more !



L. M.

**388.** *Living to Christ.*—Phil. i. 21.

- 1 **L**ET thoughtless thousands choose the road  
That leads the soul away from God ;  
This happiness, dear Lord, be mine,  
To live and die entirely thine.
- 2 On Christ by faith my soul would live  
From him, my life, my all receive ;  
To him devote my fleeting hours,  
Serve him alone with all my pow'rs.
- 3 Christ is my everlasting all,  
To him I look, on him I call ;  
He will my ev'ry want supply,  
In time and through eternity.
- 4 Soon will the Lord, my life, appear ;  
Soon shall I end my trials here ;  
Leave sin and sorrow, death and pain ;  
To live is Christ—to die is gain.
- 5 Soon will the saints in glory meet ;  
Soon walk through ev'ry golden street,  
And sing on ev'ry blissful plain,  
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

(220) L. M.

**389.** *The Christian panting for God.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim :  
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest !  
The glories, that compose thy name,  
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God !  
And I am thine by sacred ties,  
Thy child and servant, bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For thee I long, for thee I look,  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 Ev'n life itself, without thy love,  
No lasting pleasure can afford :

Yea, 'twould a tiresome burden prove,  
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord.

- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise;  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
Throughout the remnant of my days.

L. M.

**390.** *Love to Christ present or absent.*

- 1 **O**F all the joys we mortals know,  
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;  
Love, the best blessing here below,  
The highest rapture of the blest.
- 2 While we are held in thine embrace,  
There's not a thought attempts to rove;  
Each smile that's seen upon thy face,  
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.
- 3 When of thine absence we complain,  
And long, and weep, and humbly pray;  
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,—  
Those tears are sweet which mourn thy stay.
- 4 When round thy courts by day we rove,  
Or ask the watchman of the night  
For some kind tidings from above,  
Thy very name creates delight.
- 5 Jesus, our God, descend and come;  
Our eyes would dwell upon thy face;  
'Tis heav'n to see our Lord at home,  
And feel the presence of his grace.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

**391.** *Love of Jesus.*

- 1 **L**OVE divine, how sweet the sound!  
May the theme on earth abound:  
May the hearts of saints below,  
With the sacred rapture glow!
- 2 Love amazing, large and free,  
Love unknown, to think on me!

Let that love upon me shine,  
Saviour, with its beams divine.

- 3 Better than earth's gilded toys,  
Or an age of carnal joys ;  
Better far than Ophir's gold,  
Love that never can be told.
- 4 Better than this life of mine,  
Saviour, is thy love divine :  
Drop the veil, and let me see  
Rivers of this love in thee.
- 5 While in Mesech's tents I stay,  
Love divine shall tune my lay ;  
When I soar to bliss above,  
Still I'll praise a Saviour's love.

**392.** (282) C. M.  
*The Christian's Choice.*

- 1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God !  
Soon as I know thy way,  
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,  
And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,  
And glory in my choice ;  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace  
I set before mine eyes ;  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.
- 4 Whene'er I wander from thy path,  
I think upon my ways ;  
Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pard'ning grace.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine :  
O save thy servant, Lord !  
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,  
My hope is in thy word.

- 6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine  
Thy statutes to fulfil;  
And thus till mortal life shall end  
Would I perform thy will.

**393.** (311) C. M.

- 1 **W**HILE thee I seek, protecting pow'r !  
Be my vain wishes still'd ;  
And may this consecrated hour  
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd ;  
To thee my thoughts would soar ;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd :  
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear  
Thy ruling hand I see !  
Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
Because bestow'd by thee.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,  
In ev'ry pain I bear,  
My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in pray'r.
- 5 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :  
Resign'd, when storms of sorrow low'r,  
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The low'ring storm shall see ;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear :  
That heart will rest on thee !

**394.** (312) L. M.  
*Confidence in God.*

- 1 **O**UR Father, thron'd above the sky,  
To thee our empty hands we spread ;  
Thy children at thy footstool lie,  
And ask thy blessings on their head.

- 2 With cheerful hope and filial fear,  
In that august and precious name,  
By thee ordain'd, we now draw near,  
And would the promis'd blessing claim.
- 3 Does not an earthly parent hear  
The cravings of his famish'd son ?  
Will he reject the filial pray'r,  
Or mock him with a cake of stone ?
- 4 Our heav'nly Father, how much more  
Will thy divine compassions rise ;  
And open thy unbounded store,  
To satisfy thy children's cries ?
- 5 Yes, we will ask, and seek, and press  
For gracious audience at thy seat ;  
Still hoping, waiting for success,  
If persevering to entreat.
- 6 For Jesus in his faithful word  
The upright suppliant has blest ;  
And all thy saints with one accord  
The prevalence of pray'r attest.

## 3. DOUBTS AND FEARS.

395.

L. M.

*Hidings of God's face.*

- 1 **H**APPY the hours, the golden days,  
When I could call my Jesus mine,  
And sit, and view his smiling face,  
And melt in pleasures all divine.
- 2 But now he's gone, (O mighty wo !)  
Gone from my soul and hides his love !  
I hate the sins that griev'd him so,  
The sins that forc'd him to remove !
- 3 Yet let my hope look through my tears,  
And spy afar his rolling throne,  
His chariot through the cleaving spheres  
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.



- 4 Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,  
 My soul springs out to meet him high :  
 Then shall the conqu'ror turn his wheels  
 And climb the mansions of the sky.

L. M.

**396.** *O that I were as in months past !—Job xxix. 2.*

- 1 **S**WEET was the time when first I felt  
 The Saviour's pardoning blood,  
 Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,  
 And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,  
 His praises tun'd my tongue ;  
 And, when the evening shades prevail'd,  
 His love was all my song.
- 3 In vain the tempter spread his wiles,  
 The world no more could charm ;  
 I liv'd upon my Saviour's smiles,  
 And lean'd upon his arm.
- 4 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,  
 And saw his glory shine ;  
 And, when I read his holy word,  
 I call'd each promise mine.
- 5 Then to his saints I often spoke  
 Of what his love had done ;  
 But now my heart is almost broke,  
 For all my joys are gone.
- 6 Now when the evening shade prevails,  
 My soul in darkness mourns ;  
 And when the morn the light reveals,  
 No light to me returns.
- 7 My prayers are now a chatt'ring noise,  
 For Jesus hides his face !  
 I read, the promise meets my eyes,  
 But will not reach my case.

- 8 Now satan threatens to prevail,  
And make my soul his prey ;  
Yet, Lord, thy mercies cannot fail,  
O, come without delay !

397.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

*Lovest thou me ?*

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know ;  
Oft it causes anxious thought ;  
Do I love the Lord, or no ?  
Am I his or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?  
Why this dull, this lifeless frame ?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
Who have never heard his name !
- 3 [Could my heart so hard remain,  
Prayer a task and burden prove,  
Every trifle give me pain,  
If I knew a Saviour's love ?
- 4 When I turn mine eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild :  
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself a child ?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Sin is mix'd with all I do ;  
You that love the Lord indeed,  
Tell me, is it thus with you ?]
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
Find my sin a grief and thrall ;  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all !
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,  
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,  
Find, at times, the promise sweet,  
If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord, decide the doubtful case !  
Thou who art thy people's sun,

Shine upon thy work of grace,  
If it be indeed begun.

- 9 Let me love thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I pray;  
If I have not lov'd before,  
Help me to begin to day.

C. M.

**398.** *The Complaint under Darkness.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE in God, the word commands,  
And fain would I obey;  
Yet still my spirit lingering stands,  
While doubts impede my way:
- 2 How can my soul exult for joy,  
Which feels this load of sin?  
And how can praise my tongue employ,  
While darkness reigns within?
- 3 Whence should my lips give rapture birth  
When I no rapture feel?  
Or how should notes of heavenly mirth,  
Sound from a breast of steel?
- 4 If falling tears and rising sighs,  
In triumph share a part;  
Then, Lord, behold these streaming eyes,  
And search this bleeding heart!
- 5 My soul forgets to use her wings;  
My harp neglected lies;  
For sin has broken all her strings,  
And guilt shuts out my joys.
- 6 The power, the sweetness, of thy voice,  
Alone my heart can move;  
Make me in Christ my Lord rejoice,  
And melt my soul to love.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

**399.** *Cast down, yet hoping.*—Ps. xlii. 5.

- 1 **O** MY soul, what means this sadness?  
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?  
Let thy griefs be turn'd to gladness,  
Bid thy restless fears be gone;

- Look to Jesus,  
And rejoice in his dear name.
- 2 What tho' satan's strong temptations  
Vex and grieve thee day by day !  
And thy sinful inclinations  
Often fill thee with dismay ?  
Thou shalt conquer,  
Thro' the lamb's redeeming blood.
- 3 Tho' ten thousand ills beset thee,  
From without and from within,  
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,  
But will save from hell and sin :  
He is faithful  
To perform his gracious word.
- 4 Tho' distresses now attend thee,  
And thou tread'st the thorny road,  
His right hand shall still defend thee ;  
Soon he'll bring thee home to God !  
Therefore praise him—  
Praise the great Redeemer's name.
- 5 O that I could now adore him  
Like the heavenly host above,  
Who for ever bow before him,  
And unceasing, sing his love !  
Happy songsters!  
When shall I your chorus join ?

C. M.

400.

*Doubting Christian.*

- 1 **U**NCERTAIN how the way to find  
Which to salvation led,  
I list'ned long, with anxious mind,  
To hear what others said.
- 2 When some of joys and comforts told,  
I fear'd that I was wrong ;  
For I was stupid, dead, and cold—  
Had neither joy nor song.
- 3 Of fierce temptations others talk'd,  
Of anguish and dismay ;

- Thro' what distresses they had walk'd,  
Before they found the way.
- 4 Ah! then I thought my hopes were vain,  
For I had lived at ease;  
I wish'd for all my fears again,  
To make me more like these.
- 5 I had my wish—the Lord disclos'd  
The evils of my heart;  
And left my naked soul expos'd  
To satan's fiery dart.
- 6 Alas! "I now must give it up,"  
I cried in deep despair;  
How could I dream of drawing hope  
From what I cannot bear!
- 7 Again my Saviour brought me aid,  
And when he set me free,  
"Trust simply on my word," he said,  
"And leave the rest to me."

401.

L. M.  
*Hating Sin.*

- 1 **O** COULD I find some peaceful bow'r,  
Where sin has neither place nor pow'r;  
This traitor vile, I fain would shun,  
But cannot from his presence run.
- 2 When to the throne of grace I flee,  
He stands between my God and me,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest,  
I feel him working in my breast.
- 3 When I attempt to soar above,  
To view the heights of Jesus' love;  
This monster seems to mount the skies,  
And veils his glory to mine eyes.
- 4 Lord, free me from this deadly foe,  
Which keeps my faith and hope so low;  
I long to dwell in heaven, my home,  
Where not one sinful thought can come.



## 402.

(276) L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT strange perplexities arise !  
     What anxious fears and jealousies !  
     What crowds in doubtful light appear !  
     How few, alas, approv'd and clear !
- 2 And what am I?—My soul awake,  
     And an impartial survey take ;  
     Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,  
     In practice or in heart appear ?
- 3 What image does my spirit bear ?  
     Is Jesus form'd and living there ?  
     Say, do his lineaments divine,  
     In thought, and word, and action shine ?
- 4 Searcher of hearts, O search me still ;  
     The secrets of my soul reveal ;  
     My fears remove ; let me appear  
     To God and my own conscience clear ?

L. M.

**403.** *Hope encouraged by a view of the Divine Perfections.—1 Sa. xxx. 6.*

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind ?  
     Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh ?  
     Can sovereign goodness be unkind ?  
     Am I not safe if God is nigh ?
- 2 'Tis he supports this fainting frame ;  
     On him alone my hopes recline :  
     The wondrous glories of his name,  
     How wide they spread ! how bright they shine !
- 3 Infinite wisdom ! boundless power !  
     Unchanging faithfulness and love !  
     Here let me trust, while I adore,  
     Nor from my refuge e'er remove.
- 4 My God, if thou art mine indeed,  
     Then I have all my heart can crave ;  
     A present help in time of need ;  
     Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

- 5 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord !  
 And ease the sorrows of my breast ;  
 Speak to my heart the healing word,  
 That thou art mine—and I am blest.

404. L. M.  
*Return of Joy.*

- 1 **W**HEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,  
 And smiling day once more appears,  
 Then, my Redeemer ! then I find  
 The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 I chide my unbelieving heart ;  
 And blush that I should ever be  
 Thus prone to act so base a part,  
 Or harbor one hard thought of thee !
- 3 O let me then at length be taught  
 (What I am still so slow to learn,)   
 That God is love, and changes not,  
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !  
 But when my faith is sharply try'd,  
 I find myself a learner yet,—  
 Unskillful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O my Lord, one look from thee  
 Subdues the disobedient will ;  
 Drives doubt and discontent away,  
 And thy rebellious worm is still.
- 6 Thou art as ready to forgive,  
 As I am ready to repine ;  
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive ;  
 Be shame, and self-abhorrence, mine.

4. SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.

405. C. M.  
*Will ye also go away?—John vi. 67—69.*

- 1 **W**HEN any turn from Zion's way  
 (As numbers often do,)   
 Methinks I hear the Saviour say,  
 " Wilt thou forsake me too ? "

- 2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine  
 Unless thou hold me fast,  
 My faith will fail, I shall decline,  
 And prove like them at last.
- 3 'Tis thou alone hast power and grace,  
 To save a wretch like me ;  
 To whom then shall I turn my face,  
 If I depart from thee.
- 4 Beyond a doubt I rest assur'd,  
 'Thou art the CHRIST of GOD ;  
 Who hast eternal life secur'd,  
 By promise and by blood.
- 5 The help of men and angels join'd,  
 Could never reach my case !  
 Nor can I hope relief to find,  
 But in thy boundless grace.
- 6 No voice but thine can give me rest,  
 And bid my fears depart ;  
 No love but thine can make me blest,  
 And satisfy my heart.

S. M.

406.

*Apostacy.*—2 Pet. ii. 22.

- 1 **Y**E, who in former days,  
 Were found at Zion's gate ;  
 Who walk'd awhile in wisdom's ways  
 And told your happy state ;
- 2 But now to sin draw back,  
 And love again to stray,  
 The narrow path of life forsake,  
 And choose the beaten way ;
- 3 Think not your names above  
 Are written with the saints ;  
 The promise of eternal love  
 Is his who never faints.
- 4 Your transient joy and peace  
 Your deeper doom have seal'd,

Unless you wake to righteousness,  
Ere judgment is reveal'd.

**407.** C. M.  
*Crown Him.*

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDERS, who your misery feel,  
Attend your Saviour's call ;  
Return, he'll your backslidings heal ;  
Oh, crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Though crimson sin increase your guilt,  
And painful is your thrall ;  
For broken hearts his blood was spilt ;  
Oh, crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Take with you words, approach his throne,  
And low before him fall ;  
He understands the Spirit's groan ;  
Oh, crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Whoever comes he'll not cast out  
Although your faith be small :  
His faithfulness you cannot doubt ;  
Oh, crown him Lord of all.

**408.** L. M.  
*Wandering Thoughts.*

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord ; but ah ! how far  
My thoughts from the dear object are !  
This wanton heart, how wide it roves !  
And fancy meets a thousand loves.
- 2 If my soul burn to see my God,  
I tread the courts of his abode ;  
But troops of rivals throug the place,  
And tempt me oft before his face.
- 3 Would I enjoy my Lord alone,  
I bid my passions all begone,  
All but my love ; and charge my will  
To bar the door and guard it still.
- 4 But cares or trifles, make or find  
Still new approaches to the mind ;

Till I with grief and wonder see  
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

- 5 This foolish heart can leave its God,  
And shadows tempt its thoughts abroad ;  
How shall I fix this wandering mind ?  
Or throw my fetters on the wind ?
- 6 Look gently down, almighty grace,  
Prison me round in thine embrace ;  
Pity the soul that would be thine,  
And let thy power my love confine.

L. M.

409.

*Complaining of Inconstancy.*

- 1 **T**HE wandering star, and fleeting wind,  
Both represent th' unstable mind :  
The morning cloud and early dew,  
Bring our inconstancy to view.
- 2 But cloud, and wind, and dew, and star,  
Faint and imperfect emblems are ;  
Nor can there aught in nature be  
So fickle and so false as we.
- 3 Our outward walk, and inward frame,  
Scarce through a single hour the same ;  
We vow, and straight our vows forget,  
And then these very vows repeat.
- 4 We sin forsake, to sin return ;  
Are hot, are cold, now freeze, now burn  
In deep distress, then raptures feel,  
We soar to heaven, then sink to hell.
- 5 With flowing tears, Lord, we confess  
Our folly and unsteadfastness :  
When shall these hearts more fixed be,  
Fix'd by thy grace, and fix'd for thee ?

C. M.

410.

*Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.*

- 1 **M**Y drowsy powers, why sleep ye so ?  
Awake, my sluggish soul !



- Nothing has half thy work to do  
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants for one poor grain,  
Labor, and tug, and strive,  
Yet we who have a heaven t' obtain,  
How negligent we live !
- 3 We for whose sake all nature stands,  
And stars their courses move ;  
We for whose guard the angel bands  
Come flying from above ;
- 4 We for whom God the Son came down,  
And labor'd for our good,  
How careless to secure that crown  
He purchas'd with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still !  
And never act our parts ?  
Come, holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,  
And sit and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,  
Upward our souls shall rise :  
With hands of faith and wings of love  
We'll fly and take the prize.

411. C. M.  
*Hardness of Heart.*

- 1 **M**Y heart, how dreadful hard it is !  
How heavy here it lies !  
Heavy and cold within my breast,  
Just like a drop of ice !
- 2 Sin like a raging tyrant sits  
Upon this flinty throne,  
And every grace lies buried deep  
Beneath this heart of stone.
- 3 How seldom do I rise to God,  
Or taste the joys above !  
This mountain presses down my faith,  
And chills my flaming love.

- 4 When smiling mercy courts my soul  
 With all its heavenly charms,  
 This stubborn, this relentless thing  
 Would thrust it from my arms.
- 5 Against the thunders of thy word  
 Rebellious I have stood,  
 My heart it shakes not at the wrath  
 And terrors of a God.
- 6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine  
 In thine own crimson sea ;  
 None but a bath of blood divine  
 Can melt the flint away.

## 5. BACKSLIDER RETURNING.

412. P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

- 1 **H**OW shall a lost sinner in pain,  
 Recover his forfeited peace ?  
 When brought into bondage again,  
 What hope of a second release ?  
 Will mercy itself be so kind  
 To spare such a rebel as me ?  
 And O, can I possibly find  
 Such plenteous redemption in thee ?
- 2 O Jesus, of thee I require,  
 If still thou art able to save,  
 The brand to pluck out of the fire,  
 And ransom my soul from the grave ;  
 The help of thy Spirit restore,  
 And show me the life-giving blood ;  
 And pardon a sinner once more,  
 And bring me again unto God.
- 3 O Jesus, in pity draw near,  
 Come quickly to help a lost soul,  
 To comfort a mourner appear  
 And make a poor Lazarus whole ;  
 The balm of thy mercy apply,  
 Thou seest the sore anguish I feel,

Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,  
O save, or I sink into hell!

- 4 I sink if thou longer delay  
Thy pard'ning mercy to show :  
Come quickly, and kindly display  
The power of thy passion below :  
By all thou hast done for my sake,  
One drop of thy blood I implore :  
Now, now let it touch me, and make  
The sinner a sinner no more.

**413.** P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

*Is his mercy clean gone for ever? doth his promise fail  
for evermore?—Psalm lxxvii. 8.*

- 1 **D**EPTH of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserv'd for me!  
Can my God his wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace :  
Long provok'd him to his face ;  
Would not hearken to his calls ;  
Griev'd him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are,  
Me he now delights to spare,  
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"  
Lest the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands :  
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands :  
God is love! I know, I feel!  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!
- 5 Jesus answers from above :  
Is not all thy nature love?  
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?  
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
- 6 Now incline me to repent!  
Let me now my fall lament!  
Now my foul revolt deplore!  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

C. M.

**414.** *Pardon.*—Jer. iii. 22. Hos. xiv. 4.

- 1 **H**OW oft, alas ! this wretched heart  
     Has wander'd from the Lord !  
 How oft my roving thoughts depart,  
     Forgetful of his word.
- 2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return :"  
     Dear Lord, and may I come ?  
 My vile ingratitude I mourn ;  
     Oh, take the wand'rer home.
- 3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,  
     And bid my crimes remove ?  
 And shall a pardon'd rebel live  
     To speak thy wondrous love ?
- 4 Almighty grace, thy healing power  
     How glorious, how divine !  
 That can to bliss and life restore  
     So vile a heart as mine.
- 5 Thy par'dning love, so free, so sweet,  
     Dear Saviour, I adore ;  
 Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,  
     And let me rove no more.

P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, as 112.

**415.** *The returning Backslider; or, a Prayer for restoring Grace.*—Hosea xiv. 1, 2.

- 1 **W**EARY of wandering from my God,  
     And now made willing to return,  
 I hear, and bow me to the rod :  
     For thee, not without hope, I mourn ;  
 I have an Advocate above,  
     A friend before the Throne of Love.
- 2 O Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
     More full of grace than I of sin ;  
 Yet once again I seek thy face,  
     Open thine arms, and take me in !  
 And freely my backslidings heal,  
     And love the faithless sinner still.

- 3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,  
 My fallen spirit to restore ;  
 O ! for thy truth and mercy's sake !  
 Forgive and bid me sin no more :  
 The ruins of my soul repair,  
 And make my heart a House of Prayer.
- 4 The stone to flesh again convert :  
 The veil of sin once more remove !  
 Sprinkle thy blood upon my heart,  
 And melt it by thy dying love !  
 This rebel heart by love subdue,  
 And make it soft and make it new.
- 5 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,  
 And kindle my relentings now ;  
 Fill all my soul with filial fears :  
 To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow :  
 Bend by thy grace, O bend or break  
 The iron sinew in my neck !

416.

C. M.

*Walking with God.*—Gen. v. 24.

- 1 **O**H ! for a closer walk with God,  
 A calm and heavenly frame,  
 A light to shine upon the road  
 That leads me to the lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
 When first I saw the Lord ?  
 Where is the soul-refreshing view  
 Of Jesus, and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd !  
 How sweet their memory still !  
 But they have left an aching void,  
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest ;  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
 And drove thee from my breast :



- 5 The dearest idol I have known,  
     Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
     And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,  
     Calm and serene my frame ;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
     That leads me to the Lamb.

**417.**                              C. M.

- 1 **D**EAR Jesus, let thy pitying eye  
     Call back a wand'ring sheep ;  
 False to my vows, like Peter, I  
     Would fain, like Peter, weep.
- 2 Now let me be by grace restor'd,  
     To me thy mercy shown ;  
 Oh, turn and look upon me, Lord,  
     And break my heart of stone.
- 3 Almighty Prince, enthron'd above,  
     Repentance to impart,  
 Grant, thro' the greatness of thy love,  
     The humble, contrite heart.
- 4 Give what I should have long implor'd,  
     A taste of love unknown ;  
 Oh, turn and look upon me, Lord,  
     And break my heart of stone.
- 5 Behold me, Saviour, from above,  
     Nor suffer me to die ;  
 For life, and happiness, and love,  
     Smile in thy gracious eye.
- 6 Speak but the reconciling word ;  
     Let mercy melt me down :  
 Oh, turn and look upon me, Lord,  
     And break my heart of stone :

**418.**                              C. M.

- 1 **O** THAT I were as heretofore !  
     When warm in my first love ;

I only liv'd my God t' adore,  
And seek the things above !

2 Upon my head his candle shone,  
And lavish of his grace,  
With cords of love he drew me on,  
And half unveil'd his face.

3 Far, far above all earthly things  
'Triumphantly I rode ;  
I soar'd to heaven on eagles' wings,  
And found and talk'd with God.

4 Where am I now, from what a height  
Of happiness cast down !  
The glory swallow'd up in night,  
And faded is the crown.

5 O God, thou art my home, my rest,  
For which I sigh in pain !  
How shall I 'scape into thy breast,  
My Eden how regain ?

L. M.

419.

*Perseverance desired.*

1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour and my God,  
Thou hast redeem'd me with thy blood ;  
By ties, both natural and divine,  
I am, and ever will be thine.

2 But ah ! should my inconstant heart,  
Ere I'm aware from thee depart,  
What dire reproach would fall on me  
For such ingratitude to thee !

3 The thought I dread, the crime I hate ;  
The guilt, the shame, I deprecate :  
And yet so mighty are my foes,  
I dare not trust my warmest vows.

4 Pity my frailty, dearest Lord !  
Grace in the needful hour afford :  
O steel this tim'rous heart of mine  
With fortitude and love divine.

- 5 So shall I triumph o'er my fears,  
And gather joys from all my tears ;  
So shall I to the world proclaim  
The honors of the Christian name.

## 6. SANCTIFICATION AND CHRISTIAN GRACES.

L. M.

420.

*My soul thirsteth for God.*

- 1 **I** THIRST, but not as once I did,  
The vain delights of earth to share :  
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid  
That I should seek my pleasure there.
- 2 It was the sight of thy dear cross  
First wean'd my soul from earthly things ;  
And taught me to esteem as dross  
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.
- 3 I want that grace that springs from thee,  
That quickens all things where it flows,  
And makes a wretched thorn, like me,  
Bloom as the myrtle, or the rose.
- 4 Dear fountain of delight unknown !  
No longer sink below the brim ;  
But overflow, and pour me down  
A living, and life-giving stream !
- 5 For sure, of all the plants that share  
The notice of thy Father's eye,  
None proves less grateful to his care,  
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

L. M.

421.

*Hatred of Sin.*

- 1 **H**OLY Lord God ! I love thy truth,  
Nor dare thy least commandment slight ;  
Yet pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,  
I mourn the anguish of the bite.
- 2 But though the poison lurks within,  
Hope bids me still with patience wait ;  
Till death shall set me free from sin,  
Free from the only thing I hate.

- 3 Had I a throne above the rest,  
Where angels and archangels dwell ;  
One sin unslain within my breast,  
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.
- 4 The prisoner, sent to breathe fresh air,  
And bless'd with liberty again,  
Would mourn were he condemn'd to wear  
One link of all his former chain.
- 5 But oh ! no foe invades the bliss,  
When glory crowns the Christian's head ;  
One view of *Jesus as he is*,  
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

L. M.

422. *When shall I come and appear before God?*

Psalm xlii. 1, 2, 5.

- 1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling springs,  
So longs my soul, O King of kings,  
Thy face in near approach to see,  
So thirsts, great Source of Life, for Thee.
- 2 With ardent zeal, with strong desires,  
To Thee, to Thee my soul aspires,  
When shall I reach thy blest abode ?  
When meet the presence of my God ?
- 3 God of my strength, attend my cry,  
Say why, my great Preserver, why  
Excluded from thy sight I go,  
And bend beneath a weight of wo ?
- 4 Why thus, my soul, with care opprest ?  
And whence the woes that fill my breast ?  
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,  
On God thy steadfast hope repose.
- 5 To Him my thanks shall still be paid,  
My sure defence, my constant aid ;  
His name my zeal shall ever raise,  
And dictate to my lips his praise.

423.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

*Breathing after Holiness.*

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,  
Joy of heaven to earth come down !  
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
All thy faithful mercies crown ;  
Jesus ! thou art all compassion,  
Pure unbounded love thou art ;  
Visit us with thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart !
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy lovely spirit  
Into every troubled breast !  
Let us all in thee inherit,  
Let us find thy promis'd rest :  
Take away the love of sinning,  
Alpha and Omega be,  
End of faith, as its beginning,  
Set our hearts at liberty.
- 3 Come ! almighty to deliver,  
Let us all thy life receive !  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more thy temples leave !  
Thee we would be always blessing,  
Serve thee as thy hosts above ;  
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,  
Glory in thy precious love.
- 4 Finish then thy new creation,  
Pure, unspotted may we be ;  
Let us see thy great salvation  
Perfectly restor'd by thee !  
Change from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place,  
Till we cast our crowns before thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise !

424.

L. M.

- 1 **O** THAT my load of sin were gone,  
O that I could at last submit,



At Jesus' feet to lay it down !  
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !

- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find :  
Saviour if mine indeed thou art,  
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,  
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,  
And fully set my spirit free ;  
I cannot rest till pure within,  
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,  
Thy light and easy burden prove,  
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd blood,  
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 I would; but thou must give the power ;  
My heart from every sin release ;  
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,  
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
- 6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,  
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay ;  
Appear in my poor heart, appear ;  
My God, my Saviour, come away !

**425.** P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.  
*Aspirations of the Soul after God.*

- 1 **M**Y Lord ! in whose presence I live,  
Whose favor alone I desire ;  
To whom all the hopes I conceive,  
With ardent devotion aspire ;  
How pleasant is all that I meet !  
From fear of adversity free ;  
I find even sorrow made sweet,  
Because 'tis assign'd me by thee.
- 2 Transported I see thee display  
Thy riches and glory divine ;  
I have only my life to repay,  
To thee this best gift I resign.

- Thy will is the treasure I seek,  
 For thou art as faithful as strong ;  
 There let me, obedient and meek,  
 Repose myself all the day long.
- 3 My spirit and faculties fail ;  
 O finish what grace has begun !  
 Destroy what is sinful and frail,  
 And dwell in the soul thou hast won !  
 Dear theme of my wonder and praise,  
 I cry, who is worthy as Thou !  
 I can only be silent and gaze ;  
 'Tis all that is left to me now.
- 4 Oh glory, in which I am lost,  
 Too deep for the plummet of thought !  
 On an ocean of Deity toss'd,  
 I'm swallow'd, I sink into naught ;  
 Yet lost and absorb'd as I seem,  
 I chant to the praise of my King ;  
 And though overwhelm'd by the theme,  
 Am happy whenever I sing.

426. (335) L. M.  
*Prayer for spiritual mindedness.*

- 1 **M**Y God ! permit me not to be  
 A stranger to myself and thee ;  
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
 Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
 And thus debase my heav'nly birth ?  
 Why should I cleave to things below,  
 And let my God, my Father, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;  
 Thy gracious word can draw me thence ;  
 I would obey the voice divine,  
 And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her cares, withdrawn ;  
 Let noise and vanity be gone ;

In secret silence of the mind,  
My heav'n, and there my God, I find

427. (336) L. M.  
*Retirement and meditation.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, my roving heart, return,  
And chase these shadowy forms no more,  
Seek out some solitude to mourn,  
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home ;  
Retir'd and silent seek them there :  
This is the way to overcome,  
The way to break the tempter's snare.
- 3 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye  
Distinct surveys each deep recess,  
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,  
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 4 Through all the mazes of my heart,  
My search let heav'nly wisdom guide ;  
And still its radiant beams impart,  
Till all be search'd and purified.
- 5 Then with the visits of thy love  
Vouchsafe my inmost soul to cheer ;  
Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove,  
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

428. (318) S. M.  
*The blessedness of God's children.*

- 1 **M**Y Father! cheering name !  
O may I call thee mine !  
Give me with humble hope to claim  
A portion so divine.
- 2 This can my fears control,  
And bid my sorrows fly :  
What real harm can reach my soul  
Beneath my Father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er thy will denies,  
I calmly would resign ;

For thou art just, and good, and wise !  
O bend my will to thine !

4    Whate'er thy will ordains,  
      O give me strength to bear ;  
Still let me know, a Father reigns,  
      And trust a Father's care.

5    If anguish rend this frame,  
      And life almost depart :  
Is not thy mercy still the same,  
      To cheer my drooping heart ?

6    Thy ways are little known  
      To my weak erring sight ;  
Yet shall my soul, believing, own  
      That all thy ways are right.

7    My Father ! blissful name !  
      Beyond expression dear :  
If thou admit my humble claim,  
      I bid adieu to fear.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

429. *Resignation ; or, my Times are in thy Hand.*

1    **S**OVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,  
      Ever gracious, ever wise !  
All my times are in thy hand,  
All events at thy command.

2    Thou didst form me in the womb,  
      Thou wilt guide me to the tomb ;  
All my times shall ever be  
      Order'd by thy wise decree.

3    Times of sickness, times of health ;  
      Times of penury and wealth ;  
Times of trial and of grief ;  
      Times of triumph and relief :

4    Times temptation's power to prove,  
      Times to taste a Saviour's love ;  
All is fix'd—the means and end,  
      As shall please my heav'nly Friend.

- 5 Plagues and deaths around me fly ;  
 Till he bids I cannot die ;  
 Not a single shaft can hit,  
 Till the God of love sees fit.

**430.** (332) L. M.  
*Humility.*

- 1 **W**HEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,  
 Who, from the cradle to the shroud,  
 Lives but the insect of a day,—  
 O why should mortal man be proud ?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,  
 Then vanish, and no more are found :  
 The stateliest pile his pride can rear,  
 A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubts perplex'd, in error lost,  
 With trembling step he seeks his way :  
 How vain of wisdom's gift the boast !  
 Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,  
 Are crowded in life's little span :  
 How ill, alas, does pride become  
 That erring, guilty creature, man !
- 5 God of my life ! Father divine !  
 Give me a meek and lowly mind ;  
 In modest worth O let me shine,  
 And peace in humble virtue find.

**431.** (340) C. M.  
*Fruits of Love.—1 Cor. 13.*

- 1 **L**ET Pharisees of high esteem  
 Their faith and zeal declare :  
 All their religion is a dream,  
 If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,  
 Nor is provok'd in haste ;  
 She lets the present inj'ry die,  
 And long forgets the past.



- 3 Malice and rage, those fires of hell,  
 She quenches with her tongue ;  
 Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,  
 Tho' she endures the wrong.
- 4 She ne'er desires nor seeks to know  
 The scandals of the time ;  
 Nor looks with pride on those below,  
 Nor envies those that climb.
- 5 She lays her own advantage by,  
 To seek her neighbor's good ;  
 So God's own Son came down to die,  
 And save us by his blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r  
 In all the realms above ;  
 There faith and hope are known no more,  
 But saints for ever love.

432.

(352) S. M.

*Love to the brethren.*

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie, that binds  
 Our hearts in christian love !  
 The fellowship of kindred minds  
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,  
 We pour our ardent pray'rs :  
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
 Our mutual burdens bear ;  
 And often for each other flows  
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain :  
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
 And sin, we shall be free ;

And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

433.

(354) L. M.

*The same.*

- 1 **H**OW blest the sacred tie, that binds  
In union sweet, according minds !  
How swift the heav'nly course they run,  
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one !
- 2 To each, the soul of each how dear !  
What watchful love, what holy fear !  
How doth the gen'rous flame within  
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow  
For human guilt and mortal wo ;  
Their ardent pray'rs together rise,  
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Together both they seek the place,  
Where God reveals his awful face ;  
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,  
There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire  
'Midst nature's drooping sick'ning fire :  
Soon shall they meet in realms above,  
A heav'n of joy, because of love.

434.

(357) S. M.

*Brotherly love.*

- 1 **L**O, what a pleasing sight  
Are brethren that agree !  
How blest are all, whose hearts unite  
In bonds of piety !
- 2 From those celestial springs,  
Such streams of comfort flow,  
As no increase of riches brings,  
Nor honors can bestow.
- 3 All in their stations move,  
And each performs his part,

- In all the cares of life and love,  
With sympathizing heart.
- 4 Form'd for the purest joys,  
By one desire possest,  
One aim the zeal of all employs,  
To make each other blest.
- 5 No bliss can equal theirs,  
Where such affections meet ;  
While praise devout, and mingled pray'rs  
Make their communion sweet.
- 6 'Tis the same pleasure fills  
The breast in worlds above ;  
Where joy like morning-dew distills,  
And all the air is love.

C. M.

435.

*Submission.*—Heb. xii. 7.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, my best desires fulfil,  
And help me to resign  
Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,  
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,  
Whose love forbids my fears ?  
Or tremble at the gracious hand,  
That wipes away my tears ?
- 3 No—let me rather freely yield  
What most I prize to thee,  
Who never hast a good withheld,  
Nor wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favor, all my journey through,  
Thou art engag'd to grant :  
What else I want, or think I do,  
'Tis better still to want.
- 5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way :  
Shall I resist them both ?  
A poor blind creature of a day,  
And crush'd before the moth ?

- 6 But ah ! my inmost spirit cries,  
Still bind me to thy sway ;  
Else the next cloud that veils my skies  
Drives all these thoughts away.

436. (281) L. M.  
*Love, the chief of graces.*

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,  
And nobler speech than angels use ;  
If love be absent, I am found,  
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell  
All that is done in heav'n and hell,  
Or could my faith the world remove,  
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,  
To feed the bowels of the poor ;  
Or give my body to the flame,  
To gain a martyr's glorious name :
- 4 If love to God, and love to men  
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal  
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

437. (213) C. M.  
*Prayer for divine guidance.*

- 1 **O** GOD of Jacob, by whose hand  
Thy people still are fed ;  
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,  
Hast all our fathers led !
- 2 To thee our humble vows we raise,  
To thee address our prayer ;  
And in thy kind and faithful breast  
Deposit all our care.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;  
Give us by day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.

4 O! spread thy cov'ring wings around,  
Till all our wand'rings cease;  
And at our fathers' lov'd abode  
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 To thee, as to our cov'nant God,  
We'll our whole selves resign;  
And thankful own, that all we are,  
And all we have, is thine.

438. (313) C. M.  
*The importance and influence of love.*

1 **H**APPY the heart, where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast:  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear:  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move;  
The devils know, and tremble too;  
But devils do not love.

4 This is the grace, that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.

439. (292) S. M.  
*Watchfulness.*

1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,  
Each in his office wait;  
Observant of his heav'nly word,  
And watchful at his gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame,  
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,  
For awful is his name.



- 3 Watch ! 'tis your Lord's command,  
And while we speak, he's near;  
Mark the first signal of his hand,  
And ready all appear.
- 4 O happy servant he,  
In such a posture found !  
He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
And be with honor crown'd.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

440. *Jacob's wrestling with God.*—Gen. xxxii. 26.

- 1 **L**ORD, I cannot let thee go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow ;  
Do not turn away thy face,  
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Dost thou ask me who I am ?  
Ah ! my Lord, thou know'st my name !  
Yet the question gives a plea,  
To support my suit with thee !
- 3 Thou didst once a wretch behold,  
In rebellion blindly bold ;  
Scorn thy grace—thy pow'r defy—  
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.
- 4 Once a sinner near despair  
Sought thy mercy-seat by pray'r ;  
Mercy heard and set him free,  
Lord, that mercy came to me.
- 5 Many days have past since then,  
Many changes I have seen ;  
Yet have been upheld till now ;  
Who could hold me up but thou ?
- 6 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need—  
This emboldens me to plead ;  
After so much mercy past,  
Canst thou let me sink at last ?

- 7 No—I must maintain my hold—  
 'Tis thy goodness makes me bold ;  
 I can no denial take,  
 When I plead for Jesus' sake.

441. P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

- 1 **F**ATHER, Son and Holy Ghost,  
 One in Three, and Three in One,  
 As by the celestial host,  
 Let thy will on earth be done :  
 Praise by all to thee be given,  
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.
- 2 If so poor a worm as I  
 May to thy great glory live,  
 All my actions sanctify,  
 All my words and thoughts receive.  
 Claim me for thy service, claim,  
 All I have, and all I am.
- 3 Take my soul and body's powers!  
 Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,  
 All my goods and all my hours,  
 All I know and all I feel :  
 All I think, or speak, or do ;  
 Take my heart ; but make it new !
- 4 Now, O God, thine own I am :  
 Now I give thee back thine own ;  
 Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,  
 Consecrate to thee alone :  
 Thine I live, thrice happy I ;  
 Happier still if thine I die.
- 5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 One in Three, and Three in One,  
 As by the celestial host,  
 Let thy will on earth be done :  
 Praise by all to thee be given,  
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

7. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE FIGURATIVELY DESCRIBED AS TAKING UP THE CROSS.

442. L. M.  
*Not ashamed of Christ.*

- 1 **J**ESUS ! and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man asham'd of thee !  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days !
- 2 Asham'd of Jesus ! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star ;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus ! just as soon  
Let midnight be asham'd of noon :  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,  
Bright Morning Star ! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus ! that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend !  
No ! when I blush—be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus ! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not asham'd of me !

443. P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.  
*World renounced.*

- 1 **T**ELL me no more of earthly toys,  
Of sinful mirth and carnal joys,  
(The things I lov'd before :)  
Let me but view my Saviour's face,  
And feel his animating grace,  
And I desire no more.

- 2 Tell me no more of praise and wealth,  
Of careless ease and blooming health,  
For they have all their snares :  
Let me but know my sins forgiv'n,  
And see my name enroll'd in heaven,  
And I am free from cares.
- 3 Tell me no more of lofty tow'rs,  
Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs,  
For these are trifling things ;  
The little room for me design'd,  
Will suit as well my easy mind,  
As palaces of kings.
- 4 Tell me no more of crowding guests,  
Of gaudy dress, and sumptuous feasts,  
Extravagance and waste :  
My little table, only spread  
With wholesome herbs, and wholesome bread,  
Will better suit my taste.
- 5 Give me a bible in my hand,  
A heart to read and understand,  
This sure, unerring word ;  
I'd urge no company to stay,  
But sit alone from day to day,  
And converse with the Lord.

444. P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.  
*Welcoming the Cross.*

- 1 'TIS my happiness below,  
Not to live without the cross ;  
But the Saviour's power to know  
Sanctifying every loss :  
Trials must and will befall ;  
But—with humble faith to see  
Love inscrib'd upon them all—  
This is happiness to me.
- 2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain, and toil :  
These spring up, and choke the weeds  
Which would else o'erspread the soil ;

Trials make the promise sweet ;  
 Trials give new life to pray'r ;  
 Trials bring me to his feet,—  
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

- 3 Did I meet no trials here—  
 No chastisement by the way—  
 Might I not, with reason, fear  
 I should prove a cast-away ?  
 Bastards may escape the rod,  
 Sunk in earthly vain delight ;  
 But the true-born child of God  
 Must not,—would not, if he might.

L. M.

445. *Prayer answered by Crosses.*

- 1 **I** ASK'D the Lord that I might grow  
 In faith, and love, and ev'ry grace,  
 Might more of his salvation know,  
 And seek, more earnestly, his face.
- 2 'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,  
 And he, I trust, has answer'd prayer :  
 But it has been in such a way  
 As almost drove me to despair.
- 3 I hop'd that in some favor'd hour  
 At once he'd answer my request,  
 And by his love's constraining power  
 Subdue my sins and give me rest.
- 4 Instead of this he made me feel  
 The hidden evils of my heart,  
 And let the angry powers of hell  
 Assault my soul in every part.
- 5 Yea, more, with his own hand he seem'd  
 Intent to aggravate my wo,  
 Cross'd all the fair designs I schem'd,  
 Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.
- 6 "Lord, why is this?" I trembling cry'd :  
 "Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"



“’Tis in this way,” the Lord replied,  
 “I answer prayer for grace and faith !

- 7 “These inward trials I employ,  
 From self and pride to set thee free :  
 And break thy schemes of earthly joy,  
 That thou may’st seek thy all in me.”

**446.**                      (274) L. M.  
*Christian holiness.*

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express  
 The holy gospel we profess ;  
 So let our works and virtues shine,  
 To prove the doctrine all divine !
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
 The honors of our Saviour God,  
 When the salvation reigns within,  
 And grace subdues the pow’r of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny’d,  
 Passion and envy, lust and pride ;  
 Whilst justice, temp’rance, truth, and love,  
 Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
 Whilst we expect that blessed hope,  
 The bright appearance of the Lord,  
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

A PILGRIMAGE.

L. M.

**447.** “*For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.*”—Heb. xiii. 14.

- 1 “**W**E’VE no abiding city here,”  
 This may distress the worldly mind ;  
 But should not cost a saint a tear,  
 Who hopes a better rest to find.
- 2 “We’ve no abiding city here,”  
 Sad truth were this to be our home ;  
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,  
 “We seek a city yet to come.”

- 3 "We've no abiding city here,"  
 Then let us live as pilgrims do ;  
 Let not the world our rest appear ;  
 But let us haste from all below.
- 4 "We've no abiding city here,"  
 We seek a city out of sight :  
 Zion it's name,—the Lord is there,  
 It shines with everlasting light.
- 5 O! sweet abode of peace and love,  
 Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !  
 Had I the pinions of the dove,  
 I'd flee to thee, and be at rest.
- 6 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine !  
 The time my God appoints is best :  
 While here, to do his will be *mine*;  
 And *his* to fix my time of rest.

L. M.

448. *Longing for our heavenly home.*

- 1 "O ZION, when I think of thee,  
 I wish for pinions like a dove,  
 And mourn to think that I should be  
 So distant from the place I love.
- 2 "An exile here, and far from home,  
 For Zion's sacred walls I sigh,  
 Thither the ransom'd nations come,  
 And see the Saviour eye to eye.
- 3 "While here I walk on hostile ground,  
 The few that I can call my friends,  
 Are like myself, with fetters bound,  
 And weariness our steps attends.
- 4 "But yet we shall behold the day  
 When Zion's children shall return ;  
 Our sorrows then shall flee away,  
 And we shall never, never mourn.
- 5 "The hope that such a day will come,  
 Makes e'en the exile's portion sweet ;

Though now we wander far from home,  
In Zion soon we all shall meet."

L. M.

449.

*Following Christ.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I plac'd my hopes upon ;  
His track I see—and I'll pursue  
The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy Prophets went,  
The road that leads from banishment ;  
The King's highway of holiness  
I'll go ; for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not ;  
My grief, my burden, long has been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more :  
Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
"Come hither, soul, for I'm the way."
- 5 Lo, glad I come, and thou, dear Lamb,  
Shalt take me to thee as I am :  
Nothing but sin I thee can give,  
Nothing but love do I receive.
- 6 I'll tell to all poor sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found ;  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say, "Behold the way to God."

L. M.

450.

*The narrow Way.*

- 1 **W**HAT thousands never knew the road !  
What thousands hate it when 'tis known !  
None but the upright and sincere,  
Will seek or choose it for their own.
- 2 A thousand ways in ruin end,  
One only leads to joys on high ;

- By that my willing steps ascend,  
Pleas'd with a journey to the sky.
- 3 No more I ask or hope to find  
Delight or happiness below ;  
Sorrow may well possess the mind  
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.
- 4 The joy that fades is not for me,  
I seek immortal joys above ;  
There glory without end shall be  
The bright reward of faith and love.
- 5 Cleave to the world, ye sordid worms,  
Contented lick your native dust ;  
But God shall fight with all his storms,  
Against the idol of your trust.

P. M. 8, 8, 6, S, S, 6.

451. *The Christian Pilgrim seeking a better Country.*  
Heb. xi. 13—16. xiii. 14.

- 1 **H**OW happy is the pilgrim's lot,  
How free from every anxious thought,  
From worldly hope and fear !  
Confin'd to neither court nor cell,  
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,  
He only sojourns here.
- 2 Though I no foot of land possess,  
Nor cottage in this wilderness,  
A poor way-faring man,  
I lodge awhile in tents below,  
Or gladly wander to and fro,  
Till I my Canaan gain.
- 3 Nothing on earth I call my own ;  
A stranger to the world unknown,  
I all their goods despise :  
I trample on their whole delight,  
And seek a city out of sight,  
A city in the skies.
- 4 There is my house and portion fair,  
My treasure and my heart are there,

And my abiding home ;  
 For me my elder brethren stay,  
 And angels beckon me away,  
 And Jesus bids me come !

- 5 I come, thy servant, Lord, replies,  
 I come, to meet thee in the skies,  
 And claim my heavenly rest !  
 Now let the pilgrim's journey end,  
 Now, O my Saviour, brother, friend,  
 Receive me to thy breast !

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

**452.** *Grateful recollection on the journey of life.*

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of every blessing,  
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace,  
 Streams of mercy never ceasing  
 Call for songs of loudest praise :  
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;  
 Praise the mount—O fix me on it,  
 Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by thy help I'm come :  
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home :  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God ;  
 He, to save my soul from danger,  
 Interpos'd his precious blood.
- 3 O ! to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !  
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to thee !  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
 Prone to leave the God I love—  
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
 Seal it from thy courts above.



P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

453. *Rejoicing in Hope.*—Isaiah xxxv. 10.  
 Luke xii. 32.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heavenly King,  
 As ye journey, sweetly sing :  
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,  
 In the way the fathers trod ;  
 They are happy now, and ye  
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad !  
 Christ our advocate is made ;  
 Us to save, our flesh assumes—  
 Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,  
 You on Jesus' throne shall rest :  
 There your seat is now prepar'd—  
 There your kingdom and reward.
- 5 Fear not, brethren—joyful stand  
 On the borders of your land ;  
 Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
 Bids you undismay'd go on.
- 6 Lord, submissive make us go,  
 Gladly leaving all below ;  
 Only thou our leader be,  
 And we still will follow thee.

454. (290) C. M

- 1 **O**UR country is Immanuel's ground ;  
 We seek that promis'd soil :  
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,  
 While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,  
 And oft are bath'd in tears :  
 Yet naught but heav'n our hopes can raise,  
 And naught but sin our fears.

- 3 The flow'rs, that spring along the road,  
 We scarcely stoop to pluck ;  
 We walk o'er beds of shining ore,  
 Nor waste one anxious look.
- 4 We tread the path our Master trod ;  
 We bare the cross he bore ;  
 And ev'ry thorn that wounds our feet,  
 His temples pierc'd before.
- 5 Our pow'rs are oft dissolv'd away  
 In ecstasies of love ;  
 And, while our bodies wander here,  
 Our souls are fix'd above.
- 6 We purge our mortal dross away,  
 Refining as we run ;  
 But, while we die to earth and sense,  
 Our heav'n is here begun.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

455. *Christ, a Guide through Death to Glory.*

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !  
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand :  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing streams do flow,  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
 Lead me all my journey through :  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;  
 Death of deaths, and hell's Destruction,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to Thee.

P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6.

456. *The Christian pilgrim's evening ode.*

- 1 [THE sun is fast descending  
His circuit from on high ;  
The shades of eve are blending  
With yonder distant sky ;  
Soon will the landscape vanish,  
And sable darkness banish  
These scenes from mortal eye.]
- 2 Thus too our days are ending,  
The race will soon be run,  
Our sun is fast descending ;  
Our work is almost done.  
Soon will our Master greet us,  
And heav'nly legions meet us  
To waft us to our home.
- 3 Then pilgrims ! come, delay not  
On this unfriendly ground,  
And in the desert say not,  
That you have Canaan found.  
The fiery pillar leads us,  
The promis'd manna feeds us,  
But barren is the ground.
- 4 Come tune the harp to gladness,  
A song of Zion sing ;  
Away with thoughts of sadness,  
We'll praise our heav'nly King.  
Our trials and our crosses,  
Our sufferings and our losses,  
But keep us near to him.
- 5 But Zion ! when we raise thee  
A song in distant lands,  
The harp that fain would praise thee,  
Falls tuneless from our hands.  
Our hearts, distress'd and lonely,  
Can leap for gladness only  
In thy dear happy land.

## A VOYAGE.

L. M.

457. "*So he brought them unto their desired Haven.*"

Psalm cvii. 30.

- 1 **T**HE christian navigates a sea  
Where various forms of death appear ;  
Nor skill, alas ! nor power has he,  
Aright his dangerous course to steer.
- 2 Sometimes there lies a treacherous rock  
Beneath the surface of the wave !  
He strikes, but yet survives the shock,  
For Jesus is at hand to save.
- 3 But hark, the midnight tempest roars !  
He seems forsaken and alone :  
But Jesus, whom he then implores,  
Unseen preserves and leads him on.
- 4 On the smooth surface of the deep,  
Without a fear he sometimes lies :  
The danger then is lest he sleep,  
And ruin seize him by surprise.
- 5 His destin'd land he sometimes sees,  
And thinks his toils will soon be o'er ;  
Expects some favorable breeze  
Will waft him quickly to the shore.
- 6 But sudden clouds obstruct his view,  
And he enjoys the sight no more ;  
Nor does he now believe it true,  
That he had ever seen the shore.
- 7 Though fear his heart should overwhelm,  
He'll reach the port for which he's bound ;  
For Jesus holds and guides the helm,  
And safety is where he is found.

## SCENE OF TROUBLES.

C. M.

458. *Afflictions and death under Providence.*

Job v. 6—8.

- 1 **N**OT from the dust affliction grows  
Nor troubles rise by chance;  
Yet we are born to care and woes,  
A sad inheritance.
- 2 As sparks break out from burning coals,  
And still are upwards borne,  
So grief is rooted in our souls,  
And man grows up to mourn.
- 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,  
And trust his promis'd grace;  
He rules me by his well-known laws  
Of love and righteousness.
- 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore  
Shall spoil my future peace,  
For death and hell can do no more  
Than what my Father please.

## 459.

(460) L. M.

*Sanctified affliction.*

- 1 **F**ATHER! I bless thy gentle hand:  
How kind was thy chastising rod,  
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,  
And brought my wand'ring soul to God!
- 2 Foolish and vain I went astray,  
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord!  
I left my guide, and lost my way;  
But now I love and keep thy word.
- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,  
For pride is apt to rise and swell;  
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,  
That I might learn his statutes well.
- 4 The Law, that issues from thy mouth,  
Shall raise my cheerful passions more



Than all the treasures of the south,  
Or western hills of golden ore.

- 5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,  
Thy spirit form'd my soul within :  
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,  
And guard me safe from death and sin.
- 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord,  
At my salvation shall rejoice ;  
For I have trusted in thy word,  
And made thy grace my only choice.

## 460.

(463) L. M.

- 1 **T**HE darken'd sky how thick it low'rs !  
Troubled with storms, and big with show'rs ;  
No cheerful gleam of light appears,  
But nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 Yet let the sons of grace revive :  
God bids the soul, that seeks him, live ;  
And, from the gloomiest shades of night,  
Calls forth a morning of delight.
- 3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown,  
Are in these water'd furrows sown ;  
See the green blades, how thick they rise,  
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes !
- 4 In secret foldings they contain  
Unnumber'd ears of golden grain ;  
And heav'n shall pour its beams around,  
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,  
And find his sheaves and bring them home ;  
The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing,  
Till heav'n with hallelujahs ring.

## 461.

C. M.

*Affliction sanctified.*—Ps. xlii.

- 1 **A**FFLICTION is a stormy deep,  
Where wave resounds to wave ;

Though o'er my head the billows roll,  
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys  
Can reinstate my peace;  
And he who bade the tempest roar,  
Can bid that tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night,  
I'll count his mercies o'er;  
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,  
And humbly sue for more.

4 When darkness and when sorrows rose  
And press'd on every side,  
The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,  
And still has been my guide.

5 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,  
Nor murmur at his rod;  
He's more than all the world to me,  
My health, my life, my God!

## A WARFARE.

462. C. M.  
*Holy Fortitude.*—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

1 **A**M I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies,  
On flowery beds of ease?  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sail'd through bloody seas!

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign ;  
 Increase my courage, Lord !  
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
 Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,  
 Shall conquer though they die ;  
 They see the triumph from afar,  
 And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
 And all thine armies shine  
 In robes of victory through the skies,  
 The glory shall be thine !

C. M.

**463.**      *Conflict between sin and holiness.*

- 1 **W**HEN heaven does grant at certain times,  
 Amidst a pow'rful gale,  
 Sweet liberty to moan my crimes,  
 And wand'rings to bewail—
- 2 Then do I dream my sinful brood  
 Is drown'd in the wide main  
 Of crystal tears and crimson blood,  
 And ne'er will live again.
- 3 I get my foes beneath my feet,  
 I bruise the serpent's head ;  
 I hope the vict'ry is complete,  
 And all my lusts are dead.
- 4 But ah, alas ! th' ensuing hour  
 My passions rise and swell ;  
 They rage and reinforce their pow'r  
 With new recruits from hell.

C. M.

**464.**      *Pleading with God under affliction.*

- 1 **W**HY should a living man complain  
 Of deep distress within,  
 Since every sigh, and every pain,  
 Is but the fruit of sin ?

- 2 No, Lord, I'll patiently submit,  
Nor ever dare rebel;  
Yet sure I may, here at thy feet,  
My painful feelings tell.
- 3 Thou seest what floods of sorrow rise,  
And beat upon my soul;  
One trouble to another cries,  
Billows on billows roll.
- 4 From fear to hope, and hope to fear,  
My shipwreck'd soul is tost;  
Till I am tempted, in despair,  
To give up all for lost.
- 5 Yet through the stormy clouds I'll look  
Once more to thee, my God:  
O fix my feet upon a rock,  
Beyond the gaping flood.
- 6 One look of mercy from thy face  
Will set my heart at ease;  
One all-commanding word of grace  
Will make the tempest cease.

## A DESERT.

C. M.

465.

*The Desert.*—1 Pet. v. 8.

- 1 **W**HEN night descends in sable guise,  
And spreads her gloom around,  
To close the weary traveller's eyes,  
And rest him on the ground,
- 2 Amidst the dreary desert wide,  
The wanderer faints to hear,  
The wide alarm on every side,  
Which speaks some danger near.
- 3 So in this wilderness of life,  
Whene'er afflictions come,  
We sink, as in a night of grief,  
Far from our sheltering home.

4 The tempter's, like a lion's roar,  
 Sounds through the vale abroad,  
 Then let us watch, and ever more  
 Depend upon our God.

5 From every other help afar,  
 And left without a friend,  
 God is a helper ever near,  
 And faithful to the end.

8. CHRISTIAN ASSURANCE AND CONFIDENCE IN  
 GOD.

(261) C. M.  
**466.** *The confidence of the Christian.*

1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
 To mansions in the skies,  
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
 And hellish darts be hurl'd:  
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
 And storms of sorrow fall:  
 May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heav'n, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heav'nly rest;  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.

**467.** L. M.

1 **H**OW do thy mercies close me round,  
 For ever be thy name ador'd;  
 I blush in all things to abound;  
 The servant is above his Lord!

2 Inur'd to poverty and pain,  
 A suff'ring life my Master led:



The Son of God, the Son of man,  
He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo ! a place he hath prepar'd  
For me, whom watchful angels keep ;  
Yea, he himself becomes my guard :  
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects ; my fears, begone :  
What can the rock of ages move !  
Safe in thine arms I lay me down,  
Thine everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,  
Who, who shall violate my rest ?  
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy ;  
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath th' Almighty's shade,  
My griefs expire, my troubles cease ;  
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,  
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

7 Me for thine own thou lov'st to take  
In time and in eternity ;  
Thou never, never wilt forsake  
A helpless worm that trusts in thee.

S. M.

468. *It shall be well with the righteous.*—Isa. iii. 10.

1 **W**HAT cheering words are these !  
Their sweetness who can tell ?  
In time and to eternity,  
'Tis with the righteous well.

2 In ev'ry state secure,  
Kept by Jehovah's eye,  
'Tis well with them while life endures,  
And well when call'd to die.

3 'Tis well when joys arise,  
'Tis well when sorrows flow ;

- 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,  
And strong temptations blow.
- 4 'Tis well when on the mount  
They feast on dying love ;  
And 'tis as well in God's account,  
When they the furnace prove.
- 5 'Tis well when at his throne,  
They wrestle, weep, and pray,  
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,  
Yet bring their wants away.
- 6 'Tis well when Jesus calls,  
From earth and sin, arise,  
Join with the host of virgin souls,  
Made to salvation wise.

## 469.

L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, whose gracious power,  
Thro' various deaths my soul hath led,  
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,  
Or lifted up my sinking head !
- 2 In all my ways thy hand I own,  
Thy ruling providence I see :  
Assist me still my course to run,  
And still direct my paths to thee.
- 3 Whither, O whither should I fly,  
But to my loving Saviour's breast ;  
Secure within thine arms to lie,  
And safe beneath thy wings to rest.
- 4 I have no skill the snare to shun,  
But thou, O Christ ! my wisdom art :  
I ever into ruin run,  
But thou art greater than my heart.
- 5 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,  
Lead me a way I have not known ;  
Bring me where I my heaven may find,  
The heaven of loving thee alone.

- 6 Enlarge my heart to make thee room ;  
Enter, and in me ever stay :  
The crooked then shall straight become ;  
The darkness shall be lost in day !

470.

C. M.

- 1 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,  
And let it faint or die ;  
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,  
And soar to worlds on high :  
Shall join the disembodied saints,  
And find its long-sought rest :  
That only bliss for which it pants  
In the Redeemer's breast.
- 2 In hope of that immortal crown,  
I now the cross sustain ;  
And gladly wander up and down,  
And smile at toil, and pain :  
I suffer on my three-score years  
Till my Deliv'rer come :  
And wipe away his servant's tears,  
And take his exile home.
- 3 O what hath Jesus bought for me !  
Before my ravish'd eyes,  
Rivers of life divine I see,  
And trees of paradise !  
I see a world of spirits bright,  
Who taste the pleasures there !  
They all are rob'd in spotless white  
And conqu'ring palms they bear.
- 4 O what are all my suff'rings here,  
If, Lord, thou count me meet,  
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,  
And worship at thy feet !  
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,  
Take life or friends away :  
But let me find them all again  
In that eternal day.

471. (324) L. M.  
*Safety in God.*

- 1 **C**OURAGE, my soul ! while God is near,  
What enemy hast thou to fear ?  
How canst thou want a sure defence,  
Whose refuge is Omnipotence ?
- 2 Tho' thickest dangers crowd my way,  
My God can chase my fears away :  
My steadfast heart on him relies,  
And all those dangers still defies.
- 3 Tho' billows after billows roll,  
To overwhelm my sinking soul ;  
Firm as a rock my faith shall stand,  
Upheld by God's almighty hand.
- 4 In life, his presence is my aid ;  
In death, 'twill guide me thro' the shade ;  
Chase all my rising fears away,  
And turn my darkness into day.

472. C. M.  
*God's Presence is Light.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades if he appear,  
My dawning is begun ;  
He is my soul's sweet morning star,  
And he my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,  
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,  
And whispers *I am his!*
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the shining way  
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,  
 I'd break through every foe ;  
 The wings of love, and arms of faith  
 Should bear me conqueror through.

L. M.

**473.** *No Trust in the Creatures ; or, Faith in Divine  
 Grace and Power.*

- 1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone ;  
 My rock and refuge is his throne :  
 In all my fears, in all my straits,  
 My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,  
 Pour out your hearts before his face :  
 When helpers fail, and foes invade,  
 God is our all sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree,  
 The baser sort are vanity ;  
 Laid in the balance both appear  
 Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,  
 Nor set your heart on glittering dust :  
 Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,  
 And not believe what God hath spoke ?
- 5 Once has his awful voice declared,  
 Once and again my ears have heard,  
 "All power is his eternal due :  
 He must be fear'd and trusted too."
- 6 For Sovereign power reigns not alone,  
 Grace is a partner of the throne :  
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,  
 Shall well divide our last reward.

9. CHRISTIAN IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.

C. M.

**474.** *Meditations on future Glory.*

- 1 **'T**IS sweet to rest in lively hope,  
 That when my change shall come,  
 Angels will hover round my bed,  
 And waft my spirit home !



- 2 There shall my dis-imprison'd soul,  
Behold him and adore ;  
Be with his likeness satisfied,  
And grieve, and sin, no more.
- 3 Shall see him wear that very flesh,  
On which my guilt was lain ;  
His love intense, his merit fresh,  
As though but newly slain.
- 4 Soon too my slumbering dust shall hear  
The trumpet's quickening sound ;  
And by my Saviour's power rebuilt,  
At his right hand be found.
- 5 These eyes shall see him in that day,  
The God that died for me !  
And all my rising bones shall say,  
Lord, who is like to thee !
- 6 If such the views which grace unfolds,  
Weak as it is below,  
What raptures must the church above,  
In Jesus' presence know !
- 7 O may the unction of these truths,  
For ever with me stay,  
Till from her sinful cage dismiss'd,  
My spirit flies away !

475. P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.  
*Soul happy on a Death Bed.*

- 1 **E**V'RY moment brings me nearer  
To my long sought rest above ;  
Higher mounts my soul, and higher—  
O how happy to remove ;  
Then, for ever,  
Shall I sing redeeming love.
- 2 Soon shall I be gone to glory—  
Join the bright, angelic race,  
There repeat the pleasing story—  
I was sav'd by sovereign grace :

And for ever  
View my loving Saviour's face.

- 3 Tho' my burden sore oppress me,  
And I shrink beneath my pain,  
Jesus Christ will soon release me,  
And your loss will be my gain :  
Precious Saviour,  
With my Lord I shall remain.

C. M.

476. *View of Canaan.*—Deut. xxxii. 49.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,  
That rises to my sight !  
Sweet fields array'd in living green,  
And rivers of delight !
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow ;  
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales,  
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains  
Shines one eternal day ;  
There God the Son for ever reigns,  
And scatters night away.
- 5 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore ;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and fear'd no more.
- 6 When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be for ever blest ?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest ?
- 7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul  
Would here no longer stay ;

Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.

P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, as 112.

477. *Longing for Heaven.*—Job iii. 17—22.  
Is. li. 14. Phil. i. 23.

1 **T**O languish for his native air  
Can the poor, wandering exile cease?  
The tir'd his wish of rest forbear?  
The tortur'd help desiring ease?  
The slave no more for freedom sigh  
Or I no longer pine to die?

2 As shipwreck'd mariners desire,  
With eager grasp, to reach the shore;  
As hirelings long t' obtain their hire,  
And veterans wish their warfare o'er;  
I languish from this earth to flee,  
And gasp for—*immortality*.

3 To heaven I lift my mournful eyes,  
And all within me groans, "how long?"  
O were I landed in the skies!  
The bitter loss, the cruel wrong,  
Should there no more my soul molest,  
Or break my everlasting rest.

4 O could I break this carnal fence,  
Drop all my sorrows in the tomb,  
On angel's wings remove from hence,  
And fly this happy moment home,  
Quit the dark house of mouldering clay,  
And launch into eternal day!

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.  
478. *The dying Christian.*—Deut. xxxii 49, 50.

1 **J**ESUS, help thy fallen creature!  
Conqueror of the world thou art,  
Stronger than the foe, and greater  
Than this poor rebellious heart:  
Power I know to thee is given,  
Power to sentence or release,  
Power to shut or open heaven;  
Thou alone hast all the keys.

- 2 Open, then, in great compassion,  
 Open mercy's door to me,  
 Out of mighty tribulation  
 Bring me forth thy face to see ;  
 O cut short my days of mourning,  
 Quickly to my rescue come,  
 Let me joyfully returning  
 Reach my everlasting home.
- 3 Hear me, Lord, myself bemoaning,  
 Banish'd from my native place,  
 Languishing for God, and groaning  
 To appear before thy face :  
 From this bodily oppression  
 Set my earnest spirit free,  
 Give me now the full possession,  
 Let me now thy glory see.
- 4 If thou ever didst discover  
 To my faith the promis'd land,  
 Bid me now the stream pass over,  
 On that heavenly border stand,  
 Now surmount whate'er opposes,  
 Into thine embraces fly ;  
 Speak the word thou spak'st to Moses,  
 Bid me get me up, and die.

L. M.

**479.** *Desiring to depart, and to be with Christ.*  
 Phil. i. 23.

- 1 **W**HILE on the verge of life I stand,  
 And view the scene on either hand,  
 My spirit struggles with my clay,  
 And longs to wing its flight away.
- 2 Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,  
 And fains my much-lov'd Lord to see ;  
 Earth, twine no more about my heart !  
 For 'tis far better to depart.
- 3 Come, ye angelic envoys ! come,  
 And lead the willing pilgrim home ;

Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,—  
Source of my joys, and of your own.

- 4 That blissful interview, how sweet !  
To fall transported at his feet !  
Rais'd in his arms, to view his face,  
Through the full beamings of his grace !
- 5 As with a seraph's voice to sing !  
To fly as on a cherub's wing !  
Performing, with unwearied hands,  
The present Saviour's high commands.
- 6 Yet, with these prospects full in sight,  
We'll wait thy signal for the flight,  
For, while thy service we pursue,  
We find a heaven in all we do.

480. (492) L. M.  
*The Dying Christian.*

- 1 **T**HE hour of my departure's come ;  
I hear the voice that calls me home ;  
At last, O Lord ! let trouble cease,  
And let thy servant die in peace.
- 2 The race appointed I have run ;  
The combat's o'er, the prize is won,  
And now my witness is on high,  
And now my record's in the sky.
- 3 Not in mine innocence I trust ;  
I bow before thee in the dust ;  
And through my Saviour's blood alone,  
I look for mercy at thy throne.
- 4 I leave the world without a tear,  
Save for the friends I held so dear :  
To heal their sorrow, Lord, descend,  
And to the friendless prove a friend.
- 5 I come, I come at thy command ;  
I give my spirit to thy hand ;  
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,  
And shield me in the last alarms !



- 6 The hour of my departure's come ;  
 I hear the voice that calls me home :  
 Now, O my God ! let trouble cease,  
 Now let thy servant die in peace

P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, as 112.

481. *Life resigned ; or, waiting to depart.*—1 Chron. xxix. 28. Job viii. 16. Phil. i. 23.

- 1 **O** 'TIS enough ! I ask no more,  
 Full of a few sad sinful days,  
 Sated with life, till life is o'er,  
 I languish to conclude my race,  
 And silently resign my breath,  
 And sink into the shades of death.
- 2 This earth without regret I leave,  
 Impatient for my heav'nly rest ;  
 Saviour, my weary soul receive,  
 Take a sad pilgrim to thy breast,  
 I only live, and die, to be  
 Restor'd, resorb'd, and lost in thee.

482. (493) P. M. (Anthem.)  
*Dying Saint to his Soul.*

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame !  
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame :  
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
 O the pain, the bliss of dying !  
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper, angels say,  
 "Sister spirit, come away ;"  
 What is this absorbs me quite ?  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath !  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears !  
 Heaven opens on my eyes—my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring !  
 Lend, lend your wings, I mount ! I fly !  
 O grave, where is thy victory ?  
 O death, where is thy sting ?

## THE MEANS OF GRACE.

## 1. THE WORD OF GOD.

☞ See Hymns from 1 to 12 inclusive.

## 2. PRAYER—PRIVATE.

L. M.

483. *Pray without ceasing.*—1 Thes. v. 17.

- 1 **P**RAY'R was appointed to convey  
The blessings God designs to give;  
Long as they live should christians pray,  
For only while they pray, they live.
- 2 The christian's heart his pray'r indites,  
He speaks as prompted from within;  
The Spirit his petition writes,  
And Christ receives, and gives it in.
- 3 And shall we in dead silence lie,  
When Christ stands waiting for our pray'r?  
My soul, thou hast a friend on high;  
Arise, and try thy interest there.
- 4 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress—  
If cares distract, or fears dismay—  
If guilt deject—if sin distress,  
The remedy's before thee!—pray.
- 5 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak,  
Tho' thought be broken—language lame;  
Pray, if thou canst, or canst not speak,  
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

L. M.

484. *Exhortation to Prayer.*

- 1 **W**HAT various hind'rances we meet  
In coming to a mercy-seat!  
Yet he who knows the worth of pray'r,  
But wishes to be often there!
- 2 Pray'r makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;  
Pray'r climbs the ladder Jacob saw—

Gives exercise to faith and love—  
Brings ev'ry blessing from above.

- 3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Pray'r makes the christian's armor bright;  
And satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.
- 4 Have you no words? ah! think again:  
Words flow apace when you complain,  
And fill your fellow-creature's ear  
With the sad tale of all your care.
- 5 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplications sent—  
Your cheerful songs should oftener be,  
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

S. M.

485. *Importunate prayer prevalent with God.*

Luke xviii. 1—7.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, who truly knows  
The heart of ev'ry saint,  
Invites us by his holy word,  
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear;  
We never plead in vain;  
Yet we must wait till he appear,  
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Tho' unbelief suggest,  
Why should we longer wait?  
He bids us never give him rest,  
But be importunate.
- 4 'Twas thus a widow poor,  
Without support or friend,  
Beset the unjust judge's door,  
And gain'd at last her end.
- 5 And shall not Jesus hear  
His children when they cry?

Yes, tho' he may awhile forbear,  
He'll not their suit deny.

- 6 Then let us earnest be,  
And never faint in pray'r ;  
He loves our importunity,  
And makes our cause his care.

C. M.

486. *Private devotion.*—Matt. vi. 6.

1 **F**ATHER Divine, thy piercing eye  
Sees thro' the darkest night ;  
In deep retirement thou art nigh,  
With heart-discerning sight.

2 There may thy piercing eye survey  
My solemn homage paid,  
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,  
And ev'ry evening's shade.

3 Oh, let thy own celestial fire  
The incense still inflame ;  
While my warm vows to thee aspire,  
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

4 So shall the visits of thy love  
My soul in secret bless ;  
So shalt thou deign in worlds above,  
Thy suppliant to confess.

C. M.

487. *Behold he prayeth.*—Acts ix. 11.

1 **P**RAY'R is the soul's sincere desire,  
Utter'd or unexpress'd,  
The motion of a hidden fire  
That trembles in the breast.

2 Pray'r is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear ;  
The upward glancing of an eye  
When none but God is near.

- 3 Pray'r is the simplest form of speech  
That infant lips can try ;  
Pray'r the sublimest strains that reach  
The majesty on high.
- 4 Pray'r is the christian's vital breath,  
The christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gate of death—  
He enter's heav'n with pray'r.
- 5 Pray'r is the contrite sinner's voice  
Returning from his ways,  
While angels in their songs rejoice  
And say,—“Behold he prays.”

## SOCIAL.

488. P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.  
*Private Meetings.*—Matt. xviii. 20.

- 1 “**W**HERE two or three together meet,  
My love and mercy to repeat,  
And tell what I have done,  
There will I be,” said God, “to bless,  
And ev’ry burden’d soul redress,  
Who worships at my throne.”
- 2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,  
Speak to each heart some cheering word,  
To set the spirit free :  
Impart a kind celestial show’r,  
And grant that we may spend an hour  
In fellowship with thee.

489. C. M.  
*Reviewing the Mercies of God.*—2 Sam. vii. 13!

- 1 **F**AIN would my soul with wonder trace  
Thy mercies, O my God :  
And tell the riches of thy grace—  
The merits of thy blood.
- 2 With Israel’s King, my heart would cry,  
While I review thy ways,



Tell me, my Saviour, who am I,  
That I should see thy face?

- 3 Form'd by thine hand, and form'd for thee,  
I would be ever thine :  
My Saviour, make my spirit free,  
With beams of mercy shine.
- 4 Fain would my soul with rapture dwell  
On thy redeeming grace ;  
O for a thousand tongues to tell  
My dear Redeemer's praise.

### 3. PUBLIC WORSHIP.

L. M.

**490.** *The Enjoyment of Christ ; or, delight in  
Worship.*

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone,  
Let my religious hours alone :  
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,  
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,  
And kindles with a pure desire :  
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,  
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare !  
How sweet thy entertainments are !  
Never did angels taste above  
Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine,  
In thee thy Father's glories shine ;  
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,  
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

L. M.

**491.** *The Happiness of humble Worship.  
Psalm lxxxiv.*

- 1 **H**OW lovely, how divinely sweet,  
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear !

Fain would my longing passions meet  
The glories of thy presence there.

- 2 O, blest the men, blest their employ,  
Whom thy indulgent favours raise  
To dwell in those abodes of joy,  
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.
- 3 One day within thy sacred gate  
Affords more real joy to me,  
Than thousands in the tents of state;  
The meanest place is bliss with thee.
- 4 God is a sun; our brightest day  
From his reviving presence flows;  
God is a shield, through all the way,  
To guard us from surrounding foes.
- 5 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,  
How blest, divinely blest, is he,  
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,  
And fixes all his hopes on thee!

L. M.

**492.** *To be sung between prayer and sermon.*

- 1 **W**HERE two or three, with sweet accord,  
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,  
Meet to recount his acts of grace,  
And offer solemn prayer and praise;
- 2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,  
Amid this little company;  
To them unveil my smiling face,  
And shed my glories round the place."
- 3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,  
Relying on thy faithful word:  
Now send thy spirit from above,  
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

C. M.

**493.** *For Christian worship.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,  
For here we trust thou art!

- Send down a coal of heav'nly fire  
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Show us some tokens of thy love,  
Our fainting hopes to raise ;  
And pour thy blessing from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy praise,  
And love and concord dwell :  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humble mind bestow ;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow.
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith present our pray'rs ;  
And in the presence of our Lord,  
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforc'd by mighty grace,  
Awaken sinners all around  
To come and fill the place.

L. M.

494.

*Before Sermon.*

- 1 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford,  
Prepare us to receive thy word :  
Now let thy voice engage our ear,  
And faith be mix'd with what we hear.
- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,  
And fix our hearts and hopes above :  
With food divine may we be fed,  
And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To us the sacred word apply,  
With sovereign power and energy ;  
And may we in thy faith and fear,  
Reduce to practice what we hear.

- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;  
 Teach us to know and do thy will:  
 Thy saving power and love display;  
 And guide us to the realms of day.

495.

C. M.

*Before Sermon.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou dear redeeming Lord,  
 Thy blessing we implore;  
 Open the door to preach thy word,  
 The great effectual door.
- 2 Gather the outcasts in, and save  
 From sin and satan's power!  
 And let them now acceptance have,  
 And know their gracious hour.
- 3 Lover of souls! thou know'st to prize  
 What thou hast bought so dear;  
 Come then, and in thy people's eyes  
 With all thy wounds appear!
- 4 Appear, as when of old confest  
 The suffering Son of God;  
 And let us see thee in thy vest  
 But newly dipt in blood.
- 5 The hardness of our hearts remove,  
 Thou who for sin hast died;  
 Show us the tokens of thy love,  
 Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

496.

C. M.

*Prayer for the Spirit's Influence.*

- 1 **I**N thy great name, O Lord, we come,  
 To worship at thy feet;  
 O pour thy Holy Spirit down  
 On all that now shall meet.
- 2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,  
 To hear the Saviour's voice:  
 Thy face and favour, Lord, we seek,  
 Now make our hearts rejoice.

- 3 Teach us to pray, and praise, and hear,  
And understand thy word ;  
To feel thy blissful presence near,  
And trust our living Lord.
- 4 Here let thy pow'r and grace be felt ;  
Thy love and mercy known ;  
Our icy hearts, dear Jesus melt,  
And break this flinty stone.
- 5 Let sinners, Lord thy goodness prove,  
And saints rejoice in thee ;  
Let rebels be subdu'd by love,  
And to the Saviour flee.
- 6 This house with grace and glory fill,  
This congregation bless ;  
Thy great salvation now reveal ;  
Thy glorious righteousness.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

497. *Humble Request.*—Jer. xxix. 13.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,  
At thy feet we humbly bow ;  
O do not our suit disdain ;  
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain ?
- 2 In thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek thee, here we stay ;  
Lord, we cannot let thee go,  
'Till a blessing thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford ;  
Let thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the time of joy return ;  
Those who are cast down, lift up ;  
Make them strong in faith and hope.
- 5 Grant that all may seek and find  
Thee a God supremely kind ;



Heal the sick, the captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

**498.** P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.  
*Prayer for Minister and People.*

- 1 **D**EAREST Saviour, help thy servant  
To proclaim thy wondrous love !  
Pour thy grace upon this people,  
That thy truth they may approve :  
Bless, O bless them,  
From thy shining courts above.
- 2 Now thy gracious word invites them  
To partake the gospel-feast ;  
Let thy Spirit sweetly draw them ;  
Every soul be Jesus' guest !  
O receive us,  
Let us find thy promis'd rest.

**499.** (359) S. M.  
*Love to the Church.*

- 1 **I** LOVE thy Zion, Lord !  
The house of thine abode :  
The church, O blest Redeemer ! sav'd  
With thy own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy church, O God !  
Her walls before thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of thine eye,  
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 If e'er to bless thy sons  
My voice or hands deny :  
These hands let useful skill forsake,  
This voice in silence die.
- 4 If e'er my heart forget  
Her welfare or her woe :  
Let ev'ry joy this heart forsake,  
And ev'ry grief o'erflow.
- 5 For her my tears shall fall ;  
For her my pray'rs ascend ;

To her my cares and toils be giv'n,  
'Till toils and cares shall end.

- 6 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heav'nly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

**500.** (363) P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, S, 8

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,  
How pleasant and how fair,  
The dwellings of thy love,  
Thine earthly temples are!  
To thine abode  
My heart aspires  
With warm desires  
To see my God.

- 2 O happy souls that pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
O happy men that pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise thee still;  
And happy they,  
Who love the way  
To Zion's hill.

- 3 They go from strength to strength,  
Through this dark vale of tears;  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heav'n appears:  
O glorious seat,  
When God our King  
Shall thither bring  
Our willing feet!

**501.** (365) C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord in Zion plac'd his name,  
His ark was settled there;  
To Zion the whole nation came  
To worship thrice a year.

- 2 But we have no such lengths to go,  
Nor wander far abroad ;  
Where'er thy saints assemble now,  
There is a house for God.
- 3 Here, mighty God ! accept our vows ;  
Here let thy praise be spread ;  
Bless the provisions of thy house,  
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the son of David reign,  
Let God's anointed shine :  
Justice and truth his court maintain,  
With love and pow'r divine.

**502.** (366) L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD ! 'tis a pleasant thing, to stand  
In gardens planted by thy hand ;  
Let me within thy courts be seen,  
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,  
Blest with thine influence from above :  
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,  
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live ;  
Nature decays, but grace must thrive ;  
Time, that doth all things else impair,  
Shall make them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they show,  
The Lord is holy, just, and true ;  
None, that attend his courts shall find  
A God unfaithful or unkind.

**503.** (369) L. M.  
*Preparation for Worship.*

- 1 **A**WAY from ev'ry mortal care,  
Away from earth, our souls retreat ;  
We leave this worthless world afar,  
And wait and worship near thy seat.

- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace,  
We bow before thee and adore ;  
We view the glories of thy face,  
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.
- 3 Whilst here our various wants we mourn,  
United pray'rs ascend on high ;  
And faith expects a sure return  
Of blessings in variety.
- 4 Father ! my soul would here abide ;  
Or, if my feet must hence depart,  
Still keep me, Father, near thy side ;  
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

(370) C. M.

**504.** *Readiness to serve God in his house.*

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face ;  
My thirsty spirit faints away,  
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r  
Through all thy temple shine :  
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,  
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast  
Can please my soul so well,  
As when the richer grace I taste,  
And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all her joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.

(373) L. M.

**505.** *The Sabbath preparatory to Heaven.*

- 1 **L**ORD of the sabbath ! hear our vows  
On this thy day, in this thy house ;

- And own, as grateful sacrifice,  
The songs which from thy churches rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord ! we love ;  
But there's a nobler rest above :  
Thy servants to that rest aspire  
With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 3 There langour shall no more oppress ;  
The heart shall feel no more distress ;  
No groans shall mingle with the songs,  
That dwell upon immortal tongues.
- 4 No gloomy cares shall there annoy ;  
No conscious guilt disturb our joy ;  
But every doubt and fear shall cease ;  
And perfect love give perfect peace.
- 5 When shall that glorious day begin,  
Beyond the reach of death or sin,  
Whose sun shall never more decline,  
But with unfading lustre shine !

**506.** (375) L. M.  
*The sweetness of the Sabbath.*

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King !  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest :  
No mortal care shall fill my breast ;  
My heart shall triumph in the Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word.
- 3 And I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,  
When doubts and fears no more remain,  
To break my inward peace again.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,  
All I desir'd, or wish'd below ;



And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ  
In the eternal world of joy.

(376) C. M.

**507.** *The Sabbath commemorates Christ's resurrection.*

1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made ;  
He calls the hours his own ;  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day arose our glorious head,  
And death's dread empire fell,  
To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
And all its wonders tell.

3 Hosannah ! the anointed King  
Ascends his destin'd throne :  
To God our grateful homage bring,  
And his Messiah own.

4 Blest be the Lord, who came to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who came in God his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosannah in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise !  
The highest heav'ns in which he reigns  
Shall give him nobler praise.

#### 4. BAPTISM,—OF INFANTS.

(383) S. M.

**508.** *Baptism of children.*

1 **L**ORD ! what our ears have heard,  
Our eyes delighted trace,  
Thy love in long succession shown  
To ev'ry virtuous race.

2 Our children thou dost claim,  
And mark them out for thine :

Ten thousand blessings to thy name  
For goodness so divine !

3 Thy cov'nant may they keep,  
And bless the happy bands,  
Which closer still engage their hearts  
To honor thy commands.

4 How great thy mercies, Lord !  
How plenteous is thy grace,  
Which in the promise of thy love  
Includes our rising race !

5 Our offspring, still thy care,  
Shall own their fathers' God,  
To latest times thy blessings share,  
And sound thy praise abroad.

**509.** (384) C. M.  
*Infant Baptism.*

1 **S**EE Israel's gentle shepherd stand,  
With all-engaging charms !  
Hark ! how he calls the tender lambs,  
And takes them in his arms !

2 "Permit them to approach, (he cries)  
Nor scorn their humble name ;  
It was to save such souls as these,  
With pow'r and love I came."

3 We bring them, Lord, with grateful hearts,  
And yield them up to thee ;  
Rejoic'd that we ourselves are thine,  
Thine let our offspring be !

4 Thus Lydia's house was sanctified,  
When she received the word ;  
Thus the believing jailer gave  
His family to the Lord.

5 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;  
Ye children, seek his face ;  
And fly with transport to receive  
The gospel of his grace.

- 6 If orphans they are left behind,  
 Thy care, O God ! we trust ;  
 And let thy promise cheer our hearts,  
 If weeping o'er their dust.

C. M.

**510.** *Infant Baptism.*—Mark x. 14.

- 1 **B**EHOLD what condescending love  
 Jesus on earth displays !  
 To babes and sucklings he extends  
 The riches of his grace !
- 2 He still the ancient promise keeps,  
 To our forefathers giv'n ;  
 Young children in his arms he takes,  
 And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 3 “Permit them to approach,” he cries,  
 “Nor scorn their humble name ;  
 For 'twas to bless such souls as these,  
 The Lord of angels came.”
- 4 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,  
 And yield them up to thee ;  
 Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
 Thine may our offspring be.
- 5 Kindly receive this tender branch,  
 And form his soul for God ;  
 Baptize him with thy spirit, Lord,  
 And wash him with thy blood.
- 6 [“Thus to their parents and their seed  
 Let thy salvation come ;  
 And num'rous households meet at last,  
 In one eternal home.”]

OF ADULTS.

**511.**

(382) C. M.  
*Of Adults.*

- 1 **“P**ROCLAIM,” said Christ, “God’s won-  
 drous grace  
 To all the sons of men ;

He who believes and is baptiz'd,  
Salvation shall obtain."

- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,  
Who, hoping in his word,  
This day have publicly declar'd,  
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 3 With cheerful feet may they go on,  
And run the Christian race;  
And in the troubles of the way,  
Find all-sufficient grace.
- 4 And when the awful message comes,  
To call their souls away;  
May they be found prepar'd to live  
In realms of endless day.

L. M.

512. *Baptism.*—Matt. xxviii. 18, 23.

- 1 **C**OME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Honor the means enjoin'd by Thee,  
Make good our Apostolic boast,  
And own thy glorious ministry.
- 2 We now thy promis'd presence claim,  
Sent to disciple all mankind,  
Sent to baptize into thy name,  
We now thy promis'd presence find.
- 3 Father, in these reveal thy Son,  
In these for whom we seek thy face,  
The hidden mystery make known,  
The inward, pure, baptizing grace.
- 4 Jesus, with us Thou always art,  
Establish now the sacred sign,  
The gift unspeakable impart,  
And bless thine ordinance Divine.
- 5 Spirit divine, descend from high,  
Baptizer of our spirits Thou,

The sacramental seed apply,  
And witness with the water now.

- 6 Oh ! that the souls baptiz'd herein,  
May now thy truth and mercy feel :  
Arise, and wash away their sin—  
Come, Holy Ghost, their pardon seal.

### 5. THE LORD'S SUPPER.

 See *Hymns from 99 to 171 inclusive.*

L. M.

**513.** *A preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supper.*  
Is. liii. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **WHAT** heavenly man, or lovely God,  
Comes marching downward from the skies?  
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,  
With joy and pity in his eyes?
- 2 The Lord ! the Saviour ! yes, 'tis he !  
I know him by the smiles he wears !  
Dear glorious man that died for me,  
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears !
- 3 Lo ! he reveals his shining breast,  
I own those wounds, and I adore ;  
Lo ! he prepares a royal feast,  
Sweet fruit of those sharp pangs he bore !
- 4 Whence flow these favors so divine ?  
Lord ! why so lavish of thy blood ?  
Why for such earthly souls as mine,  
This heavenly wine, this sacred food ?
- 5 'Twas his own love that made him bleed,  
That nail'd him to the cursed tree ;  
'Twas his own love the table spread  
For such unworthy worms as we !
- 6 Then let us taste the Saviour's love ;  
Come, Faith, and feed upon the Lord :  
With glad consent our lips shall move,  
And sweet hosannas crown the board.



(387) L. M.

**514.** *The institution of the Lord's Supper.*

- 1 **T**WAS on that dreadful, doleful night,  
When the whole pow'r of darkness rose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betray'd him to his foes ;
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake :  
What love through all his actions ran !  
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body broke for sin ;  
Receive and eat the living food."  
Then took the cup and bless'd the wine :  
" 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
- 4 " Do this (he cried) till time shall end,  
In mem'ry of your dying friend :  
Meet at my table, and record  
The love of your departed Lord."

C. M.

**515.** *Welcome to the Table.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the feast of heavenly wine,  
And God invites to sup :  
The juices of the living vine  
Were press'd, to fill the cup.
- 2 Oh bless the Saviour, ye that eat,  
With royal dainties fed ;  
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,  
For Jesus is the bread.
- 3 The vile, the lost, he calls to them,  
Ye trembling souls, appear !  
The righteous in their own esteem  
Have no acceptance here.
- 4 Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse  
The banquet spread for you ;  
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,  
Then I may venture too.

- 5 If guilt and sin afford a plea,  
And may obtain a place,  
Surely the Lord shall welcome me,  
And I shall see his face.

516. (390) S. M.  
*Communion at the Lord's Table.*

- 1 **J**ESUS invites his saints  
To meet around his board :  
Here those he died to save may hold  
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 Our heav'nly Father calls  
Christ and his members one :  
We are the children of his love,  
And he the first-born Son.
- 3 We are the sev'ral parts  
Of the same broken bread ;  
One body with its sev'ral limbs,  
But Jesus is the head.
- 4 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,  
His glorious name to raise ;  
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind,  
And ev'ry voice be praise !

517. (392) L M.

- 1 **J**ESUS is gone above the skies,  
Where our weak senses reach him not ;  
And carnal objects court our eyes,  
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows, what wand'ring hearts we have,  
Apt to forget his lovely face ;  
And, to refresh our minds, he gave  
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of life his table spread  
With his own flesh and dying blood ;  
We on the rich provision feed,  
And taste the wine and bless the God.

- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
 And earth grow less in our esteem ;  
 Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,  
 And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,  
 'Tis to prepare our souls a place ;  
 That we may dwell in heav'nly light,  
 And live forever near his face.

## 518. S. M.

- 1 **L**ET all who truly bear  
 The bleeding Saviour's name,  
 Their faithful hearts with us prepare,  
 And eat the Paschal Lamb :  
 Our passover was slain,  
 At Salem's hallowed place,  
 Yet we who in our tents remain,  
 Shall gain his largest grace.
- 2 This eucharistic feast,  
 Our every want supplies,  
 And still we by his death are blest,  
 And share his sacrifice ;  
 By faith his flesh we'll eat,  
 Who here his passion show,  
 And God out of his holy seat  
 Shall all his gifts bestow.
- 3 Who thus our faith employ  
 His suff'rings to record,  
 E'en now we mournfully enjoy  
 Communion with our Lord ;  
 As though we every one  
 Beneath his cross had stood,  
 And seen him heave, and heard him groan,  
 And felt his gushing blood.
- 4 O God ! 'tis finish'd now !  
 The mortal pang is past !  
 By faith his head we see him bow,  
 And hear him breathe his last ;

We too with him are dead,  
 And shall with him arise,  
 The cross on which he bows his head  
 Shall lift us to the skies.

519.

C. M.

- 1 **O** THOU, who this mysterious bread  
 Didst in Emmaus break,  
 Return herewith our souls to feed,  
 And to thy foll'wers speak.
- 2 Unseal the volume of thy grace,  
 Apply the gospel word;  
 Open our eyes to see thy face,  
 Our hearts, to know thee, Lord.
- 3 Of thee we still commune, and mourn  
 Till thou the veil remove:  
 Talk with us, and our hearts shall burn,  
 With flames of perfect love.
- 4 Enkindle now the heavenly zeal,  
 And make thy mercy known,  
 And give our pardon'd souls to feel  
 That God and love are one.

520.

(388) L. M.

*The Eucharist commemorative.*

- 1 **“E**AT, drink, in mem'ry of your friend!”  
 Such was our Master's last request;  
 Who all the pangs of death endur'd,  
 That we might live for ever blest.
- 2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless grace,  
 Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends!  
 Thy dying love the noblest praise  
 Of long eternity transcends.
- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,  
 Thy goodness through these veils to see;  
 Thy table food celestial yields;  
 And happy they, who sit with thee.

- 4 But oh ! what vast transporting joys  
 Shall fill our breast, our tongues inspire,  
 When, join'd with the celestial train,  
 Our grateful souls thy love admire !

(389) L. M.

521. *The Eucharist commanded by Jesus.*

- 1 **T**HIS feast was Jesus' high behest,  
 This cup of thanks his last request ;  
 Ye, who can feel his worth, attend :  
 Eat, drink, in mem'ry of your friend.
- 2 Around the patriot's bust ye throng ;  
 Him ye exalt in swelling song ;  
 For him the wreath of glory bind,  
 Who freed from vassalage his kind.
- 3 And shall not he your praises reap,  
 Who rescues from the iron sleep ?  
 The great Deliverer, whose breath  
 Unbinds the captives e'en of death ?
- 4 Shall he, who, sinful men to save,  
 Became a tenant of the grave,  
 Unthank'd, uncelebrated, rise,  
 Pass unremember'd to the skies ?
- 5 Christians ! unite with loud acclaim,  
 To hymn the Saviour's welcome name ,  
 On earth extol his wondrous love ;  
 Repeat his praise in worlds above.

(391) C. M.

522. *Communicants must love Christ, and one another.*

- 1 **Y**E foll'wers of the Prince of peace,  
 Who round his table draw !  
 Remember what his spirit was,  
 What his peculiar law.
- 2 The love, which all his bosom fill'd,  
 Did all his actions guide :



Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught ;  
 Inspir'd by love, he died.

- 3 And do you love him ? do you feel  
 Your warm affections move ?  
 This is the proof which he demands,  
 That you each other love.
- 4 Let each the sacred law fulfil ;  
 Like his be ev'ry mind ;  
 Be ev'ry temper form'd by love,  
 And every action kind.
- 5 Let none, who call themselves his friends,  
 Disgrace the honor'd name ;  
 But by a near resemblance prove  
 The title which they claim.

L. M.

523. *Meditating on the Cross of Christ.*

- 1 **C**OME see on bloody Calvary,  
 Suspended on th' accursed tree,  
 A harmless suff'rer cover'd o'er  
 With shame, and welt'ring in his gore.
- 2 Is this the Saviour long foretold  
 To usher in the age of gold ?  
 To make the reign of sorrow cease,  
 And bind the jarring world in peace ?
- 3 'Tis He, 'tis He !—he kindly shrouds  
 His glories in a night of clouds,  
 That souls might from their ruin rise,  
 And heir th' imperishable skies.
- 4 See, to their refuge and their rest,  
 From all the bonds of guilt releas'd,  
 Transgressors to his cross repair,  
 And find a full redemption there.
- 5 Jesus, what millions of our race  
 Have been the triumphs of thy grace !  
 And millions more to thee shall fly,  
 And on thy sacrifice rely.

524. C. M.  
A Sacramental Hymn.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy table I behold  
The wonders of thy grace ;  
But most of all admire that I  
Should find a welcome place.
- 2 I that am all defil'd with sin,  
A rebel to my God ;  
I that have crucified his Son,  
And trampled on his blood.
- 3 What strange surprising grace is this,  
That such a soul has room !  
My Saviour takes me by the hand,  
My Jesus bids me come.
- 4 " Eat, O my friends," the Saviour cries,  
The feast was made for you ;  
For you I groan'd, and bled, and died,  
And rose, and triumph'd too."
- 5 With trembling faith, and bleeding hearts,  
Lord, we accept thy love :  
'Tis a rich banquet we have had,  
What will it be above !
- 6 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,  
Join all your praising powers ;  
No theme is like redeeming love,  
No Saviour is like ours.
- 7 Had I ten thousand hearts, dear Lord,  
I'd give them all to thee :  
Had I ten thousand tongues, they all  
Should join the harmony.

525. C. M.  
*My flesh is meat indeed.*—John. vi. 53—55.

- 1 **H**ERE at thy table, Lord, we meet  
To feed on food divine :  
Thy body is the bread we eat,  
Thy precious blood the wine.

- 2 He that prepares this rich repast,  
Himself comes down and dies ;  
And then invites us thus to feast  
Upon the sacrifice.
- 3 His body torn with rudest hands  
Becomes the finest bread ;  
And, with the blessing he commands,  
Our noblest hopes are fed.
- 4 His blood, that from each op'ning vein  
In purple torrents ran,  
Hath fill'd this cup with gen'rous wine,  
That cheers both God and man.
- 5 Sure there was never love so free,  
Dear Saviour, so divine !  
Well thou may'st claim that heart of me,  
Which owes so much to thine.
- 6 Yes, thou shalt surely have my heart,  
My soul, my strength, my all ;  
With life itself I'll freely part,  
My Jesus, at thy call.

526.

(395) L. M.

- 1 **M**Y God ! and is thy table spread ?  
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all thy children led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.
- 2 O let thy table honor'd be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 3 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepar'd ;  
With warm desire let all attend ;  
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,  
The pleasure of the profit end.
- 4 Revive thy dying churches, Lord !  
And bid our drooping graces live ; -

And more that energy afford,  
A Saviour's death alone can give.

- 5 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,  
Till through the world thy truth has run,  
Till with this bread all men be blest  
Who see the light or feel the sun !

527. (397) C. M.

- 1 **P**ITY the nations, O our God !  
Constrain the earth to come ;  
Send thy victorious word abroad,  
And bring the strangers home.
- 2 We long to see thy churches full,  
That all thy faithful race  
May, with one voice, and heart, and soul,  
Sing thy redeeming grace.



## KINGDOM AND CHURCH OF CHRIST.

### 1. GENERAL AND MISSIONARY HYMNS.

528. (175) L. M.  
*Effusion of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost.*

- 1 **G**REAT was the day, the joy was great,  
When the divine disciples met ;  
While on their heads the Spirit came,  
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !  
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save !  
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous words,  
Instead of shields, and spears and swords.
- 3 Nations, the learned and the rude,  
Were by these heav'nly arms subdu'd,  
The heathens saw thy glory, Lord !  
And, wond'ring, bless'd thy gracious word.

- 4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,  
 When all shall feel thy saving pow'r,  
 And the whole race of man confess  
 The beauty of thy holiness !

(177) L. M.  
**529.** *The kingdom of Christ shall cover the earth.*

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign, where'er the sun  
 Does his successive journeys run ;  
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
 Dwell on his love with grateful song ;  
 And with united hearts proclaim,  
 That grace and truth by Jesus came.
- 3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
 The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains ;  
 The weary find eternal rest,  
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 4 Where he displays his healing pow'r,  
 The sting of death is known no more :  
 In him the sons of Adam boast  
 More blessings than their father lost.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.  
**530.** *Rev. xiv. 2, 3.*

- 1 **H**ARK ! the song of Jubilee,  
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
 Or the fulness of the sea,  
 When it breaks upon the shore :—  
 Hallelujah ! for the Lord,  
 God omnipotent, shall reign ;  
 Hallelujah ! let the word  
 Echo round the earth and main.
- 2 Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,  
 From the depth unto the skies,  
 Wakes above, beneath, around,  
 All creation's harmonies :—



See Jehovah's banner furl'd,  
 Sheath'd his sword: he speaks—'tis done;  
 And the kingdoms of this world  
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.

- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
 With illimitable sway:  
 He shall reign, when like a scroll  
 Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away:  
 Then the end;—beneath his rod  
 Man's last enemy shall fall;  
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
 God in Christ, is all in all.

L. M.

**531.** *The Universal Reign of Christ.*—Rev. xi. 15,  
 and xiv. 3.

- 1 **H**ARK! what triumphant strains are these,  
 Which echo through the vault of heaven?  
 "To Jesus once on Calvary slain,  
 The kingdoms of the earth are given."
- 2 Hark! the new song before the throne,  
 Which only the redeem'd can raise;  
 Angels may tune their golden harps,  
 But cannot reach these notes of praise.
- 3 They worship our exalted Lord,  
 And hail him universal King;  
 But saints—the purchase of his blood,  
 Can strike a sweeter, nobler string.
- 4 The wonders of his dying love,  
 Their hallelujahs loud proclaim;  
 While with extatic joy they shout  
 New honors to his sacred name.
- 5 From every kindred, every tongue,  
 From barbarous nations long unknown,  
 From polish'd Greeks and Scythians rude,  
 A countless host surround the throne.
- 6 In robes of spotless white array'd,  
 And palms of victory in their hand,

With holy wonder and delight,  
The trophies of his grace they stand.

- 7 [And still till time shall be no more,  
The mighty concourse shall increase ;  
And Jesus gain, in heathen lands,  
New subjects of the reign of peace.]

532. (180) C. M.  
*Desire for the spread of the gospel.*

- 1 **G**REAT God! the nations of the earth  
Are by creation thine ;  
And in thy works, by all beheld,  
Thy radiant glories shine.
- 2 But, Lord, thy greater love has sent  
Thy gospel to mankind,  
Unveiling what rich stores of grace  
Are treasur'd in thy mind.
- 3 Lord ! when shall these glad tidings spread  
The spacious earth around,  
Till ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry soul  
Shall hear the joyful sound ?
- 4 O when shall Afric's sable sons  
Enjoy the heav'nly word,  
And vassals long enslav'd become  
The freemen of the Lord ?
- 5 When shall th' untutor'd heathen tribes,  
A dark bewilder'd race,  
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,  
And learn and feel his grace ?
- 6 Haste, sov'reign mercy, and transform  
Their cruelty to love ;  
Soften the tiger to a lamb,  
The vulture to a dove.
- 7 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt  
To spread the gospel's rays ;  
And build, on sin's demolish'd throne,  
The temples of thy praise.

**533.** P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.  
Ps. lxxxvii. 3. Isa. xxxiii. 20, 21.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God ;  
He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Form'd thee for his own abode :  
On the rock of ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove :  
Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage ?  
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver  
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hov'ring,  
See the cloud and fire appear !  
For a glory and a cov'ring,  
Showing that the Lord is near :  
Thus deriving from their banner  
Light by night and shade by day,  
Safe they feed upon the manna  
Which he gives them when they pray.

**534.** P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.  
*Kingdom of Christ.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Saviour reigns  
Among the sons of men ;  
He breaks the pris'ners chains,  
And makes them free again :  
Let hell oppose God's only Son,  
In spite of foes his cause goes on.
- 2 The baffled prince of hell  
In vain new projects tries,  
The gospel to repel,  
By cruelties and lies :

Th' infernal gates shall rage in vain ;  
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain.

- 3 He died, but soon arose  
Triumphant o'er the grave :  
And now himself he shows  
Omnipotent to save :  
Let rebels kiss the victor's feet ;  
Eternal bliss his subjects meet.
- 4 All pow'r is in his hand,  
His people to defend ;  
To his most high command  
Shall millions more attend :  
All heaven with smiles approve his cause ;  
And distant isles receive his laws.
- 5 This little seed from heaven  
Shall soon become a tree ;  
This ever blessed leaven  
Diffus'd abroad must be ;  
Till God the Son shall come again,  
It must go on. Amen, amen !

L. M.

**535.** *Prospect of Success.*—John iv. 35, 36.

- 1 **B**EHOLD th' expected time draws near,  
The shades disperse the dawn appear ;  
The barren wilderness assume  
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.
- 2 Events, with prophecies, conspire  
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire :  
The rip'ning fields already white,  
Present a harvest to our sight.
- 3 The untaught heathen waits to know  
The joy the gospel will bestow ;  
The exil'd slave waits to receive  
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart  
In the blest labor share a part,

Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring,  
To aid the triumphs of our King.

- 5 Our hearts exult in songs of praise  
That we have seen these latter days,  
When our Redeemer shall be known,  
Where Satan long has held his throne.
- 6 From eastern to the western skies,  
Sweet incense to his name shall rise ;  
And Tyre, and Egypt, Greek, and Jew,  
By sovereign grace be form'd anew.

C. M.

**536.** *Missionaries.*—Psalm lxxii. 7, 8.

- 1 **L**ORD, send thy word, and let it fly,  
Arm'd with thy Spirit's pow'r,  
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,  
And bless the saving hour.
- 2 Beneath the influence of thy grace,  
The barren wastes shall rise,  
With sudden greens, and fruits array'd,  
A blooming paradise.
- 3 True holiness shall strike its root  
In each regen'rate heart ;  
Shall in a growth divine arise,  
And heavenly fruits impart.
- 4 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch  
Her wings from shore to shore ;  
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,  
Nor murd'rous cannon roar.
- 5 Lord, for those days we wait—those days  
Are in thy word foretold ;  
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring  
This promis'd age of gold !
- 6 Amen, with joy divine, let earth's  
Unnumber'd myriads cry ;  
Amen, with joy divine, let heaven's  
Unnumber'd choirs reply.



L. M.

**537.** *Fall of Babylon predicted.*—Rev. xiv. 6—8.

- 1 **P**ROUD Babylon yet waits her doom;  
Nor can her tott'ring palace fall,  
Till some blest messenger arise,  
The ransom'd heathen world to call.
- 2 Now see the glorious time approach!  
Behold the mighty angel fly,  
The gospel tidings to convey  
To ev'ry land beneath the sky!
- 3 See the kind native of Pelew  
With rapture greet the sacred sound;  
And, for a Saviour's precious name,  
Throw his mean idols to the ground.
- 4 O see, on Otaheite's isle,  
And Africa's unhappy shore,  
The unlearn'd savage press to hear;  
And hearing, wonder and adore.
- 5 See, while the joyful truth is told,  
That Jesus left his throne in heaven,  
And suffered, died, and rose again,  
That all his sins might be forgiv'n.
- 6 See what delight, unfelt before,  
Beams in his fix'd, attentive eye;  
And hear him ask—"For wretched me,  
Did this divine Redeemer die?"
- 7 "Ah! why have ye so long forborne  
To tell such welcome news as this?  
Go now, let ev'ry sinner hear,  
And share in such exalted bliss!"
- 8 Now, Babylon, thy hour is come,  
Thy curs'd foundation shall give way;  
And thine eternal overthrow  
The triumphs of the cross display!

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

**538.** *Prayer for the spread of the Gospel.*  
Isa. xlix. 22. Isa. lx. 4, 5.

- 1 **O**'ER those gloomy hills of darkness  
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze,



Go where Christ was never named ;  
 Publish freedom to the slave !  
Blessed freedom !  
 Such as Zion's children have.

3 What though earth and hell united,  
 Should oppose the Saviour's plan ?  
 Plead his cause, nor be affrighted :  
 Fear ye not the face of man :  
Vain their tumult ;  
 Hurt his work they never can.

4 When expos'd to fearful dangers,  
 Jesus will his own defend,  
 Borne afar 'midst foes and strangers,  
 Jesus will appear your friend :  
And his presence  
 Shall be with you to the end.

L. M.

**540.**      *For Missionary Associations.*

- 1 **A**SSEMBLED at thy great command,  
 Before thy face, dread King, we stand ;  
 The voice that marshall'd ev'ry star,  
 Has call'd thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, thro' distant lands to spread  
 The truth for which the martyrs bled ;  
 Along the line—to either pole—  
 The thunder of thy praise to roll.
- 3 First, bow our hearts beneath thy sway :  
 Then give thy growing empire way,  
 O'er wastes of sin—o'er fields of blood—  
 Till all mankind shall be subdu'd.
- 4 Our pray'rs assist—accept our praise—  
 Our hopes revive—our courage raise—  
 Our counsels aid—and Oh ! impart  
 The single eye—the faithful heart !
- 5 Forth with thy chosen heralds come,  
 Recall the wand'ring spirit home :

From Zion's mount send forth the sound  
To spread the spacious earth around.

L. M.

**541.** *Prayer for the Success of Missions.*

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God, to thee we pray,  
Be with us on this solemn day ;  
Smile on our souls, our plans approve,  
By which we seek to spread thy love.
- 2 Let party prejudice be gone,  
And love unite our hearts in one ;  
Let all we have and are, combine  
To aid this glorious work of thine.
- 3 [Point us to men of upright mind,  
Devoted, diligent, and kind ;  
With grace be all their hearts endow'd,  
And light to guide them in the road.
- 4 With cheerful steps may they proceed,  
Where'er thy providence shall lead ;  
Let heaven and earth their work befriend,  
And mercy all their paths attend.]
- 5 Great let the bands of those be found  
Who shall attend the gospel sound :  
And let Barbarians, bond and free,  
In suppliant throngs resort to thee.
- 6 Where Pagan altars now are built,  
And brutal blood, or human, spilt,  
There be the bleeding cross high rear'd,  
And God, our God, alone rever'd.
- 7 Where captives groan beneath their chain,  
Let grace, and love, and concord reign ;  
The aged and the infant tongue  
Unite in one harmonious song.

L. M.

**542.** *Prayer on the Scarcity of Gospel Missionaries.*  
Luke x. 2.

- 1 **L**ORD, when we cast our eyes abroad,  
And see on heathen altars slain,

- Poor helpless babes for sacrifice,  
To purge their parents' dismal stain ;
- 2 We can't behold such horrid deeds  
Without a groan of ardent pray'r ;  
And while each heart in anguish bleeds,  
We cry, Lord, send thy gospel there.
- 3 For them we pray, for them we wait,  
To them thy great salvation show ;  
Thy harvest, Lord, is truly great,  
But faithful laborers are few.
- 4 O send out preachers, gracious Lord,  
Among that dark, bewilder'd race ;  
Open their eyes, and bless thy word,  
And call them by thy sov'reign grace.
- 5 Then shall they shout thy honor'd name,  
And sound thy matchless praise abroad ;  
And we will join them in the theme,  
Salvation to our risen God.

L. M.

**543.** *Prayer for the Success of Missions.*

- 1 **G**O, friends of Jesus, and proclaim  
The kind Redeemer you have found ;  
And speak his ever precious name,  
To all the wond'ring nations round.
- 2 Go, tell the unletter'd, wretched slave,  
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,  
You bring a pardon bought with blood,  
The blood of an incarnate God.
- 3 Go, tell the panting, sable chief  
Of Ethiopia's scorching sand,  
You come with a refreshing stream,  
To cheer and bless his thirsty land.
- 4 Go, tell the distant isles afar,  
Of Otaheite and Pelew,  
That in the covenant of grace,  
Their unknown names are written too.



5 Go tell, on India's golden shores,  
Of a rich treasure, more refin'd;  
And tell them, tho' they'll scarce believe,  
You come, the friend of human kind.

6 Say, the religion you profess  
Is all benevolence and love;  
And by its own divine effects,  
Its heavenly origin will prove.

544.

C. M.

1 **G**O, and the Saviour's grace proclaim,  
Ye messengers of God;  
Go, publish, thro' Immanuel's name,  
Salvation bought with blood.

2 What tho' your arduous track may lie  
Thro' regions dark as death;  
What tho' your faith and zeal to try,  
Perils beset your path:

3 Yet, with determin'd courage, go,  
And, arm'd with pow'r divine,  
Your God will needful aid bestow,  
And on your labors shine.

4 He who has call'd you to the war  
Will recompense your pains;  
Before Messiah's conqu'ring car,  
Mountains shall sink to plains.

5 Shrink not tho' earth and hell oppose,  
But plead your Master's cause;  
Nor doubt that e'en your mighty foes  
Shall bow before his cross.

545.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 **G**O, ye messengers of God,  
Like the beams of morning fly;  
Take the wonder-working rod,  
Wave the banner cross on high!

- 2 Go to many a tropic isle  
On the bosom of the deep;  
Where the skies for ever smile,  
And the blacks for ever weep.
- 3 Where the golden gates of day  
Open on the balmy East,  
Wide the bleeding cross display,  
Spread the gospel's richest feast.
- 4 Visit ev'ry heathen soil,  
Ev'ry barren, burning strand,—  
Bid ev'ry dreary region smile,  
Lovely as the promis'd land.
- 5 In yon wilds of stream and shade,  
Many an Indian wigwam trace;  
And with words of love persuade  
Savages to sue for grace.
- 6 Circumnavigate the Ball—  
Visit ev'ry soil and sea;  
Preach the cross of Christ to all;  
Jesus' love is full and free.

L. M.

546. *Missionaries.*—Dan. ii. 45.

- 1 **E**XERT thy pow'r, thy rights maintain,  
Insulted, everlasting King!  
The influence of thy crown increase,  
And strangers to thy footstool bring.
- 2 We long to see that happy time,  
That dear, expected, blessed day,  
When countless myriads of our race  
The second Adam shall obey.
- 3 The prophecies must be fulfill'd,  
Tho' earth and hell should dare oppose;  
The stone cut from the mountain's side,  
Tho' unobserv'd, to empire grows.
- 4 Soon shall the blended image fall,  
Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay,

And superstition's gloomy reign  
To light and liberty give way.

- 5 In one sweet symphony of praise,  
Gentile and Jew shall then unite ;  
And infidelity, asham'd  
Sink in th' abyss of endless night.
- 6 Soon Afric's long enslaved sons  
Shall join with Europe's polish'd race,  
To celebrate, in diff'rent tongues,  
The glories of redeeming grace.
- 7 From east to west, from north to south,  
Immanuel's kingdom shall extend ;  
And ev'ry man, in ev'ry face,  
Shall meet a brother, and a friend.

547. L. M.

- 1 **C**OMFORT, ye ministers of grace,  
Comfort the people of your Lord ;  
O lift ye up the fallen race,  
And cheer them by the gospel word.
- 2 Go into every nation, go ;  
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry ;  
Glad tidings unto all we show :  
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.
- 3 Hark ! in the wilderness a cry,  
A voice that loudly calls, prepare !  
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,  
And means to make his entrance there !
- 4 The Lord your God shall quickly come ;  
Sinners, repent, the call obey :  
Open your hearts to make him room,  
Ye desert souls prepare his way.
- 5 The Lord shall clear his way through all :  
Whate'er obstructs, obstructs in vain ;  
The vale shall rise, the mountain fall,  
Crooked be straight, and rugged plain.

- 6 The glory of the Lord display'd  
 Shall all mankind together view,  
 And what his mouth and truth hath said,  
 His own almighty hand shall do.

548.

L. M.

*Spread of the Gospel.*

- 1 **B**RIGHT as the sun's meridian blaze,  
 Vast as the blessings he conveys,  
 Wide as his reign from pole to pole,  
 And permanent as his control.
- 2 So, Jesus, let thy kingdom come,  
 Then sin and hell's terrific gloom  
 Shall, at his brightness, flee away,  
 The dawn of an eternal day.
- 3 'Then shall the heathen, fill'd with awe,  
 Learn the blest knowledge of thy law :  
 And antichrist on ev'ry shore,  
 Fall from his throne to rise no more.'
- 4 Then shall thy lofty praise resound  
 On Afric's shores—thro' India's ground ;  
 And islands of the southern sea  
 Shall stretch their eager arms to thee.
- 5 Then shall the Jew and Gentile meet  
 In pure devotion at thy feet :  
 And earth shall yield thee, as thy due,  
 Her fulness and her glory too.
- 6 O that from Zion now might shine  
 This heavenly light, this truth divine :  
 Till the whole universe shall be  
 But one great temple, Lord, to thee.

L. M.

549. *Missionary exertions ; or, Christ proclaimed  
 to the World.—Is. lxii. 10—12.*

- 1 **G**O through the gates ('tis God commands)  
 Workers with God, the charge obey,

Remove whate'er his work withstands,  
Prepare, prepare his people's way.

- 2 Lift up for all mankind to see  
The standard of their Saviour God;  
And point them to the shameful tree,  
The cross all stain'd with hallow'd blood.
- 3 Sion, thy suffring Prince behold,  
Thy Saviour and Salvation too,  
He comes, he comes, so long foretold,  
Cloth'd in a vest of bloody hue.
- 4 Himself prepares his people's hearts,  
Breaks and binds up, and wounds and heals,  
A mystic death and life imparts,  
Empties the full, the emptied fills.
- 5 He fills whom first he hath prepar'd,  
With him all needful grace is given,  
Himself is here their great reward,  
Their future and their present heaven.

550.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.  
*Farewell to Missionaries.*

- 1 **G**O, ye heralds of salvation,  
Go, proclaim 'Redeeming blood ;'  
Publish to each barb'rous nation,  
Peace and pardon from our God :  
Tell the heathen,  
None but Christ can do them good.
- 2 While the gospel trump you're sounding,  
May the Spirit seal the word,  
And thro' plenteous grace abounding,  
Heathen bow and own the Lord ;  
Idols leaving,  
God alone shall be ador'd.
- 3 Distant tho' our souls are blending,  
Still our hearts are warm and true ;  
In our pray'rs to heav'n ascending,  
Brethren—we'll remember you ;



Heav'n preserve you,  
Safely all your journey through.

- 4 When your mission here is finish'd,  
And your work on earth is done,  
May your souls, by grace replenish'd,  
Find acceptance thro' the Son;  
Thence admitted,  
Dwell for ever near his throne.

- 5 Loud hosannas now resounding,  
Make the heavenly arches ring:  
Grace to sinful men abounding,  
Ransom'd millions sweetly sing;  
While, with rapture,  
All adore their heav'nly King.

551.

C. M.

*The Missionaries' farewell.*

- 1 **K**INDRED, and friends, and native land,  
How shall we say farewell?  
How, when our swelling sails expand,  
How will our bosoms swell!
- 2 Yes, nature, all thy soft delights,  
And tender ties we know;  
But love, more strong than death, unites  
To Him that bids us go.
- 3 Thus, when our ev'ry passion mov'd,  
The gushing tear-drop starts;  
The cause of Jesus more lov'd,  
Shall glow within our hearts.
- 4 The sighs we breathe for precious souls,  
Where He is yet unknown,  
Might waft us to the distant poles,  
Or to the burning zone.
- 5 With the warm wish our bosoms swell,  
Our glowing pow'rs expand;  
Farewell—then we can say,—Farewell,  
Our friends, our native land!

S. M.

**552.** *Ordination and departure of Missionaries.*

- 1 **Y**E Messengers of Christ,  
His sov'reign voice obey :  
Arise ! and follow where he leads,  
And peace attend your way.
- 2 The Master, whom you serve,  
Will needful strength bestow ;  
Depending on his promis'd aid,  
With sacred courage go.
- 3 Mountains shall sink to plains,  
And hell in vain oppose ;  
The cause is God's, and must prevail,  
In spite of all his foes.
- 4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame ;  
And tell his matchless grace,  
To the most guilty and deprav'd  
Of Adam's num'rous race.
- 5 We wish you, in his name,  
The most divine success ;  
Assur'd that he who sends you forth  
Will your endeavors bless.

L. M.

**553.** *Prayer for Israel.*

- 1 **F**ATHER of faithful Abra'm, hear  
Our earnest suit for Abra'm's seed,  
Justly they claim the softest pray'r  
From those adopted in their stead.
- 2 Outcast from thee, and scatter'd wide  
Thro' ev'ry nation under heav'n,  
Rejecting whom they crucified,  
Unsav'd, unpity'd, unforgiv'n.
- 3 But hast thou finally forsook,  
For ever cast thy own away ?  
No—thou wilt bid them turn and look  
On him they pierc'd, and mourn and pray.

- 4 Come then, thou great Deliv'rer, come,  
The veil from Jacob's heart remove ;  
Receive thy ancient people home,  
That they may sing redeeming love.

L. M.

554. *Pleading for the Conversion of the Jews.*

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, thou didst lead  
Thy chosen flock the desert through,  
And from between the cherubim  
Thy mercy and thy favor show.
- 2 And though their sins provoked thee oft,  
To give them to their foes a prey,  
Yet didst thou, for thy mercy's sake,  
As often turn thy wrath away.
- 3 But, ah! they fill'd the measure up  
Of all their aggravated guilt,  
When on the hill of Calvary  
The blood of thine own Son they spilt.
- 4 And now for ages they have been  
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight,  
Wandering through all the earth, as those,  
In whom thou hast no more delight.
- 5 Yet is thy word of promise sure,  
That they shall be again restor'd,  
And with the Gentile church unite,  
To worship and to serve the Lord.
- 6 Our faith in expectation waits,  
To see that glorious morning rise,  
O bid the shadows flee away,  
And satisfy our longing eyes.

2. PASTORAL.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

555. *For meetings of theological students or of ministers.*

- 1 **B**AND of brethren, who are given  
To the Lamb of Calvary,

Call'd to preach the reign of heaven,  
And the gospel jubilee ;

Jesus asks us ;

“Simon Peter, lov'st thou me ? ”

2 Lord, thou knowest that we love thee ;

Oh for grace to love thee more :

Let our notes of praise now move thee

Down upon our souls to pour

Thy good Spirit,

Then we all shall love thee more.

3 When the sacred page we ponder,

Shine upon it from above,

When we gaze with deepest wonder

On the bleeding Saviour's love,

Holy Spirit,

Then our warm affections move.

4 Teach us all our high vocation,

Fill us with the love of souls,

Spread abroad thy great salvation,

From the centre to the poles,

Till the Saviour

Sees the travail of his soul.

5 Grant us heav'nly strength and blessing,

To be faithful to the end,

Let not one thy love possessing

Join at last th' Iscariot band !

O the traitor !

Save us, Jesus, from his end !

6 Sooner may the rocks and mountains

Fall upon us from on high,

And our life blood's deepest fountains

In our inmost souls go dry,

Than betray him

Who to save us left the sky.

556.

L. M.

1 **J**ESUS, thy wand'ring sheep behold !  
See, Lord, with yearning bowels, see,

- Poor souls that cannot find the fold,  
Till sought and gather'd in by thee.
- 2 Lost are they now, and scatter'd wide,  
In pain, and weariness, and want;  
With no kind Shepherd near, to guide  
The sick and spiritless, and faint.
- 3 Thou, only thou, the kind and good,  
And sheep-redeeming Shepherd art;  
Collect thy flock, and give them food  
And pastors after thine own heart.
- 4 Give the pure word of gen'ral grace,  
And great shall be the preacher's crowd;  
Preachers, who all the sinful race  
Point to the all atoning blood.
- 5 In every messenger reveal  
The grace they preach divinely free;  
That each may by thy Spirit tell,  
"He died for all, who died for me."
- 6 A double portion from above,  
Of thine all-quick'ning grace impart;  
Shed forth thy universal love,  
In every faithful Pastor's heart.

L. M.

557. *Ministerial Love.*—Job xxix. 2—4.

- 1 **O** THAT I were as heretofore;  
When first sent forth in Jesus' name,  
I rush'd through every open door,  
And cried to all, "behold the Lamb!"
- 2 The God who kills and makes alive,  
To me the quickening power impart;  
Thy grace restore, thy work revive,  
Retouch my lips, renew my heart.
- 3 I would the precious time redeem,  
And longer live for this alone,  
To spend, and to be spent for them  
Who have not yet my Saviour known.



- 4 My talents, gifts, and graces, Lord,  
 Into thy blessed hands receive ;  
 And let me live to preach thy word,  
 And let me for thy glory live.
- 5 Enlarge, inflame, and fill my heart  
 With boundless charity divine :  
 So shall I all my strength exert,  
 And love them with a zeal like thine.

558. P. M. 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.  
*Minister's Complaint.*—Gal. iv. 16.

- 1 **W**HAT contradictions meet,  
 In ministers' employ !  
 It is a bitter sweet—  
 A sorrow full of joy ;  
 No other post affords a place  
 For equal honor or disgrace !
- 2 Who can describe the pain  
 Which faithful preachers feel,  
 Constrain'd to preach in vain,  
 To hearts as hard as steel ?  
 Or who can tell the pleasures felt,  
 When stubborn hearts begin to melt ?
- 3 The Saviour's dying love,  
 The soul's amazing worth,  
 Their utmost efforts move,  
 And draw their bowels forth :  
 They pray and strive—their rest departs,  
 Till Christ be form'd in sinners' hearts.
- 4 If some small hope appear,  
 They still are not content ;  
 But with a jealous fear,  
 They watch for the event :  
 Too oft they find their hopes deceiv'd ;  
 Then how their inmost souls are griev'd !
- 5 But when their pains succeed,  
 And from the tender blade

The rip'ning ears proceed,  
 Their toils are overpaid :  
 No harvest-joy can equal theirs,  
 To find the fruit of all their cares.

559.

P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

*The Minister's Prayer.*

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of souls, if thou indeed  
 Hast rais'd me up thy flock to feed,  
 (Thy meanest servant me,)  
 O may I all thy burdens share,  
 And gently in my bosom bear,  
 The lambs redeem'd by thee.
- 2 Thy Spirit send me from above,  
 Spirit of meek, long-suffering love,  
 Of all-sufficient grace ;  
 Endue me with thy constant mind,  
 So good, so obstinately kind  
 To our rebellious race.
- 3 A faithful steward of my Lord,  
 Give me to minister thy word,  
 And in thy steps to tread ;  
 By every sore temptation tried,  
 By sufferings fully qualified  
 Thy ailing flock to lead.

560.

L. M.

- 1 **H**IGH on his everlasting throne  
 The King of saints his work surveys,  
 Marks the dear souls he calls his own,  
 And smiles on the peculiar race.
- 2 See where the servants of the Lord,  
 A busy multitude, appear ;  
 For Jesus day and night employ'd,  
 His heritage they toil to clear.
- 3 The love of Christ their hearts constrains,  
 And strengthens their unwearied hands,

They spend their sweat, and blood, and pains,  
To cultivate Immanuel's land.

- 4 Jesus their toil delighted sees,  
Their industry vouchsafes to crown ;  
He kindly gives the wish'd increase,  
And sends the promis'd blessing down.
- 5 O multiply thy sowers' seed,  
And fruit they every hour shall bear,  
Throughout the world thy gospel spread,  
Thine everlasting truth declare !

561.

L. M.

- 1 **D**RAW near, O Son of God, draw near,  
Us with thy flaming eye behold ;  
Still in thy church vouchsafe t' appear,  
And let our candlestick be gold.
- 2 Still hold the stars in thy right hand,  
And let them in thy lustre glow,  
The lights of a benighted land,  
The angels of thy church below.
- 3 Make good their apostolic boast,  
Their high commission let them prove,  
Be temples of the Holy Ghost,  
And fill'd with faith, and hope, and love.
- 4 Their hearts from things of earth remove,  
Sprinkle them, Lord, from sin and fear ;  
Fix their affections all above,  
And lay up all their treasures there.
- 5 Give them an ear to hear thy word ;  
Thou speakest to the churches now :  
And let all tongues confess their Lord,  
Let every knee to Jesus bow.

S. M.

562. *Wherefore, take unto you the whole armour of  
God.—Eph. vi. 13.*

- 1 **E**QUIP me for the war,  
And teach my hands to fight ;

My simple, upright heart prepare,  
And guide my words aright.

2 Control my ev'ry thought;  
My whole of sin remove;  
Let all my works in thee be wrought,  
Let all be wrought in love.

3 O arm me with the mind,  
Meek Lamb, that was in thee!  
And let my knowing zeal be join'd  
With perfect charity.

4 With calm and temper'd zeal,  
Let me enforce thy call;  
And vindicate thy gracious will,  
Which offers life to all.

5 O may I love like thee!  
In all thy footsteps tread;  
Thou hatest all iniquity,  
But nothing thou hast made.

6 O may I learn the art,  
With meekness to reprove!  
And hate the sin with all my heart,  
But still the sinner love.

L. M.

563. *The Pastor's wish for his people.*

Phil. iv. 1.

1 **M**Y brethren, from my heart belov'd,  
Whose welfare fills my daily care,  
My present joy, my future crown,  
The word of exhortation hear.

2 Stand fast upon the solid rock  
Of the Redeemer's righteousness:  
Adorn the gospel with your lives,  
And practice what your lips profess.

3 With pleasure meditate the hour,  
When he, descending from the skies,

Shall bid your bodies, mean and vile,  
In his all-glorious image rise.

- 4 Glory in his dear, honour'd name,  
To him inviolably cleave ;  
Your all he purchas'd by his blood,  
Nor let him less than all receive.
- 5 Such is your pastor's faithful charge,  
Whose soul desires not yours, but you ;  
O may he, at the Lord's right hand,  
Himself and all his people view !

C. M.

**564.** *Minister's Farewell Charge.*—Acts xx. 26,27.

- 1 **W**HEN Paul was parted from his friends,  
It was a weeping day :  
But Jesus made them all amends,  
And wip'd their tears away.
- 2 In heaven they meet again with joy,  
Secure no more to part ;  
Where praises ev'ry tongue employ,  
And pleasure fills each heart.
- 3 Thus all the preachers of his grace  
Their children soon shall meet ;  
Together see their Saviour's face,  
And worship at his feet.
- 4 But they who heard the word in vain,  
Though oft and plainly warn'd,  
Will tremble when they meet again  
The ministers they scorn'd.
- 5 On your own heads your blood will fall,  
If any perish here ;  
The preachers who have told you all,  
Shall stand approv'd and clear.
- 6 Yet, Lord, to save themselves alone,  
Is not their utmost view ;  
O hear their pray'r, thy message own,  
And save their hearers too.



## ORDINATION AND LICENSURE.

(430) L. M.

**565.** *At the ordination or settlement of a minister.*

- 1 **T**HUS spake the Saviour, when he sent  
His ministers to preach his word ;  
They through the world obedient went,  
And spread the gospel of their Lord.
- 2 “Go forth, ye heralds, in my name ;  
Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;  
The gospel jubilee proclaim,  
And call them to repent and live.
- 3 “The joyful news to all impart,  
And teach them where salvation lies ;  
Bind up the broken, bleeding heart,  
And wipe the tear from weeping eyes.
- 4 “Be wise as serpents where you go,  
But harmless as the peaceful dove ;  
And let your heav’n-taught conduct show,  
That you’re commission’d from above.
- 5 “Freely from me ye have receiv’d ;  
Freely in love to others give ;  
Thus shall your doctrines be believ’d,  
And by your labor sinners live.”
- 6 Happy those servants of the Lord,  
Who thus their Master’s will obey  
How rich, how full is their reward,  
Reserv’d until the final day !

L. M.

**566.** *The Institution of a Gospel Ministry from Christ.*  
Eph. iv. 8. 11, 12.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in thy house  
Smile on our homage and our vows ;  
While with a grateful heart we share  
These pledges of our Saviour’s care.

- 2 The Saviour, when to heaven he rose  
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,  
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,  
And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 3 Hence sprung th' Apostles' honor'd name,  
Sacred beyond heroic fame;  
In lowlier form to bless our eyes,  
Pastors from hence, and teachers rise.
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,  
And fed by Christ their graces live;  
While guarded by his potent hand,  
'Midst all the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run  
Through the last courses of the sun;  
While unborn churches by their care  
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 Jesus our Lord their hearts shall know,  
The spring whence all these blessings flow;  
Pastors and people shout his praise  
Through the long round of endless days.

C. M.

**567.** *Watching for Souls in the View of the great Account.*—Heb. xiii. 17.

- 1 **L**ET Zion's watchmen all awake,  
And take the alarm they give;  
Now let them from the mouth of God  
Their solemn charge receive.
- 2 'Tis not a cause of small import  
The pastor's care demands;  
But what might fill an angel's heart,  
And fill'd a Saviour's hands.
- 3 They watch for souls, for which the Lord  
Did heavenly bliss forego;  
For souls which must for ever live  
In raptures, or in wo.

- 4 All to the great tribunal haste,  
Th' account to render there ;  
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,  
Lord, how shall we appear ?
- 5 May they that Jesus, whom they preach,  
Their own Redeemer see ;  
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,  
That they may watch for thee.

568. (431) L. M.  
*Succession of Ministers.*

- 1 GREAT Lord of Angels ! we adore  
The grace that builds thy courts below ;  
And, 'midst ten thousand sons of light,  
Stoops to regard what mortals do !
- 2 Amidst the wastes of time and death,  
Successive pastors thou dost raise,  
Thy kingdom and thy truth to spread,  
And form a people for thy praise.
- 3 At length, dismiss'd from feeble clay,  
Thy servants join th' angelic band,  
With them through distant worlds they fly,  
With them before thy presence stand.
- 4 O blest employment ! glorious hope !  
Sweet lenitive of grief and care !  
When shall we reach those radiant courts  
And all their joys and honors share ?
- 5 Yet while these labors we pursue,  
Tho' distant from thy heav'nly throne,  
Give us a zeal and love like theirs,  
And half their heav'n shall here be known.

569. L. M.  
*Prayer for Ministers.*

- 1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,  
Attentive to our earnest prayer ;  
We plead for those who plead for thee,  
Successful pleaders may they be !

- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge !  
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge ;  
Their best acquirements are our gain,  
We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,  
Their words, and let those words be thine :  
To them thy sacred truth reveal,  
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed ;  
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed ;  
Teach them immortal souls to gain—  
Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around,  
Hear from their lips the joyful sound,  
In humble strains thy grace implore,  
And feel thy new-creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massy chains,  
Distressed souls forget their pains ;  
Let light through distant realms be spread,  
And Zion rear her drooping head.

### 3. CONGREGATIONAL—SEEKING A MINISTER.

L. M.

**570.** *A church seeking direction from God in the choice of a Pastor.—Ezra viii. 21.*

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, bend thine ear,  
Thy servants' groans indulgent hear ;  
Perplex'd, distress'd, to thee we cry,  
And seek the guidance of thine eye.
- 2 Thy comprehensive view surveys  
Our wandering paths, our trackless ways ;  
Send forth, O Lord, thy truth and light,  
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.
- 3 With longing eyes, behold, we wait  
In suppliant crowds at mercy's gate :  
Our drooping hearts, O God, sustain :  
Shall Israel seek thy face in vain ?

- 4 O Lord, in ways of peace return,  
Nor let thy flock neglected mourn;  
May our blest eyes a shepherd see,  
Dear to our souls, and dear to thee.
- 5 Fed by his care, our tongues shall raise  
A cheerful tribute to thy praise;  
Our children learn the grateful song,  
And theirs the cheerful notes prolong.

## HAVING OBTAINED A MINISTER.

**571.** P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.  
*At the coming of a Minister.*

- 1 **W**ELCOME, welcome, blessed servant,  
Messenger of Jesus' grace!  
O how beautiful the feet of  
Him that brings good news of peace!  
Welcome herald,  
Priest of God, thy people's joy.
- 2 Saviour, bless his message to us,  
Give us hearts to hear thy word,  
Speaking pardon, dearly purchas'd  
By the sufferings of our Lord;  
O reveal it,  
To our poor and helpless souls.
- 3 Give reward of grace and glory  
To thy faithful laborer dear,  
Let the incense of our hearts be  
Offer'd up in faith and prayer;  
Bless, O bless him,  
Now, henceforth, for evermore!

**572.** L. M.  
*At the settlement of a Minister.*

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, thou dost keep,  
With constant care, thy humble sheep;  
By thee inferior pastors rise  
To feed our souls, and bless our eyes.



- 2 To all thy churches such impart,  
Modell'd by thy own gracious heart,  
Whose courage, watchfulness, and love,  
Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active tender care,  
Healthful may all thy sheep appear ;  
And, by their fair example led,  
The way to Zion's pasture tread !
- 4 Here hast thou listen'd to our vows,  
And scatter'd blessings on thy house ;  
Thy saints are succour'd, and no more  
As sheep without a guide deplore.
- 5 Completely heal each former stroke,  
And bless the shepherd and the flock ;  
Confirm the hopes thy mercies raise,  
And own this tribute of our praise.

C. M.

**573.** *Praise to God for a Gospel Minister after the  
decease of another.*

- 1 **T**O thy great name, O Prince of peace,  
Our grateful songs we raise :  
Accept, thou Sun of righteousness,  
The tribute of our praise.
- 2 In widow'd state these walls no more  
Their mourning weeds shall wear ;  
Thy messenger shall joy restore,  
And ev'ry loss repair.
- 3 Thy providence our souls admire,  
With joy its windings trace ;  
And shout, in one united choir,  
The triumphs of thy grace.
- 4 Our happy union, Lord, maintain,  
Here let thy presence dwell ;  
And thousands, loos'd from Satan's chain  
Raise from the brink of hell.

- 5 Distressed churches pity, Lord,  
 Their dismal breaches close,  
 Their sons unite in sweet accord,  
 And troubled minds compose.
- 6 In all be purity maintain'd,  
 Peace like a river flow;  
 And pious zeal, and love unfeign'd,  
 In ev'ry bosom glow.

L. M.

**574.** *People's prayer for their Minister.*

- 1 **W**ITH heavenly pow'r, O Lord, defend  
 Him whom we now to thee commend;  
 His person bless, his soul secure,  
 And make him to the end endure.
- 2 Gird him with all-sufficient grace;  
 Direct his feet in paths of peace:  
 Thy truth and faithfulness fulfil,  
 And help him to obey thy will.
- 3 Before him thy protection send,  
 O love him, save him to the end:  
 Nor let him, as thy pilgrim, rove  
 Without the convoy of thy love.
- 4 Enlarge, inflame, and fill his heart;  
 In him thy mighty pow'r exert;  
 That thousands yet unborn may praise  
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

SICKNESS OF THEIR MINISTER.

L. M.

**575.** *On the dangerous illness of a Minister.*

- 1 **O** THOU, before whose gracious throne  
 We bow our suppliant spirits down,  
 Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,  
 And all our trembling lips would tell.
- 2 Avert thy swift descending stroke,  
 Nor smite the shepherd of the flock,

Lest o'er the barren waste we stray,  
To prowling wolves an easy prey.

- 3 Restore him, sinking to the grave,  
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;  
Back to our hope and wishes give,  
And bid our friend and father live.
- 4 Yet, if our supplications fail,  
And prayers and tears can naught prevail,  
Condemn'd on this dark desert coast  
To mourn our much-lov'd leader lost;
- 5 Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,  
Support him through the gloomy way;  
Comfort his soul, surround his bed,  
And guide him through the dreary shade.
- 6 Around him may thy angels wait,  
Deck'd with their robes of heavenly state,  
To teach his happy soul to rise,  
And waft him to his native skies.

THE MINISTER GOING ON A JOURNEY.

576. S. M.  
*Minister going a Journey.*

- 1 **S**INCE we are call'd to part  
From our beloved friend,  
We take our leave as one in heart,  
And him to God commend.
- 2 Go with thy servant, Lord,  
His ev'ry step attend;  
All needful help to him afford,  
And bless him to the end.
- 3 Preserve him from all wrong,  
Stand thou at his right hand;  
To keep him from the sland'rous tongue,  
And persecuting band.

- 4 May he proclaim aloud  
The wonders of thy grace ;  
And do thou to the list'ning crowd  
His faithful labours bless.
- 5 Shine on his works below,  
With ever gracious beams ;  
Till thou in heaven his crown bestow  
Adorn'd with brighter gems.
- 6 We for his journey pray,  
Nor may our pray'rs e'er cease,  
That God would bless him in his way,  
And bring him back in peace.
- 7 Farewell, dear pastor, go—  
We part with thee in love ;  
And if we meet no more below,  
O may we meet above.

## DEATH OF THEIR MINISTER.

577.

C. M.

*Funeral of a faithful Minister.*

- 1 **F**AR from affliction, toil, and care,  
The happy soul is fled ;  
The breathless clay shall slumber here,  
Among the silent dead.
- 2 The gospel was his joy and song,  
E'en to his latest breath ;  
The truth he had proclaim'd so long  
Was his support in death.
- 3 Now he resides where Jesus is,  
Above this dusky sphere ;  
His soul was ripen'd for that bliss,  
While yet he sojourn'd here.
- 4 The churches' loss we all deplore,  
And shed the falling tear ;  
Since we shall see his face no more,  
Till Jesus shall appear.

- 5 But we are hasting to the tomb ;  
 Oh, may we ready stand ;  
 Then, dearest Lord, receive us home,  
 To dwell at thy right hand.

(433) C. M.

**578.** *For a vacant congregation on the death of its minister.*

- 1 **N**OW let our drooping hearts revive,  
 And let our tears be dry :  
 Why should those eyes be drown'd in grief,  
 Which view a Saviour nigh !
- 2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,  
 The aged and the young ;  
 The watchful eye in darkness clos'd,  
 And mute th' instructive tongue :
- 3 Th' Eternal Shepherd still survives,  
 New comfort to impart ;  
 His hand still guides us, and his voice  
 Still animates our heart.
- 4 The pow'rs of nature, Lord ! are thine,  
 And thine the aids of grace ;  
 Thine arm has borne thy churches up,  
 Through ev'ry rising race.
- 5 Exert thy sacred influence here ;  
 Thy mourning servants bless ;  
 O change to strains of cheerful praise  
 Their accents of distress.

#### STATE OF DECLINE.

L. M.

**579.** *For a Church in a low condition.—Psalm li. 18.*

- 1 **O** GOD of Zion ! from thy throne,  
 Look with an eye of pity down ;  
 Thy church now humbly makes her prayer—  
 Thy church, the object of thy care.





- 3 Surely, once thy garden flourished,  
Every part look'd gay and green :  
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,  
Happy seasons we have seen ! Lord, &c.
- 4 But a drought has since succeeded,  
And a sad decline we see ;  
Lord, thy help is greatly needed,  
Help can only come from thee : Lord, &c.
- 5 Where are those we counted leaders,  
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth ?  
Old professors, tall as cedars,  
Bright examples to our youth ! Lord, &c.
- 6 Some in whom we once delighted,  
We shall meet no more below ;  
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,  
Scarce a single leaf they show : Lord, &c.
- 7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant !—  
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood ;  
But they cause us grief at present,  
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud : Lord, &c.
- 8 Dearest Saviour, hasten hither,  
Thou canst make them bloom again !  
Oh ! permit them not to wither,  
Let not all our hopes be vain. Lord, &c.
- 9 Let our mutual love be fervent ;  
Make us prevalent in prayers ;  
Let each one, esteem'd thy servant,  
Shun the world's bewitching snares : Lord, &c.
- 10 Break the tempter's fatal power ;  
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;  
And begin from this good hour  
To revive thy work afresh :  
Lord, revive us,  
All our help must come from thee !

L. M.

581. *Wheat and tares.*—Matt. xiii. 37—42.

- 1 **T**HOUGH in the earthly church below  
The wheat and tares together grow,

Jesus ere long will weed the crop,  
And pluck the tares in anger up.

- 2 Will it relieve their horrors there,  
To recollect their stations here?  
How much they heard, how much they knew,  
How long among the wheat they grew?
- 3 Oh! this will aggravate their case!  
They perish under means of grace:  
To them the word of life and faith  
Became an instrument of death.
- 4 We seem alike when thus we meet,—  
Strangers might think we all were wheat;  
But to the Lord's all-searching eyes,  
Each heart appears without disguise.
- 5 But tho' they grow so tall and strong,  
His plan will not require them long;  
In harvest when he saves his own,  
The tares shall into hell be thrown.

L. M.

**582.** *God entreated for Zion.*—Isa. lxii. 6, 7.

For a Day of Public Humiliation, or a Day of Prayer for the  
Revival of Religion.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Sovereign of the skies,  
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?  
While feeble mortals raise their cries,  
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?
- 2 How shall thy servants give thee rest,  
Till Zion's mouldering walls thou raise?  
Till thine own power shall stand confess'd,  
And make Jerusalem a praise?
- 3 Look down, O God, with pitying eye,  
And view the desolation round;  
See what wide realms in darkness lie,  
And hurl their idols to the ground.

- 4 Lord, let the gospel-trumpet blow,  
And call the nations from afar,  
Let all the isles their Saviour know,  
And earth's remotest ends draw near.
- 5 Let Babylon's proud altars shake,  
And light invade her darkest gloom;  
The yoke of iron bondage break,  
The yoke of Satan and of Rome.
- 6 On all our souls let grace descend,  
Like heavenly dew in copious showers,  
That we may call our God our friend,  
That we may hail salvation ours.
- 7 Then shall each age and rank agree,  
United shouts of joy to raise:  
And Zion made a praise by thee,  
To thee shall render back the praise.

## IN A STATE OF REVIVAL.

583.

C. M.  
Luke xv. 10.

- 1 **O**H, how divine, how sweet the joy,  
When but one sinner turns,  
And with an humble, broken heart,  
His sins and errors mourns!
- 2 Pleas'd with the news, the saints below,  
In songs their tongues employ;  
Beyond the skies the tidings go,  
And heaven is fill'd with joy.
- 3 Well pleas'd the Father sees and hears  
The conscious sinner's moan;  
Jesus receives him in his arms,  
And claims him for his own.
- 4 Nor angels can their joys contain,  
But kindle with new fire:  
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,  
And strike the sounding lyre.

584.

C. M.

- 1 **C**ONVINC'D of sin, men now begin  
To call upon the Lord ;  
Trembling they pray, and mourn the day  
In which they scorn'd his word.
- 2 Young converts sing, and praise their King,  
And bless God's holy name ;  
While older saints, leave their complaints,  
And joy to join the theme.
- 3 God's chariot rolls, and frights the souls  
Of those who hate the truth :  
And saints in pray'r, cry, " Lord, draw near,  
Have mercy on the youth :—
- 4 " From this glad hour exert thy pow'r,  
And melt each stubborn heart ;  
In those that bleed, let love succeed,  
And holy joys impart."
- 5 Come, sinners, all, hear now God's call,  
And pray with one accord :  
Saints, raise your songs, with joyful tongues,  
To hail th' approaching Lord.

585.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Isa. lii. 7.

- 1 **O**N the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo, the sacred herald stands ;  
Welcome news to Zion bearing,  
Zion long in hostile lands :  
Mourning captive,  
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful,  
All thy friends unfaithful prov'd ?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?  
Cease thy mourning,  
Zion still is well belov'd.



- 3 God, thy God, will now restore thee !  
 He himself appears thy friend :  
 All thy foes shall flee before thee,  
 Here their boasts and triumphs end;  
                                 Great deliv'rance  
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
- 4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,  
 All thy warfare now is past,  
 God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee,  
 Peace and joy are come at last;  
                                 All thy conflicts  
 End in everlasting rest.

586.           P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

- 1 **N**OW we hail the happy dawning  
 Of the Gospel's glorious light,  
 May it take the wings of morning,  
 And dispel the shades of night ;  
                                 Blessed Saviour,  
 Let our eyes behold the sight.
- 2 Where, amid the desert dreary,  
 Plant, nor shrub, nor flowret grows,  
 There refresh the wand'rer weary,  
 With the sight of Sharon's Rose,  
                                 And its beauties  
 To the longing eye disclose.
- 3 Where the beasts of prey are prowling,  
 And the murd'rous serpents hiss,  
 There exchange the dismal howling  
 For the pleasing calm of peace ;  
                                 And for ever  
 May destruction's empire cease.
- 4 Oh, let all the world adore thee—  
 Universal be thy fame ;  
 Kings and subjects fall before thee,  
 And extol thy matchless name ;  
                                 All ascribing  
 Endless praises to the Lamb.

587.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.  
Isaiah lii. 10.

- 1 **Y**ES! we trust the day is breaking;  
Joyful times are near at hand:  
God, the mighty God, is speaking  
By his word in ev'ry land:  
When he chooses,  
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 Let us hail the joyful season;  
Let us hail the dawning ray;  
When the Lord appears, there's reason  
To expect a glorious day:  
At his presence  
Gloom and darkness flee away.
- 3 While the foe becomes more daring;  
While he enters like a flood;  
God, the Saviour, is preparing  
Means to spread his truth abroad;  
Ev'ry language  
Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,  
Let thy people see thy hand;  
Let the gospel be victorious,  
Thro' the world in ev'ry land:  
And the idols  
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

ON ADMITTING MEMBERS TO SACRAMENTAL COM-  
MUNION.—CONFIRMATION HYMNS.

L. M.

588.

*Prayer for opposers of revivals.*

- 1 **B**LEST Lord, behold the guilty scorn  
Of those who hate and mock our praise;  
Pity their state, and make them turn,  
No more to walk in sinful ways.
- 2 Anxious we see their wretched state,  
Who never think of heav'n or hell;

They laugh and sport, and court the gate,  
Which opes where endless terrors dwell.

- 3 Lead them to view a sinful heart,  
A soul all enmity to thee,  
Destroy'd, defil'd in every part,  
Too proud to bow, too blind to see.
- 4 Lead them to view a holy law,  
Which justly dooms to endless death,  
To feel that guilt which Jesus saw,  
And pray'd, 'Forgive,' with dying breath.
- 5 Open their eyes, unstop their ears,  
To hear condemning justice sound ;  
Lord, change their hearts, and then their tears  
Will witness grief to all around.

L. M.

589.

*Admitting a Member.*

- 1 **B**ROTHER in Christ and well-belov'd,  
To Jesus and his servants dear,  
Enter, and show thyself approv'd ;  
Enter, and find that God is here.
- 2 Welcome from earth !—lo, the right hand  
Of fellow-hip to thee we give !  
With open arms and hearts we stand,  
And thee in Jesus' name receive.
- 3 Say, is thy heart resolv'd as ours ?  
Then let it burn with sacred love ;  
Then let it taste the heavenly powers,  
Partaker of the joys above.
- 4 Jesus, attend, thyself reveal,  
Are we not met in thy great name ?  
Thee in the midst we wait to feel,  
We wait to catch the spreading flame.
- 5 Truly our fellowship below  
With thee, and with the Father is ;

In thee eternal life we know,  
And heaven's unutterable bliss.

- 6 In part we only know thee here,  
But wait thy coming from above ;  
And we shall then behold thee near,  
And then shall all be lost in love.

L. M.

**590.** *On the first approach at the Lord's Table, or confirmation.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine, entirely thine,  
Purchas'd and sav'd by blood divine ;  
With full consent thine I would be,  
And own thy sov'reign right in me.
- 2 Here, Lord, my flesh, my soul, my all,  
I yield to thee beyond recall ;  
Accept thine own, so long withheld—  
Accept what I so freely yield !
- 3 Grant one poor sinner more, a place  
Among the children of thy grace ;  
A wretched sinner, lost to God,  
But ransom'd by Immanuel's blood.
- 4 Thine would I live—thine would I die—  
Be thine thro' all eternity ;  
The vow is past beyond repeal ;  
Now will I set the solemn seal.
- 5 Be thou the witness of my vow—  
Angels and men attest it too,  
That to thy board I now repair,  
And seal the sacred contract there.
- 6 Here at thy cross, where flows the blood  
That bought my guilty soul for God ;  
Thee my new Master now I call,  
And consecrate to thee my all.
- 7 Do thou assist a feeble worm,  
The great engagement to perform ;

Thy grace can full assistance lend,  
And on that grace I dare depend.

L. M.

**591.**     *On Admission of new Members.*  
Gen. xxiv. 31.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, thou well belov'd of God,  
Thou heir of grace, redeem'd by blood;  
Welcome with us thy hand to join,  
As partner of our lot divine.
- 2 With us the pilgrim's state embrace,  
We're trav'ling to a blissful place;  
The Holy Ghost, who knows the way,  
Conduct thee on from day to day.
- 3 Take up thy cross, and bear it on,  
It shall be light, and not be long;  
Soon shalt thou sit with Jesus down,  
And wear an everlasting crown.

L. M.

**592.**     *Welcome to young Converts.*

- 1 **W**ELCOME, ye hopeful heirs of heav'n,  
To this rich gospel feast of love—  
This pledge is but the prelude giv'n  
To that immortal feast above.
- 2 How great the blessing, thus to meet  
Around the sacramental board,  
And hold by faith communion sweet,  
With Christ our dear and common Lord.
- 3 And if so sweet this feast below,  
What will it be to meet above,  
Where all we see, and feel, and know,  
Are fruits of everlasting love!
- 4 Soon shall we tune the heav'nly lyre  
While list'ning worlds the song approve,  
Eternity itself expire,  
Ere we exhaust the theme of love.



## FOR ELECTION OF CHURCH OFFICERS.

L. M.

**593.***At a choice of church officers.*

- 1 **F**AIR Sion's King, we suppliant bow,  
And hail the grace thy church enjoys ;  
Her holy officers are thine  
With all the gifts thy love employs.
- 2 Up to thy throne we lift our eyes,  
For blessings to attend our choice,  
Of such whose generous, prudent zeal,  
Shall make thy favor'd ways rejoice.
- 3 Happy in Jesus, their own Lord,  
May they his sacred table spread,  
The table of their pastor fill,  
And fill the holy poor with bread !
- 4 When pastor, saints, and poor they serve ;  
May their own hearts with grace be crown'd !  
While patience, sympathy, and joy,  
Adorn, and through their lives abound.
- 5 By purest love to Christ, and truth,  
O may they win a good degree  
Of boldness in the christian faith,  
And meet the smile of thine and thee !
- 6 And when the work to them assign'd—  
The work of love, is fully done,  
Call them from serving tables here,  
To sit around thy glorious throne.

## LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF A CHURCH.

L. M.

**594.***Laying the corner stone for a church.*

- 1 **T**O day we lay the corner stone,  
To rear our sacred walls upon,  
A house for God, who's pledg'd to be  
Where he is sought by two or three.

- 2 Where I record my name, says he,  
And where my children honor me,  
There I will come to own and bless  
My ordinances with success.
- 3 But Jesus is the corner stone,  
For us to build our hopes upon ;  
On him the edifice may rise  
Sublime in light, beyond the skies.
- 4 When storms and tempests round prevail,  
Whirlwind and thunder, fire and hail ;  
'Tis he our trembling souls shall hide,  
On him securely we abide.
- 5 Dear Shepherd of thine Israel,  
Who didst between the cherubs dwell ;  
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of thy saving name.
- 6 Here may we prove the power of prayer,  
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care ;  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.
- 7 God of the churches ! thou art near ;  
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear,  
Oh rend the heavens, come quickly down,  
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

## CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

(428) L. M.

**595.** *On opening a new place of worship.*

- 1 **A**ND will the great eternal God  
On earth establish his abode ?  
And will he from his radiant throne  
Regard our temples as his own ?
- 2 We bring the tribute of our praise ;  
And sing that condescending grace,  
Which to our notes will lend an ear,  
And call us sinful mortals near.

- 3 Our Father's watchful care we bless,  
Which guards our house of pray'r in peace,  
That no tumultuous foes invade,  
To fill the worshipers with dread.
- 4 These walls we to thy honor raise:  
Long may they echo with thy praise;  
And thou, descending, fill the place  
With choicest tokens of thy grace.
- 5 And in the great decisive day,  
When God the nations shall survey,  
May it before the world appear,  
That crowds were born to glory here!

(529) P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

**596.** *God invited to dwell in his church.*

- 1 **I**N sweet exalted strains  
The King of glory praise:  
O'er heav'n and earth he reigns,  
Through everlasting days.  
He with a nod the world controls,  
Sustains or sinks the distant poles.
- 2 Then, King of glory! come;  
And with thy favor crown  
This temple as thy dome,  
This people as thy own.  
Within this house O deign to show,  
How God can dwell with men below.
- 3 Here may thine ears attend,  
Our interceding cries,  
And grateful praise ascend  
All fragrant to the skies.  
Here may the word melodious sound,  
And spread the joys of heav'n around.
- 4 Here may th' attentive throng  
Imbibe thy truth and love;  
And converts join the song  
Of Seraphim above;

And willing crowds surround thy board,  
With sacred joy and sweet accord.

- 5 In peace, here may our sons  
And daughters sound thy praise ;  
And shine like polish'd stones,  
Through long succeeding days.  
Here, Lord ! display thy saving pow'r,  
While churches stand and saints adore.

**597.** C. M.  
*On opening a Place of Worship.*

- 1 **D**EAR Shepherd of thy people, here  
Thy presence now display ;  
As thou hast giv'n a place for prayer,  
So give us hearts to pray.
- 2 Show us some token of thy love,  
Our fainting hope to raise ;  
And pour thy blessings from above,  
That we may render praise.
- 3 Within these walls let holy peace,  
And love, and concord, dwell ;  
Here give the troubled conscience ease,  
The wounded spirit heal.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,  
The humble mind bestow ;  
And shine upon us from on high,  
To make our graces grow !
- 5 May we in faith receive thy word,  
In faith present our prayers ;  
And, in the presence of our Lord,  
Unbosom all our cares.
- 6 And may the gospel's joyful sound,  
Enforc'd by mighty grace,  
Awaken many sinners round,  
To come and fill the place.

## PARTICULAR OCCASIONS AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

## 1. SEASONS.

(70) L. M.

**598.** *The seasons formed by God's control.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, at whose all-pow'rful call,  
At first arose this beauteous frame !  
By thee the seasons change, and all  
The changing seasons speak thy name.
- 2 Thy bounty bids the infant year,  
From winter storms recover'd, rise ;  
When thousand grateful scenes appear,  
Fresh op'ning to our wond'ring eyes.
- 3 O how delightful 'tis to see  
The earth in vernal beauty dress'd !  
While in each herb, and flow'r, and tree,  
Thy blooming glories shine confess'd !
- 4 Aloft, full beaming, reigns the sun,  
And light and genial heat conveys ;  
And, while he leads the seasons on,  
From thee derives his quick'ning rays.
- 5 Around us, in the teeming field,  
Stands the rich grain or purpled vine ;  
At thy command they rise, to yield  
The strength'ning bread or cheering wine.
- 6 Indulgent God ! from ev'ry part  
Thy plenteous blessings largely flow ;  
We see ; we taste ;—let ev'ry heart  
With grateful love and duty glow.

L. M.

**599.** *The seasons crowned with goodness.*

Psalm lxx. 11.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of every joy !  
Well may thy praise our lips employ,  
While in thy temple we appear  
To hail the Sovereign of the year.



- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole !  
The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring at thy command,  
Perfumes the air and paints the land :  
The summer rays with vigor shine  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours  
Through all our coast redundant stores,  
And winters, soften'd by thy care,  
No more the face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
And be the grateful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.
- 6 Here in thy house let incense rise,  
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,  
Till to those lofty heights we soar,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

**600.** *Jesus seen in the Seasons ; or, I will praise  
the Lord at all times.*

- 1 **W**INTER has a joy for me,  
While the Saviour's charms I read,  
Lowly, meek, from blemish free,  
In the snow-drop's pensive head.
- 2 Spring returns, and brings along  
Life-invigorating suns :  
Hark ! the turtle's plaintive song,  
Seems to speak his dying groans !
- 3 Summer has a thousand charms  
All expressive of his worth ;  
'Tis the sun that lights and warms,  
His the air that cools the earth.

- 4 What, has autumn left to say  
 Nothing of a Saviour's grace?  
 Yes, the beams of milder day  
 Tell me of his smiling face.
- 5 Light appears with early dawn;  
 While the sun makes haste to rise,  
 See his bleeding beauties drawn  
 On the blushes of the skies.
- 6 Evening with a silent pace,  
 Slowly moving in the west,  
 Shows an emblem of his grace,  
 Points to an eternal rest.

## SPRING.

601.

C. M.  
*Spring.*

- 1 **B**LEAK winter is subdu'd at length,  
 Compell'd to yield the day:  
 The sun returning in his strength  
 Drives all the storms away.
- 2 Behold, the youthful spring is come,  
 How alter'd is the scene!  
 The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,  
 The earth array'd in green.
- 3 Where'er we tread, beneath our feet  
 The flowers spontaneous spring;  
 And warbling birds, in concert sweet,  
 Invite our hearts to sing.
- 4 But, ah! in vain I strive to join,  
 Oppress'd with sin and doubt;  
 I feel 'tis winter still within,  
 Though all is spring without.
- 5 Oh! would my Saviour from on high  
 Break through these clouds and shine!  
 No creature then more blest than I,  
 No song more loud than mine.

- 6 Till then—no softly-warbling thrush,  
 Nor cowslips' sweet perfume,  
 Nor beauties of each painted bush,  
 Can dissipate my gloom.

C. M.

602.

*The Spring improved.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD! long-wish'd-for spring is come,  
 How alter'd is the scene!  
 The trees and shrubs are dress'd in bloom,  
 The earth array'd in green.
- 2 Where'er we tread, the clustering flowers  
 Beauteous around us spring;  
 The birds, with joint harmonious powers,  
 Invite our hearts to sing.
- 3 But, ah! in vain I strive to join,  
 Oppress'd with sin and doubt;  
 I feel 'tis winter still within,  
 Though all is spring without.
- 4 O! would my Saviour from on high,  
 Break through these clouds and shine,  
 No creature then more blest than I,  
 No song more loud than mine.
- 5 Lord, let thy word my hopes revive,  
 And overcome my foes;  
 O make my languid graces thrive,  
 And blossom like the rose!

SUMMER AND HARVEST.

C. M.

603.

*Summer—a Harvest Hymn.*

- 1 **T**O praise the ever-bounteous Lord,  
 My soul, wake all thy powers:  
 He calls, and at his voice come forth  
 The smiling harvest hours.
- 2 His covenant with the earth he keeps;  
 My tongue, his goodness sing;

- Summer and winter know their time,  
His harvest crowns the spring.
- 3 Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold  
The waving yellow crop :  
With joy they bear the sheaves away,  
And sow again in hope.
- 4 Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow  
The seeds of righteousness :  
Smile on my soul, and with thy beams,  
The rip'ning harvest bless.
- 5 Then, in the last great harvest, I  
Shall reap a glorious crop :  
The harvest shall by far exceed  
What I have sown in hope.

C. M.

**604.** *Threatening Drought.*

- 1 **T**HE spring, great God, at thy command,  
Leads forth the smiling year ;  
Gay verdure, foliage, blooms and flowers  
To adorn her reign, appear.
- 2 But soon canst thou in righteous wrath  
Blast all the promis'd joy,  
And elements await thy nod  
To bless or to destroy.
- 3 The sun, thy minister of love,  
That from the naked ground  
Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,  
And spreads their beauties round ;
- 4 At the dread order of his God,  
Now darts destructive fires ; [drought,  
Hills, plains, and vales, are parch'd with  
And blooming life expires.
- 5 Like burnish'd brass, the heavens around  
In angry terror burns,  
While the earth lies a joyless waste,  
And into iron turns.

- 6 Pity us, Lord, in our distress,  
Nor with our land contend;  
Bid the avenging skies relent,  
And showers of mercy send!

## AUTUMN.

605. L. M.  
*Autumn.*—Jer. viii. 20.

- 1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,  
And changes make the rolling year;  
As time with rapid pinions flies,  
May every season make us wise.
- 2 Long has thy favor crown'd our days,  
And summer shed again its rays;  
No deadly cloud our sky has veil'd,  
No blasting winds our path assail'd.
- 3 Our harvest months have o'er us roll'd,  
And fill'd our fields with waving gold;  
Our tables spread, our garner stor'd!  
Where are our hearts to praise the Lord?
- 4 The solemn harvest comes apace,  
The closing day of life and grace:  
Time of decision, awful hour!  
Around it let no tempests low'r!
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,  
Like stars in heaven to rise and shine;  
Then shall our happy souls above,  
Reap the full harvest of thy love!

## WINTER.

606. C. M.  
*Winter.*—Job xxxviii. 29, 30.

- 1 STERN winter throws his icy chains;  
Encircling nature round;  
How bleak, how comfortless the plains,  
Late with gay verdure crown'd!
- 2 The sun withdraws his vital beams,  
And light and warmth depart;



And drooping lifeless nature seems  
An emblem of my heart.

- 3 My heart, when mental winter reigns,  
In night's dark mantle clad ;  
Confin'd in cold, inactive chains,  
How desolate and sad !
- 4 Return, O blissful sun, and bring  
The soul-reviving ray ;  
This mental winter shall be spring,  
This darkness cheerful day.
- 5 O happy state, divine abode,  
Where spring eternal reigns ;  
And perfect day, the smile of God,  
Fills all the heavenly plains.
- 6 Great source of light, thy beams display,  
My drooping joys restore :  
And guide me to the seats of day,  
Where winter chills no more.

NEW YEAR.

607.

(409) L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! we sing that mighty hand,  
By which supported still we stand ;  
The op'ning year thy mercy shows :  
Let mercy crown it, till it close.
- 2 By day, at night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God ;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.
- 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.
- 4 In scenes exalted or depress'd,  
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest ;

Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Ador'd through all our changing days.

- 5 When death shall interrupt our songs,  
And seal in silence mortal tongues ;  
Our helper, God, in whom we trust,  
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

**608.** (410) L. M.  
*Dependence on God.*

- 1 **G**OD of our lives ! thy constant care  
With blessings crowns each op'ning year :  
These lives, so frail, dost thou prolong,  
And wake anew our annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled  
To the dark regions of the dead,  
Since, from this day, the changing sun  
Through his last yearly course has run !
- 3 We yet survive : but who can say,  
Or through the year, or month, or day,  
I shall retain my vital breath,  
Thus far at least in league with death ?
- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God !  
'Tis thine to fix the soul's abode :  
We hold our lives from thee alone,  
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee we all our pow'rs resign ;  
Make us and own us still as thine :  
Then shall we smile, secure from fear,  
Though death should blast the rising year.
- 6 Thy children, eager to be gone,  
Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,  
And land them on that blooming shore  
Where years and death are known no more.

**609.** L. M.  
*The barren Fig tree.*—Luke xiii. 6—9.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee belong  
The thankful heart, the grateful song ;

Touch'd by thy love, each tuneful chord  
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

- 2 Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting breath,  
And chas'd the gloomy shades of death;  
The venom'd arrows vainly fly,  
When God our great Deliver's nigh.
- 3 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?  
Why does thy hand so kindly rear  
A useless cumberer of the ground,  
On which no pleasant fruits are found?
- 4 Still may the barren fig-tree stand!  
And, cultivated by thy hand,  
Verdure, and bloom, and fruit afford,  
Meet tribute to its bounteous Lord.
- 5 So shall thy praise employ my breath  
Through life, and in the arms of death  
My soul the pleasant theme prolong,  
Then rise to aid th' angelic song.

**610.** P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.  
*New Year's Day.*—Luke xiii. 6—9.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of earth and sky,  
The God of ages praise!  
Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
Ancient of endless days;  
Who lengthens out our trial here,  
And spares us yet another year.
- 2 Barren and wither'd trees,  
We cumber'd long the ground:  
No fruit of holiness  
On our dead souls was found;  
Yet doth he us in mercy spare,  
Another, and another year.
- 3 When justice gave the word  
To cut the fig-tree down,  
The pity of our Lord,  
Cried, "Let it still alone:"

The father mild inclines his ear,  
And spares us yet another year.

4 Jesus thy speaking blood  
From God obtain'd the grace,  
Who therefore hath bestow'd  
On us a longer space :  
Thou didst in our behalf appear,  
And lo we see another year !

5 Then dig about our root,  
Break up our fallow ground,  
And let our gracious fruit  
To thy great praise abound ;  
O let us all thy praise declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

## 2. MORNING HYMNS.

P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

611.

*Morning Song.*

1 **O**NCE more my eyes behold the day,  
And to my God my soul would pay  
Its tributary lays :  
O may the life preserved by thee,  
With all its powers and blessings, be  
Devoted to thy praise.

2 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,  
Israel's great keeper, King of kings,  
My weary head found rest :  
No dire alarms, or racking pains,  
Devouring flames, or galling chains,  
Disturb'd my peaceful breast.

3 How many, since I laid me down,  
Have launch'd into a world unknown,  
To meet a dreadful doom :  
While some on wat'ry billows test,  
Or wand'ring on an unknown coast,  
Have sigh'd in vain for home.

4 But I am spar'd to see thy face,  
A monument of saving grace,

And live to praise thy name :  
 Still be thou near, my gracious Lord,  
 To keep and guide, and by thy word  
 Peace to my soul proclaim.

- 5 Let me enjoy thy presence here,  
 In every storm my heart to cheer,  
 Till thou shalt bid me rise,  
 Where sin and sorrow never come,  
 Till at my blest eternal home  
 I wake in sweet surprise.

(398) L. M.

**612.** *God renews his mercies morning and evening.*

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love !  
 Thy gifts are every evening new ;  
 And morning mercies from above  
 Gently descend like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night  
 Great Guardain of my sleeping hours  
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield myself to thy command ;  
 To thee devote my nights and days ;  
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand  
 Demand perpetual hymns of praise.

L. M.

**613.** *A Morning Hymn.*

Psalm xix. 5. 8. and lxxiii. 24, 25.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice  
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise  
 And like a giant doth rejoice  
 To run his journey through the skies ;
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east  
 The circuit of his race begins,  
 And without weariness or rest,  
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines :



- 3 O like the sun may I fulfil  
Th' appointed duties of the day,  
With ready mind and active will  
March on and keep my heavenly way.
- 4 But I shall rove and lose the race,  
If God my sun should disappear,  
And leave me in this world's wild maze  
To follow every wandering star.
- 5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlightening our beclouded eyes,  
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me thy counsels for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss;  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

614. C. M.  
*A Morning Song.*

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes,  
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay  
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heaven on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
My tongue shall speak his praise:  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 [On a poor worm thy power might tread,  
And I could ne'er withstand;  
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,  
But mercy held thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled  
Since the last setting sun,

And yet thou length'nest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.]

- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine  
    Whilst I enjoy the light,  
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
    And bring a pleasant night.

(399) C. M.  
**615.** *Hymn for morning and evening.*

- 1 **H**OSANNAH with a cheerful sound  
    To God's upholding hand !  
Ten thousand snares our path surround,  
    And yet secure we stand.
- 2 How wondrous is that mighty pow'r,  
    Which form'd us with a word !  
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,  
    We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,  
    And mercy guards the room ;  
We wake, and we admire the bed  
    That was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morn cannot assure,  
    That we shall end the day ;  
For death stands ready at the door,  
    To take our lives away.
- 5 God is our sun, whose daily light  
    Our joy and safety brings ;  
Our feeble frame lies safe at night  
    Beneath his shady wings.

(400) C. M.  
**616.** *Praise to God in the morning*

- 1 **L**ORD of my life ! O may thy praise  
    Employ my noblest pow'rs,  
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,  
    And fills the circling hours !
- 2 Preserv'd by thy almighty arm,  
    I pass the shades of night,

Serene and safe from ev'ry harm,  
And see returning light.

- 3 While many spent the night in sighs,  
And restless pains and woes,  
In gentle sleep I clos'd my eyes  
And undisturb'd repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's semblance, o'er me spread,  
And I unconscious lay ;  
Thy watchful care was round my bed  
To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O let the same almighty care  
My waking hours attend :  
From ev'ry trespass, ev'ry snare,  
My heedless steps defend.
- 6 Smile on my minutes as they roll,  
And guide my future days ;  
And let thy goodness fill my soul  
With gratitude and praise.

617. (401) L. M.  
*The morning emblematic of eternal day.*

- 1 **I**N sleep's serene oblivion laid,  
I safely pass'd the silent night :  
Again I see the breaking shade,  
I drink again the morning light.
- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour,  
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be :  
My conscious soul resumes her pow'r,  
And springs, my guardian God ! to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various maze  
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread ;  
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,  
Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend ;  
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress :  
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,  
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

- 5 That deeper shade shall break away ;  
 That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes :  
 Thy light shall give eternal day ;  
 Thy love, the raptures of the skies.

618.

S. M.  
*Morning Song.*

- 1 **S**EE how the rising sun  
 Pursues his shining way ;  
 And wide proclaims his Maker's praise,  
 With ev'ry bright'ning ray.
- 2 Thus would my rising soul  
 Its heavenly parent sing :  
 And to its great original  
 The humble tribute bring.
- 3 Serene I lay me down  
 Beneath his guardian care ;  
 I slept, and I awoke, and found  
 My kind Preserver near !
- 4 Thus does thine arm support  
 This weak, defenceless frame ;  
 But whence these favors, Lord, to me,  
 So worthless as I am ?
- 5 O how shall I repay  
 The bounties of my God ?  
 This feeble spirit pants beneath  
 The pleasing, painful load.
- 6 Dear Saviour, to thy cross  
 I bring my sacrifice ;  
 By thee perfum'd, it shall ascend  
 With fragrance to the skies.
- 7 My life I would anew  
 Devote, O Lord, to thee :  
 And in thy blessed presence spend  
 A long eternity.

C. M.

**619.** *God's Goodness renewed every morning and evening.*

- 1 **G**REAT God! my early vows to thee  
With gratitude I'll bring;  
And at the rosy dawn of day  
Thy lofty praises sing.
- 2 Thou round the heavenly arch dost draw  
A dark and sable veil,  
And all the beauties of the world  
From mortal eyes conceal.
- 3 Again the sky with golden beams  
Thy skilful hands adorn,  
And paint with cheerful splendor gay  
The fair ascending morn.
- 4 And as the gloomy night returns,  
Or smiling day renews,  
Thy constant goodness still my soul  
With benefits pursues.
- 5 For this will I my vows to thee  
With evening incense bring;  
And at the rosy dawn of day  
Thy lofty praises sing.

(403) C. M.

**620.** *Seeking divine protection in the morning.*

- 1 **T**O thee let my first off'rings rise,  
Whose sun creates my day;  
Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,  
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh  
So oft vouchsaf'd before!  
Still may it lead, protect, supply,  
And I that hand adore.
- 3 If bliss thy Providence impart,  
For which, resign'd, I pray:



Give me to feel the grateful heart,  
That, without guilt, is gay.

4 Affliction should'st thou please to send,  
As sin's or folly's cure :  
Patient, to gain that blessed end,  
May I the means endure.

5 Be this and ev'ry future day  
Still wiser than the past ;  
That, from the whole of life's survey,  
I may find peace at last.

**621.** (402) L. M.  
*Resolutions in the morning.*

1 **A**WAKE, my soul ! and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run ;  
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 By influence of the light divine,  
Let thy own light to others shine ;  
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays  
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

3 Lord ! I my vows to thee renew :  
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;  
Guard my first spring of thought and will ;  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,  
All I design to do or say ;  
That all my pow'r with all their might  
In thy sole glory may unite.

5 All praise to thee, who safe has kept,  
And hast refresh'd me while I slept !  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake.

**622.** S. M.  
*Morning.*

1 **W**E lift our hearts to thee,  
O Day-star from on high !

- The sun itself is but thy shade,  
Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 O let thy orient beams  
The night of sin disperse,  
The mists of error and of vice,  
Which shade the universe !
- 3 How beauteous nature now !  
How dark and sad before !  
With joy we view the pleasing change,  
And nature's God adore.
- 4 O may no gloomy crime  
Pollute the rising day ;  
May Jesus' blood, like evening dew,  
Wash all our stains away.
- 5 May we this life improve,  
To mourn for errors past :  
And live this short revolving day,  
As if it were our last.
- 6 To God, the Father, Son,  
And spirit, one in three,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall for ever be.

623.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

- 1 **N**OW the shades of night are gone ;  
Now the morning light is come ;  
Lord, may I be thine to-day—  
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill my soul with heav'nly light,  
Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight,  
In thy service, Lord, to-day,  
Help me labor, help me pray.
- 3 Keep my haughty passions bound  
Save me from my foes around ;  
Going out and coming in,  
Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.

- 4 When my work of life is past,  
 Oh ! receive me then at last !  
 Night of sin will be no more,  
 When I reach the heav'nly shore.

624.

(372) L. M.  
*The Lord's day.*

- 1 **A**NOTHER six days' work is done,  
 Another Sabbath is begun :  
 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
 Improve the day thy God has blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns  
 So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;  
 Provides an antepast of heav'n,  
 And gives this day the food of sev'n.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,  
 As grateful incense, to the skies ;  
 And draw from heav'n that sweet repose,  
 Which none, but he who feels it, knows.
- 4 With joy, great God ! thy works we view  
 In various scenes both old and new ;  
 With praise we think on mercies past,  
 With hope we future pleasures taste.
- 5 In holy duties let the day,  
 In holy pleasure pass away :  
 How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,  
 In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

625.

L. M.

*The Sabbath.*—Ps. lxxxiv. 10.

- 1 **O**UR Sabbaths come so welcome on,  
 We wish them to remain awile,  
 But soon, alas ! their joys are gone,  
 And scarce "bequeath a parting smile."
- 2 Full many are the hours of grief,  
 Allotted to the sons of men,

Our Sabbaths bring a short relief,  
Yet leave us but to mourn again.

3 Ye peaceful days ! and thou blest sun !  
Why roll ye in such haste away ?

Ye happy hours ! why flow ye on  
So fast towards eternity ?

4 O ! if ye bring an endless day,  
Speed fast along, nor ever cease ;  
We'll gladly feel your joys decay,  
In perfect and enduring bliss.

C. M.

**626.** *Sabbath Morning.*—Psalm cxviii. 24.

1 **O**N this sweet morn my Lord arose,  
Triumphant o'er the grave !  
He dies to vanquish all my foes,  
And lives again to save.

2 This is the day for holy rest,  
Yet clouds will gather soon,  
Except my Lord become my guest,  
And put my harp in tune.

3 No heavenly fire my heart can raise,  
Without the Spirit's aid ;  
His breath must kindle pray'r and praise,  
Or I am cold and dead.

4 On all the flocks thy Spirit pour,  
And saving health convey ;  
A sweet, refreshing Sunday show'r  
Will make them sing and pray.

5 Direct thy shepherds how to feed  
The flocks of thy own choice ;  
Give savour to the heavenly bread,  
And bid the folds rejoice.

C. M.

**627.** *Sabbath Morning.*

1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep  
On this sweet day of rest ;

- O bless this flock, and make this fold  
Enjoy a heavenly rest.
- 2 Welcome, and precious to my soul,  
Are these sweet days of love ;  
But what a Sabbath shall I keep,  
When I shall rest above !
- 3 I Come, I wait, I hear, I pray,  
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace,  
Here, in thine own appointed way,  
I wait to see thy face.
- 4 These are the sweet and precious days  
On which my Lord I've seen ;  
And oft, when feasting on his word,  
In raptures I have been.
- 5 O if my soul, when death appears,  
In this sweet frame be found :  
I'd clasp my Saviour in my arms,  
And leave this earthly ground.
- 6 I long for that delightful hour,  
When from this clay undrest,  
I shall be cloth'd in robes divine,  
And made for ever blest.

628.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.  
*Sabbath Morning.*

- 1 **S**AFELY thro' another week,  
God has brought us on our way ;  
Let us now a blessing seek,  
Waiting in his courts to-day.  
Day of all the week the best ;  
Emblem of eternal rest !
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show thy reconciling face—  
Take away our sin and shame :  
From our wordly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in thee.



3 Here we're come, thy name to praise;  
 Let us feel thy presence near :  
 May thy glory meet our eyes,  
 While we in thy house appear :  
 Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound  
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;  
 Make the fruits of grace abound,  
 Bring relief for all complaints.  
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,  
 Till we join the church above.

629.

(405) L. M.  
*Confidence in God.*

1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on ;  
 Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days ;  
 And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known  
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
 And I, perhaps, am near my home :  
 But he forgives my follies past,  
 And strength supplies for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep ;  
 Peace is the pillow of my head :  
 His ever watchful eye will keep  
 Its constant guard around my bed.

4 Faith in his name forbids my fear :  
 O may thy presence ne'er depart !  
 And in the morning may I bear  
 Thy loving kindness on my heart !

## EVENING HYMNS.

630.

L. M.  
*An Evening Hymn.—Job viii. 9.*

1 **A**NOTHER fleeting day is gone,  
 Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;  
 Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,  
 And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

- 2 Another fleeting day is gone,  
Swept from the records of the year ;  
And still with each successive sun,  
Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone,  
To tell thy secrets, O my soul ;  
Faithful before th' eternal throne  
Thy slightest folly 'twill enroll.
- 4 Another fleeting day is gone,  
To join the fugitives before :  
And I, when life's employ is done,  
Shall sleep to wake in time no more.
- 5 Another fleeting day is gone,  
And soon a fairer day shall rise ;  
A day, whose never-setting sun,  
Shall pour his light o'er cloudless skies.
- 6 Another fleeting day is gone,  
In solemn silence rest, my soul ;  
Bend—bend before his awful throne,  
Who bids the morn and evening roll !

L. M.

631.

*Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light ;  
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
Under thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
With joy behold the judgment-day.
- 4 Lord, let my soul for ever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care ;

'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

632.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

*Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **O**MNIPRESENT God, whose aid  
No one ever ask'd in vain,  
Be this night about my bed,  
Every evil thought restrain :
- 2 Lay thy hand upon my soul,  
God of my unguarded hours !  
All my enemies control,  
Hell, and earth, and nature's powers.
- 3 Loose me from the chains of sense,  
Set me from the body free :  
Draw with stronger influence  
My unfetter'd soul to thee.
- 4 In me, Lord, thyself reveal,  
Fill me with a sweet surprise ;  
Let me thee, when waking, feel,  
Let me in thine image rise.

633.

C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, another day is flown,  
And we, a lonely band,  
Are met once more before thy throne,  
To bless thy fost'ring hand.
- 2 And wilt thou bend a list'ning ear,  
To praises low as ours ?  
Thou wilt ! for thou dost love to hear  
The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,  
As we before thee pray ;

For thou didst bless the infant train,  
And we are less than they.

- 4 Oh, let thy grace perform its part,  
And let contention cease ;  
And shed abroad in ev'ry heart  
Thine everlasting peace.

634.

C. M.

*Evening.*

- 1 **I**NDULGENT Father, by whose care,  
I've pass'd another day,  
Let me this night thy mercy share,  
And teach me how to pray.
- 2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn  
My guilt before thy face ;  
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,  
And save me by thy grace.
- 3 Let each returning night declare  
The tokens of thy love ;  
And ev'ry hour thy grace prepare  
My soul for joys above.
- 4 And when on earth I close my eyes,  
To sleep in death's embrace,  
Let me to heav'n and glory rise,  
T' enjoy thy smiling face.

635.

S. M.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear,  
Oh, may I ever keep in mind,  
The night of death draws near.
- 2 I lay my garments by,  
Upon my bed to rest ;  
So death will soon remove me hence,  
And leave my soul undrest.
- 3 Lord, keep me safe this night,  
Secure from all my fears ;

May angels guard me while I sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

4 And when I early rise,  
To view th' unwearied sun,  
May I set out to win the prize,  
And after glory run :

5 That when my days are past,  
And I from time remove,  
Lord, I may in thy bosom rest,  
The bosom of thy love.

**636.** P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

1 **W**HAT if death my sleep invade ?  
Should I be of death afraid ?  
Whilst encircled by thine arm,  
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

2 What if beams of opening day  
Shine around my breathless clay ?  
Brighter visions from on high  
Shall regale my mental eye.

3 Tender friends awhile may mourn  
Me from their embraces torn ;  
Dearer, better friends I have  
In the realms beyond the grave.

4 See the guardian-angels nigh  
Wait to waft my soul on high !  
See the golden gates display'd !  
See the crown to grace my head !

5 See a flood of sacred light,  
Which no more shall yield to night !  
Transitory world, farewell !  
Jesus calls with him to dwell !

6 With thy heavenly presence blest,  
Death is life, and labor rest :  
Welcome sleep, or death to me,  
Still secure, for still with thee.



**637.**C. M.  
*Evening Hymn.*

- 1 **N**OW, from the altar of our hearts  
Let incense flames arise ;  
Assist us, Lord, to offer up  
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Awake, our love, awake, our joy ;  
Awake, our heart and tongue :  
Sleep not when mercies loudly call,  
Break forth into a song.
- 3 Minutes and mercies multiply'd  
Have made up all this day ;  
Minutes came quick, but mercies were  
More fleet and free than they.
- 4 New time, new favors, and new joys,  
Do a new song require ;  
Till we shall praise thee as we would,  
Accept our heart's desire.
- 5 Lord of our time, whose hand hath set  
New time upon our score ;  
Thee may we praise for all our time,  
When time shall be no more !

**638.**C. M.  
*Lord's Day Evening.*

- 1 **W**HEN, O dear Jesus, when shall I  
Behold thee all serene ;  
Blest in perpetual sabbath-day,  
Without a veil between !
- 2 Assist me, while I wander here,  
Amidst a world of cares ;  
Incline my heart to pray with love,  
And then accept my prayers.
- 3 Release my soul from every chain,  
No more hell's captive led ;  
And pardon a repenting child,  
For whom the Saviour bled.

4 Spare me, my God, O spare the soul  
That gives itself to thee ;  
Take all that I possess below,  
And give thyself to me.

5 Thy Spirit, O my Father, give,  
To be my guide and friend,  
To light my path to ceaseless joys,  
To sabbaths without end.

L. M.

639.

*Lord's Day Evening.*

1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see  
A whole assembly worship thee ;  
At once they sing, at once they pray !  
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go ;  
'Tis like a little heaven below :  
Not all that hell or sin can say,  
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my mem'ry Lord,  
The text and doctrine of thy word ;  
That I may break thy laws no more,  
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,  
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;  
That hoping pardon through his blood,  
I may lie down and wake with God.

C. M.

640.

*An Evening Song.*

1 **D**READ Sov'reign, let my evening song  
Like holy incense rise !  
Assist the offerings of my tongue  
To reach the lofty skies.

2 Through all the dangers of the day,  
Thy hand was still my guard,  
And still to drive my wants away  
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

- 3 Perpetual blessings from above  
 Encompass me around,  
 But oh ! how few returns of love  
 Hath my Creator found.
- 4 What have I done for him that died  
 To save my wretched soul !  
 How are my follies multiplied,  
 Fast as my minutes roll !
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine  
 To thy dear cross I flee,  
 And to thy grace my soul resign  
 To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood  
 I lay me down to rest,  
 As in the embraces of my God,  
 Or on my Saviour's breast.

C. M.

641.

*Midnight Thoughts recollected.*

- 1 'TWAS in the watches of the night  
 I thought upon thy pow'r,  
 I kept thy lovely face in sight  
 Amidst the darkest hour.
- 2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,  
 My soul arose on high :  
 'My God, my life, my hope,' I said,  
 'Bring thy salvation nigh.'
- 3 My spirit labors up thine hill,  
 And climbs the heavenly road ;  
 But thy right hand upholds me still,  
 While I pursue my God.
- 4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head  
 The shadow of thy wings :  
 My heart rejoices in thine aid,  
 My tongue awakes and sings.

642.

(467) C. M.

- 1 LORD ! thou wilt hear me when I pray,  
 I am for ever thine :

- I fear before thee all the day,  
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,  
From cares and business free ;  
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,  
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice ;  
And when my work is done,  
Great God, my faith and hope relies  
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace  
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;  
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
And will my slumbers keep !

## BIRTHDAY HYMNS.

P. M. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

643.

*For a Birthday.*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to thee  
My cheerful soul I raise ;  
Thy goodness bade me be,  
And still prolongs my days ;  
I see my natal hour return,  
And bless the day that I was born.
- 2 A clod of living earth,  
I glorify thy name,  
From whom alone my birth,  
And all my blessings came ;  
Creating and preserving grace  
Let all that is within me praise.
- 3 My soul, and all its powers,  
Thine, wholly thine shall be,  
All, all my happy hours  
I consecrate to thee ;  
Whate'er I have, whate'er I am  
Shall magnify my Maker's name.
- 4 Long as I live beneath,  
To thee O let me live,

To thee my every breath  
 In thanks and blessings give ;  
 Me to thine image now restore,  
 And I shall praise thee evermore.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

**644.** *A Birthday hymn.*—Acts xxvi. 22

- 1 **I** MY Ebenezer raise  
 To my kind Redeemer's praise ;  
 With a grateful heart I own,  
 Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,  
 Well I know concerns me not ;  
 This should set my heart at rest,  
 What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee resign :  
 Father, let thy will be mine ;  
 May but all thy dealings prove  
 Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r,  
 Guard me in the trying hour ·  
 Let thy unremitted care  
 Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days  
 Be directed to thy praise ;  
 So the last, the closing scene  
 Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest,  
 Grant me but this one request,  
 Both in life and death to prove  
 Tokens of thy special love.

#### 6. WEDDING HYMNS.

C. M.

**645.**

*A Wedding Hymn.*

- 1 **S**INCE Jesus freely did appear,  
 To grace a marriage feast,  
 O Lord, we ask thy presence here,  
 To make a wedding guest.



- 2 Upon the bridal pair look down,  
Who now have plighted hands ;  
Their union with thy favor crown,  
And bless their nuptial bands.
- 3 With gifts of grace their hearts endow,  
Of all rich dowries best !  
Their substance bless, and peace bestow  
To sweeten all the rest.
- 4 In purest love their souls unite,  
That they, with Christian care,  
May make domestic burdens light,  
By taking mutual share.
- 5 True helpers may they prove indeed,  
In prayer, and faith, and hope ;  
And see with joy a godly seed  
To build their household up.
- 6 On every soul assembled here,  
O make thy face to shine ;  
Thy goodness more our hearts can cheer  
Than richest food or wine.

646.

L. M.  
*Marriage.*

- 1 **W**ITH grateful hearts and tuneful lays,  
We bow before th' Eternal throne,  
And offer up our humble praise,  
To him whose name is God alone.
- 2 On this auspicious eve, draw near,  
And shed thy richest blessings down ;  
Fill ev'ry heart with love sincere,  
And all thy faithful mercies crown.
- 3 Grant now thy presence, gracious Lord,  
And hearken to our fervent pray'r ;  
The nuptial vow in heav'n record,  
And bless the newly married pair.
- 4 Oh, guide them safe, this desert through,  
Mid all the cares of life and love ;

At length with joy thy face to view,  
In fairer, better worlds above.

## 7. MEETING AND PARTING OF CHRISTIAN FRIENDS

L. M.

**647.** *A welcome to Christian Friends—at Meeting.*

1 **K**INDRED in Christ, for his dear sake,  
A hearty welcome here receive :

May we together now partake  
The joys which only he can give.

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given  
To know the Saviour's precious name ;  
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,  
Our hope, our way, our end the same.

3 May he, by whose kind care we meet,  
Send his good spirit from above,  
Make our communications sweet,  
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

4 Forgotten be each wordly theme,  
When Christians see each other thus ;  
We only wish to speak of him ;  
Who liv'd, and died, and reigns for us.

5 We'll talk of all he did, and said,  
And suffer'd for us here below ;  
The path he mark'd for us to tread,  
And what he's doing for us now.

6 Thus as the moments pass away,  
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;  
And hasten on the glorious day,  
When we shall meet to part no more.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

**648.** *Visiting a Friend.*

1 **P**EACE be on this house bestow'd,  
Peace on all that here reside ;

Let the unknown peace of God  
With the man of peace abide !

Let the Spirit now come down :  
 Let the blessings now take place ;  
 Son of peace, receive thy crown,  
 Fulness of the gospel grace.

2 Christ my Master, and my Lord,  
 Let me thy forerunner be :  
 O be mindful of thy word,  
 Visit them, and visit me !  
 To this house and all herein,  
 Now let thy salvation come !  
 Save our souls from inbred sin !  
 Make us thine eternal home !

3 Let us never, never rest  
 Till the promise is fulfil'd :  
 Till we are of thee possess'd,  
 Pardon'd, sanctified, and seal'd ;  
 Till we all, in love renew'd,  
 Find the pearl that Adam lost,  
 Temples of the living God,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

649.

S. M.

1 **A**ND let our bodies part,  
 To different climes repair ;  
 Inseparably join'd in heart  
 The friends of Jesus are !

2 Jesus, the corner stone,  
 Did first our hearts unite !  
 And still he keeps our spirits one,  
 Who walk with him in white.

3 O let us still proceed  
 In Jesus' work below ;  
 And following our triumphant Head,  
 To farther conquests go.

4 The vineyards of the Lord  
 Before his lab'ers lies ;

And lo! we see the vast reward,  
Which waits us in the skies!

- 5 O let our hearts and mind  
Continually ascend;  
That heaven of repsoe to find,  
Where all our labors end!
- 6 Where all our toils are o'er,  
Our sufferings and our pain;  
Who meet on that eternal shore  
Shall never part again.
- 7 O happy, happy place,  
Where saints and angels meet;  
There we shall see each others face,  
And all our brethren greet.
- 8 To gather home his own,  
God shall his angels send,  
And bid our bliss, on earth begun,  
In deathless triumphs end.

650.

C. M.

*At Parting.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when together here we meet,  
And taste thy heav'nly grace;  
Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,  
We're loath to leave the place.
- 2 But, Father, since it is thy will  
That we must part again;  
Oh, may thy special presence still  
With every one remain.
- 3 And let us all in Christ be one,  
Bound with the cords of love;  
Till we, before thy glorious throne,  
Shall joyful meet above.
- 4 All sin and sorrow from each heart,  
Shall then for ever fly;  
Nor shall a thought that we must part,  
Once interrupt our joy.

651. P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.  
*The same.*

- 1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,  
 Let us now ourselves commend,  
 To the gracious eye and heart  
 Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer !  
 Tender Shepherd of thy sheep !  
 Let thy mercy and thy care  
 All our souls in safety keep.
- 3 In thy strength may we be strong,  
 Sweeten every cross and pain :  
 Give us, if we live, ere long  
 In thy peace to meet again.
- 4 Then if thou thy help afford,  
 Ebenezers shall be rear'd ;  
 And our souls shall praise the Lord  
 Who our poor petitions heard.

8. FOR THE YOUNG AND THE OLD.

652. (451) C. M.  
*Advantages of religion in youth.*

- 1 **H**APPY is he, whose early years  
 Receive instruction well ;  
 Who hates the sinner's path, and fears  
 The road that leads to hell.
- 2 'Tis easier work, if we begin  
 To serve the Lord betimes ;  
 While sinners, who grow old in sin,  
 Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares,  
 To mind religion young :  
 With joy it crowns succeeding years,  
 And makes our virtue strong.
- 4 To thee, almighty God ! to thee  
 Our hearts we now resign :  
 'Twill please us to look back and see,  
 That our whole lives were thine !



- 5 Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise  
Employ our daily breath :  
Thus we're prepar'd for future days,  
Or fit for early death.

**653.**

(452) L. M.

*A call to the young.*

- 1 **N**OW, in the heat of youthful blood,  
Remember your Creator, God :  
Behold, the months come hast'ning on,  
When you shall say, "my joys are gone."
- 2 God from on high beholds your thoughts ;  
His book records your secret faults :  
The works of darkness men have done,  
Must all appear before the sun.
- 3 Behold the aged sinner goes,  
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
Down to the regions of the dead,  
With bitt'rest curses on his head.
- 4 The dust returns to dust again ;  
The soul, in agonies of pain,  
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,  
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 5 God of the young ! turn off their eyes,  
From earth's alluring vanities ;  
And let the warnings of thy word  
Awake their souls to fear the Lord !

L. M.

**654.***Prayer for the children of the Church.*

- 1 **D**EAR Saviour, if these lambs should stray,  
From thy secure enclosure's bound ;  
And, lur'd by worldly joys away,  
Among the thoughtless crowd be found ;
- 2 Remember still that they are thine,  
That thy dear sacred name they bear,  
Think that the seal of love divine,—  
The sign of cov'nant grace they wear.
- 3 In all their erring, sinful years,  
Oh, let them ne'er forgotten be ;

Remember all the pray'rs and tears,  
Which made them consecrate to thee.

- 4 And when these lips no more can pray,  
These eyes can weep for them no more,  
Turn thou their feet from folly's way,  
The wand'ers to thy fold restore.

(233) S. M.

**655.** *Evil effects of neglected education.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, O Israel's God !  
From thine exalted throne,  
And view the dang'rous state of those  
Thou call'st to be thy own.
- 2 The children of thy flock,  
By early cov'nant thine,  
See how they pour their bleeding souls  
On ev'ry idol's shrine !
- 3 To indolence and pride  
What piteous victims made !  
Crush'd in their parents' fond embrace,  
And by their love betray'd.
- 4 By pleasure's polish'd dart  
What numbers here are slain !  
What numbers there for slaughter bound  
In Mammon's golden chain !
- 5 O let thine arm awake  
And dash the idols down :  
O call the captives of their pow'r  
Thy treasure and thy crown.
- 6 Thee let the fathers own,  
And thee the sons adore ;  
Join'd to the Lord by solemn vows,  
To be forgot no more !

C. M.

**656.** *Old Age.—Isaiah xlvi. 4.*

- 1 **M**Y flying years, time urges on ;  
What's mortal must decay ;

- My friends—my youth's companions gone,  
Can I expect to stay ?
- 2 Can I exemption plead, when death  
Projects his awful dart ?  
Can med'cine then prolong my breath ?  
Or virtue shield my heart ?
- 3 Oh ! no—then smooth, O Lord, the hour ;  
On thee my hope depends :  
Support me with almighty pow'r,  
While dust to dust descends.
- 4 Then shall my soul, O gracious God !  
(While angels guard the way,)  
With rapture haste to thine abode,  
To dwell in endless day.
- 5 Thro' heaven, howe'er remote the bound,  
Thy love I'll then proclaim :  
And join the choir of saints that sound  
Their great Redeemer's name.

## 9. PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

C. M.

**657.** *Parents' Prayer for their Children.—O that  
Ishmael might live before thee.—Gen. xvii. 18.*

- 1 **T**HUS did the pious Abra'm pray  
For his beloved son :  
Let parents in the present day  
His language make their own.
- 2 Tho' they with God in cov'nant be,  
And have their heav'n in view ;  
They are unhappy till they see  
Their children happy too.
- 3 They warn, indulge, correct, beseech,  
While tears in torrents flow ;  
And 'tis beyond the pow'r of speech  
To tell the griefs they know.

- 4 See the fond father clasp his child ;  
 See! how his mercies move :  
 "Shalt thou, my offspring, be exil'd  
 From God my Father's love ?
- 5 Shall cruel spirits drag thee down  
 To darkness and despair ;  
 Beneath th' Almighty's angry frown,  
 To dwell for ever there ?
- 6 Kind heaven, the dreadful scene forbid !  
 Look down, dear Lord, and bless ;  
 I'll wrestle hard, as Jacob did—  
 May I obtain success! "

S. M.

**658.** *Prayer for infants ; or, children, day by day,  
 given to God.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, now condescend  
 To bless our rising race ;  
 Soon may their willing spirits bend  
 To thy victorious grace !
- 2 O what a vast delight  
 Their happiness to see!  
 Our warmest wishes all unite  
 To lead their souls to thee.
- 3 Dear Lord, thy Spirit pour  
 Upon our infant seed ;  
 O bring the long'd-for happy hour  
 That makes them thine indeed.
- 4 May they receive thy word,  
 Confess the Saviour's name ;  
 Then follow their despised Lord  
 Through the baptismal stream.
- 5 Thus let our favor'd race  
 Surround thy sacred board,  
 There to adore thy sovereign grace,  
 And sing their dying Lord.

L. M.

**659.** *Prayer of parents for their offspring.*

- 1 **N**OW, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To whom we for our children cry!  
The good desir'd and wanted most,  
Out of thy richest grace supply!
- 2 Error and ignorance remove,  
The blindness of their heart and mind;  
Give them the wisdom from above,  
Spotless, and peaceable, and kind.
- 3 Answer on them the end of all  
Our cares, and pains, and studies here!  
On them recover'd from their fall,  
Stamp'd with the humble character!
- 4 Unite, what long has been disjoin'd,  
Knowledge and vital piety;  
Learning and holiness combin'd,  
And truth and love let all men see.
- 5 Father, accept them through thy Son,  
And ever by thy Spirit guide!  
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,  
Thy name confess'd and glorified.

**660.** P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

- 1 **I** AND my house will serve the Lord:  
But first obedient to thy word  
I must myself appear:  
By actions, words, and tempers, show  
That I my heavenly Master know,  
And serve with heart sincere.
- 2 I must the good example set  
To those that on my pleasure wait;  
The stumbling-block remove:  
Their duty by my life explain,  
And still in all my works maintain  
The dignity of love.



- 3 Easy to be entreated, mild,  
Quickly appeas'd and reconcil'd,  
A foll'wer of my God :  
A saint indeed I long to be,  
And wish to lead my family  
In the celestial road.
- 4 A sinner sav'd myself from sin,  
I strive my family to win,  
That they may be forgiven ;  
The children, Lord, and servants bless,  
And through the paths of righteousness  
Conduct us all to heaven.

## 10. COLLECTIONS.

661.

L. M.  
*Liberality.*

- 1 **O**H, what stupendous mercy shines  
Around the majesty of heaven !  
Rebels he deigns to call his sons,  
Their souls renew'd, their sins forgiven.
- 2 Go, imitate the grace divine,—  
The grace that blazes like a sun ;  
Hold forth your fair, though feeble light,  
Through all your lives let mercy run !
- 3 Upon your bounty's willing wings  
Swift let the great salvation fly ;  
The hungry feed, the naked clothe ;  
To pain and sickness help apply.
- 4 Pity the weeping widow's wo,  
And be her counsellor and stay ;  
Adopt the fatherless, and smooth  
To useful, happy life, his way.
- 5 Let age, with want and weakness bow'd,  
Your mercies and compassion move ;  
Let e'en your enemies be bless'd,—  
Their hatred recompens'd with love.

6 When all is done, renounce your deeds—  
 Renounce self-righteousness with scorn :  
 Thus will you glorify your God,  
 And thus the Christain name adore.

C. M.

**662.**      *Providing Bags that wax not old.*  
 Luke xii. 33.

- 1 **Y**ES, there are joys that cannot die,  
 With God laid up in store ;  
 Treasures, beyond the changing sky,  
 Brighter than golden ore.
- 2 The seeds which piety and love  
 Have scatter'd here below,  
 In the fair, fertile fields above,  
 To ample harvests grow.
- 3 The mite my willing hands can give,  
 At Jesus' feet I lay :  
 Grace shall the humble gift receive,  
 And grace at large repay.

L. M.

**663.**      *Liberality.*—Hag. ii. 8.

- 1 **T**HE gold and silver are the Lord's,  
 And ev'ry blessing earth affords ;  
 All come from his propitious hand,  
 And must return at his command.
- 2 The blessings which I now enjoy,  
 I must for Christ and souls employ ;  
 For if I use them as my own,  
 My Lord will soon call in his loan.
- 3 When I to him in want apply,  
 He never does my suit deny ;  
 And shall I then refuse to give,  
 Since I so much from him receive ?
- 4 Shall Jesus leave the realms of day,  
 And clothe himself in humble clay ?  
 Shall he become despis'd and poor,  
 To make me rich for ever more ?

- 5 And shall I wickedly withhold  
To give my silver or my gold ?  
To aid a cause my soul approves,  
And save the sinners Jesus loves ?
- 6 Expand my heart—incline me, Lord,  
To give the whole I can afford ;  
That what thy bounty render'd mine,  
I may with cheerful hands resign.

664. (131) L. M.  
*Imitation of Christ in doing good.*

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay,  
What were his works from day to day,  
But miracles of pow'r and grace  
Which spread salvation thro' our race.
- 2 Teach us, O Lord! to keep in view  
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue :  
Let alms bestow'd, let kindness done,  
Be witness'd by each rolling sun.
- 3 That man may last, but never lives,  
Who much receives, but nothing gives ;  
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,  
Creation's blot, creation's blank.
- 4 But he, who marks from day to day  
In gen'rous acts his radiant way,  
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,  
The path to glory and to God.

C. M.

665. *Relieving Christ in his Members.*  
Matt. xxv. 40.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace !  
Thy bounties how complete !  
How shall I count the matchless sum ?  
How pay the mighty debt ?
- 2 High on a throne of radiant light  
Dost thou exalted shine ;

What can poverty bestow,  
When all the worlds are thine ?

- 3 But thou hast brethren here below,  
The partners of thy grace ;  
And wilt confess their humble names  
Before thy Father's face.
- 4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,  
And visited and cheer'd ;  
And in their accents of distress,  
My Saviour's voice is heard.
- 5 Thy face, with rev'rence and with love,  
We in thy poor would see ;  
O let us rather beg our bread  
Than keep it back from thee.

#### 11. SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

C. M.

**666.** *The Importance of Educating Youth.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose heart expands  
At melting pity's call,  
And the rich blessings of whose hands  
Like heavenly manna fall.
- 2 Mercy, descending from above,  
In softest accents pleads ;  
O ! may each tender bosom move  
When mercy intercedes.
- 3 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way  
To guide untutor'd youth,  
And lead the mind that went astray  
To virtue and to truth.
- 4 Children our kind protection claim,  
And God will well approve,  
When infants learn to lisp his name,  
And their Creator love.
- 5 Delightful work ! young souls to win,  
And turn the rising race

From the deceitful paths of sin,  
To seek redeeming grace.

- 6 Almighty God! thy influence shed  
To aid this good design :  
The honors of thy name be spread,  
And all the glory thine.

667.

L. M.  
*The same.*

## CONGREGATION.

- 1 **N**OW let our hearts conspire to raise  
A chereful anthem to thy praise :  
Let music, sweet as incense, rise  
With grateful odours to the skies.

## CHILDREN.

- 2 Teach us to bow before thy face,  
Nor let our hearts forget thy grace ;  
When lost in ignorance we lay,  
Thy goodness snatch'd our souls away.

## CONGREGATION.

- 3 O what a num'rous race we see,  
In ignorance and misery !  
Shall they *continue* still to lie  
In ignorance and misery?

## CHILDREN.

- 4 Give, Lord, each liberal soul to prove  
The joys of thine exhaustless love ;  
May we the sacred scriptures know,  
And like the blessed Jesus grow.

## CONGREGATION.

- 5 We feel a sympathizing heart ;  
Lord, 'tis a pleasure to impart ;  
Hear thou our cry, and pitying see,  
O let these children live to thee.

668.

L. M.  
*Sunday School.*

## CONGREGATION.

- 1 **G**REAT God, accept our songs of praise,  
Which we would to thy honor raise,



Bless our attempts to spread abroad  
The knowledge of our Saviour God.

CHILDREN.

- 2 Next to our God, our thanks are due  
To those who did compassion show,  
In kindly pointing out the road,  
That leads to Christ, the way to God.

CONGREGATION.

- 3 We claim no merit of our own ;  
Great God, the work is thine alone !  
Thou didst at first our hearts incline  
To carry on this great design.

CHILDREN.

- 4 Now we are taught to read and pray,  
To hear God's word, to keep his day,  
Lord, here accept the thanks we bring—  
Our infant tongues thy praise would sing.

CONGREGATION.

- 5 With those dear children we'll unite ;  
Their songs inspire us with delight ;  
Lord, while on earth we sing thy love,  
May angels join the notes above.

CHILDREN.

- 6 Great God, our benefactors bless,

CONGREGATION.

And crown thy work with great success ;

BOTH.

O may we may meet around thy throne,  
To sing thy praise in strains unknown.

669.

L. M.

*Sunday School.*

CONGREGATION.

- 1 **O** WHAT a pleasure 'tis to see  
Christians in harmony agree,  
To teach the rising race to know  
They're born in sin, expos'd to wo!

## CHILDREN.

- 2 O what a privilege is this,  
That we obtain so rich a grace !  
We're taught the path to endless day—  
We're taught to read, to sing, and pray.

## CHORUS.

To God let highest praise be giv'n ;  
Hark ! how the echo sounds from heaven :  
Come, let us with the angels join—  
Glory to God, good will to men.

## CONGREGATION.

- 3 Lord, thou hast said, in sacred page,  
That children are thy heritage :  
Accept them, bless them with thy grace,  
Till they above behold thy face.

## CHILDREN.

- 4 Let blessings in abundance flow  
On all around us here below ;  
May we our benefactors meet,  
Around Jehovah's blissful seat.

## CHORUS.

To God, let highest praise be giv'n,  
Hark ! how, &c.

670.

C. M.

*Sunday School.*

## BOYS.

- 1 ONCE more we keep the sacred day,  
That saw the Saviour rise ;  
Once more we tune our infant song  
To him that rules the skies.

## GIRLS.

- 2 What numbers vainly spend these hours,  
That are to Jesus due !  
Children and parents, how they live !  
And how they perish too !

## BOYS.

- 3 But we, a happier few, are taught  
 The ways of heavenly truth :  
 We hail once more the plan of love  
 That pities wand'ring youth.

## GIRLS.

- 4 Our foolish hearts are prone to err ;  
 Too oft we find it so ;  
 O may the God of grace forgive,  
 And better hearts bestow.

## BOYS.

- 5 Teach us the way, while here we learn  
 To read thy holy word ;  
 Bless all the kind instructions giv'n,  
 And make us thine, O Lord.

## BOTH.

- 6 Praise to our God, and thanks to those  
 Who thus our souls befriend ;  
 While the rich benefit we reap,  
 On them thy blessings send.

S. M.

671.

*Sunday School.*

## BOYS.

- 1 **L**ORD, in the days of youth  
 May we in grace improve ;  
 And learn the word of sacred truth,  
 The Saviour's dying love !

## GIRLS.

- 2 Our moments haste away,  
 With ev'ry heaving breath ;  
 And swiftly hastens on the day,  
 When we must sink in death.

## BOYS.

- 3 While some are never taught  
 The way of God with care ;  
 We bless the Lord that we are brought  
 To this thine house of pray'r.

## GIRLS.

- 4 Lord give us ears to hear,  
And hearts to understand ;  
In trouble may we find thee near—  
A Saviour close at hand !

## BOYS.

- 5 Through life's dark rugged road,  
Thus far we're kept by thee :  
May heaven at last be our abode,  
Thy glory there to see.

## GIRLS.

- 6 Blest be our God, who lives,  
And reigns with boundless sway ;  
Richly our benefactor gives :  
We'll praise him all the day.

## BOTH.

- 7 Beyond the azure sky,  
We'll praise thee more and more ;  
And through a long eternity,  
A God in Christ adore.

## 12. SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

## C. M.

672.

*Hope in Sickness.*

- 1 **L**ORD ! I am pain'd ; but I resign  
My body to thy will ;  
'Tis grace, 'tis wisdom all divine  
Appoints the pains I feel.
- 2 Dark are the ways of providence,  
When those who love thee groan :  
Thy reasons lie conceal'd from sense,  
Mysterious and unknown.
- 3 Yet nature may have leave to speak,  
And plead before her God,  
Lest the o'erburden'd heart should break  
Beneath their heavy rod.
- 4 The mournful groans and flowing tears,  
Give my poor spirit ease ;

While every groan my Father hears,  
And every tear he sees.

- 5 Is not some smiling hour at hand,  
With peace upon its wings !  
Give it, O God ! thy swift command,  
With all the joys it brings !

**673.** L. M.

*Life and Death in the Hands of God.*—1 Sam. ii. 6.  
Job xiv. 5, 6.—Ps. xc. 3.—Rev. i. 18.

- 1 **W**HEN mortal man resigns his breath,  
'Tis God directs the shafts of death;  
Casual howe'er the stroke appear,  
He sends the fatal messenger :
- 2 The keys are in that hand divine ;  
That hand must first the warrant sign,  
And arm the death, and wing the dart,  
Which speeds his message to our heart.
- 3 Who first inspir'd the breath of lives,  
The living kills, the dead revives,  
Brings to the margin of the grave,  
And shows us thence his power to save :
- 4 From hence if thou my body raise,  
I'll publish my Restorer's praise,  
My life at thy dear hands receive,  
And only for thy glory live.

C. M.

**674.** *Sick bed devotion; or, pleading without  
repining.*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,  
Behold the pains I feel ;  
But I am dumb before thy throne,  
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,  
They come at thy command ;  
I'll not attempt a murmuring word  
Against thy chastening hand.



- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,  
 Remove thy sharp rebukes;  
 My strength consumes, my spirit dies  
 Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,  
 We moulder to the dust;  
 Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,  
 And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 I'm but a sojourner below,  
 As all my fathers were,  
 May I be well prepared to go  
 When I the summons hear.
- 6 But if my life be spar'd a while  
 Before my last remove,  
 Thy praise shall be my business still,  
 And I'll declare thy love.

S. M.

675.

*Sick bed reflections.*

- 1 **J**UST o'er the grave I hung—  
 No pardon met my eyes,  
 As blessings never greet the slain,  
 And hope shall never rise.
- 2 Sweet mercy to my soul  
 Reveal'd no charming ray;  
 Before me rose a long—dark night,  
 With no succeeding day.
- 3 Then—Oh, how vain appear'd  
 The joys beneath the sky!  
 Like visions past—like flow'rs that blow  
 When wint'ry storms are nigh.
- 4 How mourn'd my sinking soul  
 The Sabbath's hours divine,  
 The day of grace, that precious day,  
 Consum'd in sense and sin.
- 5 The work—the mighty work  
 Of life, so long delay'd—

Repentance yet to be begun  
Upon a dying bed.

676.

C. M.

- 1 'TIS hard, from those we love, to go,  
Who weep beside our bed,  
Whose tears bedew our burning brow,  
Whose arm supports our head :
- 2 When fading from the dizzy view,  
I sought their forms in vain ;  
The bitterness of death I knew,  
And groan'd to live again.
- 3 'Tis dreadful when th' accuser's pow'r  
Assails the sinking heart,  
Recalling ev'ry wasted hour,  
And each unworthy part.
- 4 Yet, Jesus in that mortal fray,  
Thy blessed comfort stole,  
Like sunshine in an autumn day,  
Across my darken'd soul.
- 5 When soon, or late, this feeble breath  
No more to thee can pray,  
Support me thro' the vale of death,  
And in the darksome way.
- 6 When cloth'd in fleshly weeds again,  
I wait thy dread decree ;  
Judge of the world, remember then  
That thou hast died for me.

677.

(437) C. M.

*God our help in trouble.*

- 1 MY soul, the awful hour will come,  
Apace it passeth on,  
To bear this body to the tomb,  
And thee to scenes unknown.

- 2 My heart long lab'ring with its woes,  
 Shall pant and sink away ;  
 And you, my eye-lids, soon shall close  
 On the last glimm'ring ray.
- 3 Whence in that hour shall I receive  
 A cordial for my pain,  
 When, if earth's monarchs were our friends,  
 Those friends would weep in vain ?
- 4 Great King of nature and of grace !  
 To thee my spirit flies,  
 And opens all its deep distress  
 Before thy pitying eyes.
- 5 All its desires to thee are known,  
 And ev'ry secret fear ;  
 The meaning of each broken groan  
 Well notic'd by thine ear.
- 6 O fix me by that mighty pow'r,  
 Which to such love belongs,  
 Where darkness veils the eyes no more,  
 And groans are chang'd to songs.

678. (438) P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8.  
*On recovering from disease.*

- 1 **H**OW vast is the tribute I owe  
 Of gratitude, homage, and praise ;  
 The giver of all I possess,  
 The life and the length of my days !
- 2 The sorrows I boded were come,  
 I pour'd out my sighs and my tears ;  
 To him, who alone can relieve,  
 My soul breath'd her vows and her pray'rs.
- 3 My heart throbb'd with pain and alarm,  
 When paleness my cheek overspread,  
 When sickness pervaded my frame ;—  
 Then my soul on my Maker was staid.
- 4 When death's awful image was nigh,  
 No mortal was able to save ;

Thou brighten'st the valley of death,  
Illumin'st the gloom of the grave.

- 5 In mercy thy presence dispels  
The shades of calamity's night,  
And turns the sad scene of despair  
To a morn of joy and delight.
- 6 Great source of my comforts restor'd !  
Thou healer and balm of my woes !  
Thou hope and desire of my soul !  
On mercy I'll ever repose.
- 7 How boundless the gratitude due  
To thee, O thou God of my praise !  
The fountain of all I possess,  
The life and the light of my days !

679.

(439) L. M.  
*The frailty of man.*

- 1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,  
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night ;  
Fondly I said within my heart,  
Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,  
Which made my mountain stand so long ;  
And when thy face was turn'd aside,  
My health was gone, my comforts died.
- 3 Hear me, O God of grace I said,  
And raise me from among the dead :  
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt ;  
Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
- 4 I will extol thee, Lord, on high :  
At thy command diseases fly :  
Who but a God can speak and save  
From the dark borders of the grave ?
- 5 Thine anger but a moment stays ;  
Thy love is life and length of days :

Though grief and tears the night employ,  
The morning-star restores the joy.

(440) C. M.

**680.** *God delivereth his saints from affliction.*

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,  
And pity'd every groan:  
Long as I live, when troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear,  
And chas'd my griefs away:  
O let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray!
- 3 Among the saints that fill thine house,  
My off'ring shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.
- 4 The Lord beheld me sore distress;  
He bade my pains remove:  
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest;  
For thou hast known his love.

L. M.

**681.** *John iv. 35.*

- 1 **L**IFT up your eyes, ye sons of light,  
Behold the fields already white!  
The glorious harvest now is come;  
See ransom'd sinners flocking home.
- 2 Mov'd by the Spirit's softest wind,  
Their hearts are all as one inclin'd;  
Their former sins and follies mourn;  
They bow, and to their God return.
- 3 Improve the harvest fleeting fast,  
Ere yet the shining season past,  
When all the work of life shall end,  
The last—the long dark night descend.



C. M.

682.

*Sickness and Recovery.*

- 1 **M**Y God, thy service well demands  
The remnant of my days ;  
Why was this fleeting breath renew'd,  
But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 Thine arms of everlasting love  
Did this weak frame sustain ;  
When life was hov'ring o'er the grave,  
And nature sunk with pain.
- 3 Thou, when the pains of death were felt,  
Didst chase the fears of hell ;  
And teach my pale and quiv'ring lips  
Thy matchless grace to tell.
- 4 Calmly I bow'd my fainting head  
On thy dear faithful breast ;  
Pleas'd to obey my Father's call  
To his eternal rest.
- 5 Into thy hands, my Saviour God,  
Did I my soul resign :  
In firm dependence on that truth,  
Which made salvation mine.
- 6 Back from the borders of the grave,  
At thy command I come :  
Nor will I urge a speedier flight,  
To my celestial home.

C. M.

683. *Affliction, or Meditation on God's Love.*

Ps. civ. 34.

- 1 **W**HEN languor and disease invade  
This trembling house of clay,  
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,  
And long to fly away.
- 2 Sweet to look inward, and attend  
The whispers of his love ;  
Sweet to look upward to the place  
Where Jesus pleads above.

- 3 Sweet to look back, and see my name  
In life's fair book set down ;  
Sweet to look forward and behold  
Eternal joys my own.
- 4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine  
My sins on Jesus laid ;  
Sweet to remember that his blood  
My debt of suff'ring paid.
- 5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,  
Which saves from second death ;  
Sweet to experience, day by day,  
His spirit's quick'ning breath.
- 6 If such the sweetness of the streams,  
What must the fountain be,  
Where saints and angels draw their bliss  
Immediately from thee !

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

684. *Sweet Affliction.—A Song in a Storm.*

- 1 **I**N the floods of tribulation,  
While the billows o'er me roll,  
Jesus whispers consolation,  
And supports my fainting soul :  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
Hallelujah, Praise the Lord.
- 2 Thus the lion yields me honey,  
From the eater food is given,  
Strengthen'd thus I still press forward,  
Singing as I wade to heaven,—  
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,  
And my sins are all forgiv'n.
- 3 Floods of tribulation heighten,  
Billows still around me roar,  
Those that know not Christ—ye frighten,  
But *my soul* defies your power :  
Hallelujah, &c.

- 4 In the sacred page recorded  
 Thus his word securely stands;  
 'Fear not, I'm in trouble near thee,  
 Naught shall pluck you from my hands,'  
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,  
 Every word my love demands.
- 5 All I meet I find assists me  
 In my path to heavenly joy,  
 Where, though trials now attend me,  
 Trials never more annoy:  
 Hallelujah, &c.
- 6 Bless'd there with a weight of glory,  
 Still the path I'll ne'er forget,  
 But, exulting, cry, it led me  
 To my blessed Saviour's seat—  
 Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,  
 Which has brought to Jesus' feet.

13. PUBLIC AND NATIONAL BLESSINGS AND  
 AFFLICTIONS.

685. (412) L. M.  
*Thanksgiving.*

- 1 **P**RAISE, happy land! Jehovah's name;  
 His goodness, and thy bliss proclaim:  
 For thee each blessing largely flows,  
 That freedom's lib'ral hand bestows.
- 2 Thy children are secure and blest;  
 Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest;  
 He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,  
 And adds his blessing to their meat.
- 3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,  
 Thine early and thy latter rains;  
 His flakes of snow like wool he sends,  
 And well the springing corn defends.
- 4 But he hath nobler works and ways  
 To call his people to his praise:  
 To all our land his laws are shown;  
 His gospel's through the nation known.

686.

(414) C. M.

*National security from God.*

- 1 **I**N vain opposing nations rage,  
If God with us abide :  
One word of his dissolves their strength,  
And humbles all their pride.
- 2 His wisdom sees correction meet ;  
He gives the dread command,  
And war its desolation spreads  
Through every trembling land.
- 3 His purpose wrought, again he speaks,  
And desolations cease ;  
War's loud alarms are heard no more,  
And all the world is peace.
- 4 Mortals, adore his sov'reign pow'r,  
Nor dare provoke his rod :  
Through all your various tribes be still,  
And know that he is God.

687.

S. M.

*In time of war.*

- 1 **G**OD, to correct the world,  
In wrath is slow to rise ;  
But comes at length, in thunder cloth'd,  
And darkness veils the skies.
- 2 His banners, lifted high,  
The nations' God declare,  
And, stain'd with blood, with terrors mark'd,  
Spread wonder and despair.
- 3 All earthly pomp and pride  
Are in his presence lost ;  
Empires o'erturn'd, thrones, sceptres, crowns,  
In wild confusion tost.
- 4 While war and wo prevail,  
And desolation wide ;  
In God, the sov'reign Lord of all,  
The righteous still confide.

- 5 Mysterious is the course  
Of his tremendous way,  
His path is in the trackless winds,  
And in the foaming sea.
- 6 Yet, though now wrapt in clouds,  
And from our view conceal'd,  
The righteous Judge will soon appear,  
In majesty reveal'd!
- 7 He'll curb the lawless pow'r,  
The deadly wrath of man;  
And all the windings will unfold  
Of his own gracious plan.
- 8 The sons of tyranny  
In ruin shall be hurl'd;  
And light, and liberty, and bliss,  
Embrace the new-born world.

L. M.

688.

*In time of war.*—Ps. xlvi.

- 1 **O**N Thee, great Ruler of the skies,  
On thee our steadfast hope relies;  
When hostile powers against us join,  
What aid so present, Lord, as thine?
- 2 By thee secur'd, no fears we own,  
Though earth, convuls'd, beneath us groan,  
Though tempest o'er her surface sweep,  
And whirl her hills into the deep;—
- 3 Though, arm'd with rage, before our eyes  
That deep in all its horrors rise,  
While, as the tumult spreads around,  
The mountains tremble at the sound.
- 4 Behold fair Sion's blest retreat,  
Where God has fixt his awful seat;  
Whose walls to heaven's almighty Lord  
His chosen residence afford.
- 5 God, ever watchful, ever nigh,  
Bids storms around her harmless fly;



His early care each foe withstands,  
And backward turns the yielding bands.

L. M.

689.

*Prayer for Peace.*

- 1 **W**HILE Justice waves her vengeful hand  
Tremendous o'er a guilty land,  
Almighty God, thy awful pow'r  
With fear and trembling we adore.
- 2 Where shall we fly but to thy feet?  
Our only refuge is thy seat?  
Thy seat where potent mercy pleads,  
And holds thy thunder from our heads.
- 3 While peace and plenty blest our days,  
Where was the tribute of our praise?  
Ungrateful race! how have we spent  
The blessings which thy goodness lent!
- 4 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye;  
Though loud our crimes for vengeance cry,  
Let mercy's louder voice prevail,  
Nor thy long-suffering patience fail.
- 5 Encourag'd by thy sacred word,  
May we not plead thy promise, Lord;  
That when an humble nation mourns,  
Thy rising wrath to pity turns?
- 6 O let thy sov'reign grace impart  
Contrition to each rocky heart;  
And bid sincere repentance flow,  
In general, undissembled wo.
- 7 Fair smiling peace again restore;  
With plenty bless the pining poor:  
And may a happy, thankful land,  
Obedient own thy guardian hand.

L. M.

690.

*Prayer for Peace.*—Amos iii. 1—6.

- 1 **W**HILE o'er our guilty land, O Lord,  
We view the terrors of thy sword,

- O whither shall the helpless fly?  
To whom but thee direct their cry?
- 2 The helpless sinner's cries and tears  
Are grown familiar to thine ears:  
Oft has thy mercy sent relief,  
When all was fear and hopeless grief.
- 3 On thee our guardian God we call—  
Before thy throne of grace we fall;  
And is there no deliverance there?  
And must we perish in despair?
- 4 See we repent, we weep, we mourn—  
To our forsaken God we turn!  
O spare our guilty country—spare  
The church which thou hast planted here.
- 5 We plead thy grace, indulgent God;  
We plead thy Son's atoning blood;  
We plead thy gracious promises,—  
And are they unavailing pleas?
- 6 These pleas, presented at thy throne,  
Have brought ten thousand blessings down,  
On guilty lands in helpless wo:  
Let them prevail to save us too.

C. M.

691.

*For a Public Fast.*

- 1 **S**EE, gracious God before thy throne;  
Thy mourning people bend!  
'Tis on thy sovereign grace alone  
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from thy hand  
Thy dreadful power display;  
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,  
And still we live to pray.
- 3 Great God, and is Columbia spar'd,  
Ungrateful as we are!  
O make thy awful warnings heard,  
While mercy cries, 'Forbear.'

- 4 What land so favor'd of the skies,  
As these apostate States !  
Our num'rous crimes increasing rise,  
Yet still thy vengeance waits.
- 5 How chang'd, alas ! are truths divine  
For error, guilt, and shame !  
What impious numbers, bold in sin,  
Disgrace the Christian's name !  
Regardless of thy smile or frown,  
Their pleasures they require ;  
And sink with gay indifference down  
To everlasting fire.
- 7 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord,  
By thy unbounded grace ;  
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,  
And humbly seek thy face.
- 8 Then should insulting foes invade,  
We shall not sink in fear ;  
Secure of never-failing aid,  
If God, our God is near.

L. M.

692.

*Confession and Prayer.*

- 1 **O**H may the power which melts the rock  
Be felt by all assembled here !  
Or else our service will but mock  
The God whom we profess to fear !
- 2 Lord, while thy judgments shake the land  
Thy people's eyes are fix'd on thee !  
We own thy just uplifted hand,  
Which thousands cannot, will not see.
- 3 How long hast thou bestow'd thy care  
On this indulg'd, ungrateful spot ;  
While other nations far and near,  
Have envy'd and admir'd our lot.
- 4 Here peace and liberty have dwelt,  
The glorious gospel brightly shone :

And oft our enemies have felt  
That God has made our cause his own.

- 5 But ah ! both heaven and earth have heard  
Our vile requital of his love !  
We, whom like children he has rear'd,  
Rebels against his goodness prove.
- 6 His grace despis'd, his power defy'd,  
And legions of the blackest crimes,  
Profaneness, riot, lust, and pride,  
Are signs that mark the present times.
- 7 The Lord displeas'd has rais'd his rod ;  
Ah, where are now the faithful few  
Who tremble for the ark of God,  
And know what Israel ought to do ?
- 8 Lord, hear thy people every where,  
Who meet to mourn, confess and pray ;  
The nation and thy churches spare,  
And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

693.

(427) P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

*Praise for deliverance and peace.*

- 1 **P**EACE ! the welcome sound proclaim ;  
Dwell with rapture on the theme ;  
Loud, still louder swell the strain :  
Peace on earth ! good-will to men !
- 2 Breezes ! whisp'ring soft and low,  
Gently murmur as ye blow,  
Now, when war and discord cease,  
Praises to the God of peace.
- 3 Ocean's billows far and wide,  
Rolling in majestic pride !  
Loud, still louder swell the strain :  
Peace on earth ! good-will to men !
- 4 Vocal songsters of the grove !  
Sweetly chant in notes of love,  
Now when war and discord cease,  
Praises to the God of peace.

- 5 Mortals, who these blessings feel !  
 Christians, who before him kneel !  
 Loud still louder swell the strain :  
 Peace on earth, good-will to men !

4. FOR THE PRESIDENT, CONGRESS, MAGIS-  
 TRATES, &c.

L. M.

694. *Prayer for the President, Congress,  
 Magistrates, &c.*

- 1 GREAT Lord of all, thy matchless power  
 Archangels in the heavens adore ;  
 With them our Sov'reign thee we own,  
 And bow the knee before thy throne.
- 2 Let dove-ey'd peace with odour'd wing,  
 On us her grateful blessings fling ;  
 Freedom spread beauteous as the morn,  
 And plenty fill her ample horn.
- 3 Pour on our Chief thy mercies down,  
 His days with heavenly wisdom crown ;  
 Resolve his heart, where'er he goes,  
 'To launch the stream that duty shows.'
- 4 Over our Capitol diffuse,  
 From hills divine, thy welcome dews,  
 While Congress, in one patriot band,  
 Prove the firm fortress of our land.
- 5 Our Magistrates with grace sustain,  
 Nor let them bear the sword in vain ;  
 Long as they fill their awful seat,  
 Be vice seen dying at their feet.
- 6 For ever from the western sky,  
 Bid the 'destroying angel' fly !  
 With grateful songs our hearts inspire,  
 And round us blaze a wall of fire.

(350) L. M.

695. *Religious toleration ought to be defended by our  
 rulers.*

- 1 ABSURD and vain attempt ! to bind  
 With iron chains the free-born mind,



- To force conviction, and reclaim  
The wand'ring by destructive flame.
- 2 Bold arrogance ! to snatch from heav'n  
Dominion not to mortals giv'n ;  
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,  
Accountable to God alone.
- 3 Jesus ! thy gentle law of love  
Does no such cruelties approve ;  
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields  
No arms but what persuasion yields.
- 4 By proofs divine, and reason strong,  
It draws the willing soul along ;  
And conquests to thy church acquires  
By eloquence which heav'n inspires.
- 5 O happy, who are thus compell'd  
To the rich feast, by Jesus held !  
May we this blessing know, and prize  
The light which liberty supplies.



## DEATH.

## 1. DEATH IN GENERAL.

696.

C. M.

1 Sam. xv. 32.

- 1 **W**HEN, bending o'er the brink of life,  
My trembling soul shall stand,  
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,  
Great God, at thy command !
- 2 When weeping friends surround my bed,  
And close my sightless eyes ;  
When shatter'd by the weight of years  
This broken body lies :
- 3 When ev'ry long-lov'd scene of life  
Stands ready to depart ;

When the last sigh that shakes the frame  
Shall rend this bursting heart:

4 O, thou great Source of joy supreme,  
Whose arm alone can save,  
Dispel the darkness that surrounds  
The entrance to the grave!

5 Lay thy supporting gentle hand  
Beneath my sinking head;  
And, with a ray of love divine,  
Illume my dying bed!

6 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,  
May I resign my breath!  
And, in thy fond embraces, lose  
"The bitterness of death!"

L. M.

697. *The living know, &c.*—Eccl. ix. 5.

1 **W**HERE are the dead?—In heav'n or hell  
Their disembodied spirits dwell;  
Their perish'd forms in bonds of clay,  
Reserv'd until the judgment day.

2 Who are the dead? the sons of time  
In ev'ry age, and state, and clime;  
Renown'd, dishonor'd or forgot,  
The place that knew them knows them not.

3 Where are the living?—On the ground  
Where pray'r is heard and mercy found;  
Where, in the compass of a span,  
The mortal makes th' immortal man.

4 Who are the living?—They whose breath  
Draws every moment nigh to death;  
Of endless bliss or wo the heirs:  
Oh, what an awful lot is theirs!

5 Then timely warn'd, let us begin  
To follow Christ and flee from sin;  
Daily grow up in him our head,  
Lord of the living and the dead.

698.

S. M.

- 1 **O**H, where shall rest be found,  
Rest for the weary soul?  
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,  
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—  
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang  
Outlasts the fleeting breath:  
Oh! what eternal horrors hang  
Around the second death!
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace!  
Teach us that death to shun:  
Lest we be driven from thy face,  
And evermore undone.
- 6 Here would we end our quest—  
Alone are found in thee  
The life of perfect love—the rest  
Of immortality.

699.

L. M.  
*The Tolling Bell.*

- 1 **O**FT as the bell, with solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul,  
Let each one ask himself, "Am I  
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die!"
- 2 Only this frail and fleeting breath  
Preserves me from the jaws of death;  
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,  
And plung'd into a world unknown.

- 3 Then leaving all I lov'd below,  
To God's tribunal I must go ;  
Must hear the judge pronounce my fate,  
And fix my everlasting state.
- 4 Lord Jesus! help me now to flee,  
And seek my hope alone in thee ;  
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,  
Subdue my sin, and let me live.
- 5 Then when the solemn bell I hear,  
If sav'd from guilt I need not fear ;  
Nor would the thought distressing be,  
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

C. M.

**700.**      *The Sting of Death is Sin.*

- 1 **WHENCE** has the world her magic power ?  
Why deem we death a foe ?  
Recoil from weary life's best hour,  
And covet longer wo ?
- 2 The cause is conscience—conscience oft  
Her tale of guilt renews ;  
Her voice is terrible, though soft,  
And dread of death ensues.
- 3 Then anxious to be longer spar'd,  
Man mourns his fleeting breath ;  
All evils then seem light, compar'd  
With the approach of death.
- 4 'Tis judgment shakes him—there's the fear  
That prompts the wish to stay :  
He has incurr'd a long arrear,  
And must despair to pay.
- 5 *Pay!*—follow Christ, and all is paid ;  
His death your peace ensures ;  
Think on the grave where *he* was laid,  
And calm descend to *yours*.

(472) C. M.

701.

*The voice of the tomb.*

- 1 **H**ARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound ;  
My ears attend the cry :  
“ Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 “ Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your towers !  
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,  
Must lie as low as ours.”
- 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?  
And are we still secure ?  
Still walking downward to the tomb,  
And yet prepared no more !
- 4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,  
To fit our souls to fly :  
Then when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky.

(473) C. M.

702.

*The vanity of man as mortal.*

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,  
Thou Maker of my frame !  
I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast ;  
A fleeting hour of time :  
Man is but vanity and dust,  
In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move,  
Like shadows o'er the plain :  
They rage and strive, desire and love,  
But all the noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show ;  
Some dig for golden ore ;  
They toil for heirs they know not who,  
And straight are seen no more.



5 What should I wish or wait for then,  
 From creatures, earth and dust?  
 They make our expectations vain,  
 And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I resign my earthly hope,  
 My fond desires recall ;  
 I give my mortal int'rest up,  
 And make my God my all.

703. (474) C. M.  
*Death at hand.*

1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal Name !  
 And humbly own to thee,  
 How feeble is our mortal frame,  
 What dying worms are we.

2 Our wasting lives are short'ning still,  
 As months and days increase ;  
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell  
 Leaves but the number less.

3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,  
 To push us to the tomb ;  
 And fierce diseases wait around,  
 To hurry mortals home.

4 Good God ! on what a slender thread,  
 Hang everlasting things !  
 Th' eternal states of all the dead,  
 Upon life's feeble strings.

5 Yet while a world of joy or wo  
 Depends on ev'ry breath,  
 Thoughtless and unconcern'd we go  
 Upon the brink of death.

6 Waken, O Lord ! our drowsy sense,  
 To walk this dang'rous road ;  
 And if our souls are hurried hence,  
 May they be found with God !

**704.** (475) L. M.

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will soon appear,  
     Swift on the wings of time it flies,  
 When all that pains or pleases here,  
     Will vanish from my closing eyes.
- 2 Death calls my friends, my neighbors hence,  
     And none resist the fatal dart :  
 Continual warnings strike my sense,  
     And shall they fail to strike my heart ?
- 3 Think, O my soul ! how much depends  
     On the short period of to-day :  
 Shall time, which heav'n in mercy lends,  
     Be negligently thrown away ?
- 4 Thy remnant minutes strive to use ;  
     Awake, rouse ev'ry active pow'r ;  
 And not in dreams and trifles lose  
     This little, this important hour !
- 5 Lord of my life, inspire my heart  
     With heav'nly ardor, grace divine ;  
 Nor let thy presence e'er depart,  
     For strength, and life, and death are thine.
- 6 O teach me the celestial skill,  
     Each awful warning to improve :  
 And while my days are short'ning still,  
     Prepare me for the joys above !

**705.** (478) L. M.  
*Numbering our days.*

- 1 **G**OD of eternity ! from thee  
     Did infant time his being draw ;  
 Moments and days, and months and years,  
     Revolve, by thy unvaried law.
- 2 Silent and slow they glide away ;  
     Steady and strong the current flows ;  
 Lost in eternity's wide sea,  
     The boundless gulf from which it rose.

3 Thoughtless and vain, our mortal race  
 Along the mighty stream are borne  
 On to their everlasting home,—  
 That country whence there's no return.

4 Yet while the shore on either side  
 Presents a gaudy flatt'ring show,  
 We gaze, in fond amazement lost,  
 Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great source of wisdom! teach my heart  
 To know the price of ev'ry hour ;  
 That time may bear me on to joys  
 Beyond its measure and its pow'r.

706. (481) L. M.  
*Man fading and reviving.*

1 **T**HE morning flow'rs display their sweets,  
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,  
 As careless of the noon-day heats,  
 And fearless of the ev'ning cold.

2 Nipt by the wind's untimely blast,  
 Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,  
 The momentary glories waste,  
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,  
 When youth its pride and beauty shows ;  
 Fairer than spring the colours shine,  
 And sweeter than the virgin rose.

4 Or worn by slowly rolling years,  
 Or broke by sickness in a day,  
 The fading glory disappears,  
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,  
 With lustre brighter far shall shine ;  
 Revive with ever-during bloom,  
 Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast and death devour,  
 If heav'n must recompense our pains ;

Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,  
If firm the word of God remains.

**707.** (488) C. M.  
*Victory over death.*

- 1 **W**HEN death appears before my sight,  
In all his dire array;  
Unequal to the dreadful fight,  
My courage dies away.
- 2 How shall I meet this potent foe  
Whose frown my soul alarms?  
Dark horror sits upon his brow;  
And vict'ry waits his arms.
- 3 But see my glorious Leader nigh!  
Jesus, my Saviour, lives:  
Before him death's pale terrors fly,  
And my faint heart revives.
- 4 O may I meet the final hour  
With fortitude divine!  
Sustain'd by his almighty pow'r,  
The conquest must be mine.
- 5 Lord! I commit my soul to thee:  
Accept the sacred trust;  
Receive this nobler part of me,  
And watch my sleeping dust.
- 6 O let me join angelic lays,  
And with the blissful throng,  
Resound salvation, pow'r, and praise,  
In everlasting song!

**708.** L. M.  
*Christ's presence makes Death easy.*

- 1 **W**HY should we start and fear to die?  
What timorous worms we mortals are;  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away:

Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she past.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

S. M.

**709.** *Triumph over death in hope of the  
Resurrection.*

1 **A**ND must this body die?  
This mortal frame decay?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,  
And often, from the skies,  
Looks down and watches all my dust,  
Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,  
And every shape, and every face,  
Look heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe  
To Jesus' dying love;  
We would adore his grace below,  
And sing his power above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praise  
Of these our humble songs,



Till tunes of nobler sounds we raise  
With our immortal tongues.

2. DEATH OF FRIENDS AND RELATIVES.

710. (444) C. M.

- 1 **M**UST friends and kindred droop and die,  
And helpers be withdrawn;  
While sorrow, with a weeping eye,  
Counts up our comforts gone?
- 2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God!  
Our helper and our friend;  
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road,  
Till all our trials end.
- 3 O may our feet pursue the way  
Our pious fathers led;  
While love and holy zeal obey  
The counsels of the dead.
- 4 Let us be wean'd from earthly joys;  
Let hope our grief dispel:  
The dead in Jesus shall arise,  
In endless bliss to dwell.

711. (448) L. M.  
*On the death of a parent.*

- 1 **T**HOUGH nature's voice you must obey,  
Think, while your swelling griefs o'erflow,  
That hand, which takes your joys away,  
That sov'reign hand can heal your wo.
- 2 And, while your mournful thoughts deplore  
The parent gone, remov'd the friend!  
With hearts resign'd, his grace adore,  
On whom your nobler hopes depend.
- 3 Does he not bid his children come  
Thro' death's dark shades to realms of light!  
Yet, when he calls them to their home  
Shall fond survivors mourn their flight?
- 4 His word—here let your souls rely;  
Immortal consolation gives:

Your heav'nly Father cannot die,  
Th' eternal Friend for ever lives.

- 5 O be that best of friends your trust;  
On his almighty arm recline;  
He, when your comforts sink in dust;  
Can give you comforts more divine.

**712.** (487) C. M.

- 1 **W**HILE to the grave our friends are borne,  
Around their cold remains  
How all the tender passions mourn,  
And each fond heart complains!
- 2 But down to earth, alas! in vain  
We bend our weeping eyes,  
Ah! let us leave these seats of pain,  
And upwards learn to rise.
- 3 Hope cheerful smiles amid the gloom,  
And beams a healing ray;  
And guides us from the darksome tomb,  
To realms of endless day.
- 4 To those bright courts when hope ascends,  
She calms the swelling wo;  
In hope we meet our happy friends,  
And tears forget to flow.
- 5 Then let our hearts repine no more,  
That earthly comfort dies;  
But lasting happiness explore,  
And ask it from the skies.

### 3. DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

C. M.

**713.** *Children dying in their infancy in the arms of  
Jesus.—Matt. xix, 14.*

- 1 **T**HY life I read, my dearest Lord!  
With transport all divine;  
Thy image trace in every word,—  
Thy love in every line.

- 2 Methinks I see a thousand charms  
 Spread o'er thy lovely face,  
 While infants in thy tender arms  
 Receive the smiling grace.
- 3 'I take these little lambs,' said he,  
 And lay them in my breast ;  
 Protection they shall find in me,—  
 In me be ever blest.
- 4 'Death may the bands of life unloose,  
 But can't dissolve my love ;  
 Millions of infant souls compose  
 The family above.
- 5 'Their feeble frames my pow'r shall raise,  
 And mould with heavenly skill :  
 I'll give them tongues to sing my praise,  
 And hands to do my will.'
- 6 His words the happy parents hear,  
 And shout, with joys divine,  
 Dear Saviour, all we have and are  
 Shall be for ever thine.

714. (446) C. M.  
*On the death of a child.*

- 1 **L**IFE is a span, a fleeting hour ;  
 How soon the vapour flies !  
 Man is a tender, transient flow'r,  
 That e'en in blooming dies.
- 2 The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,  
 Each mournful thought employs ;  
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,  
 And wither'd all her joys.
- 3 But wait the interposing gloom,  
 And lo ! stern winter flies ;  
 And, drest in beauty's fairest gloom,  
 The flow'ry tribes arise.
- 4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,  
 When what we now deplore

Shall rise in full immortal prime  
And bloom to fade no more.

- 5 Then cease, fond nature ! cease thy tears ;  
Religion points on high :  
There everlasting spring appears,  
And joys that cannot die.

C. M.

**715.** *At the Funeral of a young Person.*

- 1 **W**HEN blooming youth are snatch'd away  
By death's resistless hand,  
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay  
Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
O, may this truth, imprint  
With awful power,—'I too must die !'  
Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more ;  
Behold the gaping tomb !  
It bids us seize the present hour :  
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene  
May every heart obey ;  
Nor be the heavenly warning vain,  
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 Oh, let us fly—to Jesus fly,  
Whose powerful arm can save ;  
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
And triumph o'er the grave.
- 6 Great God ! thy sovereign grace impart,  
With cleansing, healing power ;  
This only can prepare the heart  
For death's surprising hour.

4. DEATH OF THE PIOUS.

P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

**716.** *The dying Christian.*

- 1 **"S**PIRIT—leave thine house of clay !  
Lingering dust—resign thy breath !

Spirit—cast thy chains away !  
 Dust—be thou dissolv'd in death !”  
 Thus th' Almighty Saviour speaks,  
 While the faithful Christian dies !  
 Thus—the bonds of life he breaks,  
 And the ransom'd captive flies !

2 “Prisoner—long detain'd below !  
 Prisoner—now with freedom blest !  
 Welcome—from a world of wo !  
 Welcome—to a land of rest !”  
 Thus the choir of angels sing,  
 As they bear the soul on high !  
 While with hallelujahs ring  
 All the region of the sky !

3 Grave—the guardian of our dust !  
 Grave—the treasury of the skies !  
 Every atom of thy trust,  
 Rests in hope again to rise !  
 Hark ! the judgment-trumpet calls !  
 “Soul—rebuild thy house of clay—  
*Immortality* thy walls,  
 And *Eternity* thy day !”

717.

L. M.

1 **F**ROM his low bed of mortal dust,  
 Escap'd the prison of his clay  
 The new inhabitant of bliss  
 To heav'n directs his wondrous way.

2 Ye fields, that witness'd once his tears,  
 Ye winds, that wafted oft his sighs,  
 Ye mountains, where he breath'd his pray'rs,  
 When sorrow's shadows veil'd his eyes ;

3 No more the weary pilgrim mourns,  
 No more affliction wrings his heart ;  
 Th' unfetter'd soul to God returns—  
 For ever he and anguish part !

4 Receive, O earth his faded form,  
 In thy cold bosom let it lie ;



Safe let it rest from ev'ry storm—  
 Soon must it rise, no more to die!

C. M.

**718.**      *The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends?  
 Or shake at death's alarms?  
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too  
 As fast as time can move?  
 Nor would we wish the hours more slow,  
 To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
 Their bodies to the tomb?  
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
 And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,  
 And soften'd every bed;  
 Where should the dying members rest,  
 But with the dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,  
 And show'd our feet the way;  
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly  
 At the great rising-day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
 And bid our kindred rise,  
 Awake, ye nations under ground,  
 Ye saints ascend the skies.

**719.**      C. M.

- 1 **I**N vain my fancy strives to paint  
 The moment after death;  
 The glories that surround a saint,  
 When yielding up his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks,  
 We scarce can say, "He's gone!"

Before the willing spirit takes  
Its mansions near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,  
To trace the spirit's flight ;  
No eye can pierce within the veil  
Which hides the world of light.

4 Thus much (and this is all) we know,  
Saints are completely blest ;  
Have done with sin, and care, and wo,  
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold they praise his name,  
His face they always view,  
Then let us foll'wers be of them,  
That we may praise him too.

720. (490) P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

1 **W**HEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,  
How calm he meets the friendly shore,  
Who liv'd averse from sin !  
Such peace on virtue's path attends,  
That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,  
The Christian's joys begin.

2 See smiling patience smooth his brow !  
See bending angels downwards bow,  
To lift his soul on high !  
While, eager for the blest abode,  
He joins with them to praise the God,  
Who taught him how to die.

3 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes :  
No horror wrests the struggling sighs,  
As from the sinner's breast :  
His God, the God of peace and love,  
Pours kindly solace from above,  
And heals his soul with rest.

4 O grant, my Saviour, and my friend !  
Such joys may gild my peaceful end,

So calm my ev'ning close ;  
 While, loos'd from ev'ry earthly tie,  
 With steady confidence I fly  
 To thee from whom I rose !

C. M.

**721.** *Death and immediate Glory.*—2 Cor. iv. 8.

- 1 **T**HERE is a house not made with hands,  
 Eternal and on high ;  
 And here my spirit waiting stands,  
 Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay  
 Must be dissolv'd and fall,  
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
 Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,  
 That forms thee fit for heaven,  
 And as an earnest of the place,  
 Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,  
 Faith lives upon his word ;  
 But while the body is our home,  
 We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,  
 But we had rather see ;  
 We would be absent from the flesh,  
 And present, Lord, with thee.

(491) C. M.

**722.** *Blessed are they that die in the Lord.*

- 1 **H**ARK ! from on high a solemn voice ;  
 Let all attentive hear !  
 'Twill make each pious heart rejoice,  
 And vanquish ev'ry fear.
- 2 "Thrice blessed are the pious dead,  
 Who in the Lord shall die ;  
 Their weary flesh, as on a bed,  
 Safe in the grave shall lie.

- 3 Their holy souls, at length releas'd,  
 To heav'n shall take their flight;  
 There to enjoy eternal rest,  
 And infinite delight.
- 4 They drop each load as they ascend,  
 And quit this world of wo;  
 Their labors with their life shall end,  
 Their rest no period know.
- 5 Their conflicts with their busy foes  
 For evermore shall cease;  
 None shall their happiness oppose,  
 Nor interrupt their peace.
- 6 But bright rewards shall recompense  
 Their faithful service here;  
 And perfect love shall banish thence  
 Each gloomy doubt and fear.

L. M.

723.

*The grave.*—Job iii. 17.

- 1 **T**HE grave is now a favor'd spot,—  
 To saints who sleep, in Jesus bless'd;  
 For there the wicked trouble not,  
 And there the weary are at rest.
- 2 At rest in Jesus' faithful arms;  
 At rest as in a peaceful bed;  
 Secure from all the dreadful storms,  
 Which round this sinful world are spread.
- 3 Thrice happy souls, who're gone before  
 To that inheritance divine!  
 They labor, sorrow, sigh no more,  
 But bright in endless glory shine.
- 4 Then let our mournful tears be dry,  
 Or in a gentle measure flow;  
 We hail them happy in the sky,  
 And joyful wait our call to go.

## 5. DEATH OF THE WICKED.

L. M.

724. *The Death of the Sinner and the Saint.*

- 1 **W**HAT scenes of horror and of dread  
 Await the sinner's dying bed !  
 Death's terrors all appear in sight,  
 Presages of eternal night.
- 2 His sins in dreadful order rise,  
 And fill his soul with sad surprise ;  
 Mount Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,  
 And not one ray of hope appears.
- 3 Tormenting pangs distract his breast ;  
 Where'er he turns he finds no rest :  
 Death strikes the blow ; he groans and cries,  
 And, in despair and horror dies.
- 4 Not so the heir of heavenly bliss :—  
 His soul is fill'd with conscious peace ;  
 A steady faith subdues his fear !  
 He sees the happy Canaan near.
- 5 His mind is tranquil and serene ;  
 No terrors in his looks are seen ;  
 His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,  
 And smooths his passage to the tomb.
- 6 Lord ! make my faith and love sincere,  
 My judgment sound, my conscience clear,  
 And, when the toils of life are past,  
 May I be found in peace at last.

C. M.

725. *Death dreadful or delightful.*

- 1 **D**EATH ! 'tis a melancholy day  
 To those that have no God,  
 When the poor soul is forc'd away  
 To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,  
 But guilt, a heavy chain,



Still drags her downward from the skies  
To darkness, fire, and pain.

3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,  
Let stubborn sinners fear ;  
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell  
A long forever there.

4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,  
And flashes in your face !  
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,  
And sing recovering grace.

5 He is a God of boundless love  
That promis'd heaven to me,  
And taught my thoughts to soar above,  
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,  
Then come the joyful day,  
Come, death, and some celestial band,  
To bear my soul away.

726. C. M.  
*The death of a Sinner.*

1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll,  
Damnation and the dead :  
What horrors seize the guilty soul  
Upon a dying bed !

2 Linger about these mortal shores  
She makes a long delay,  
Till like a flood, with rapid force,  
Death sweeps the wretch away.

3 Then swift and dreadful she descends  
Down to the fiery coast,  
Amongst abominable fiends,  
Herself a frightful ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,  
And darkness makes their chains ;  
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,  
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood  
 For their old guilt atones,  
 Nor the compassions of a God  
 Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,  
 Nor bid my soul remove,  
 Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,  
 And well ensur'd his love !



## RESURRECTION.

727.

(498) L. M.

- 1 **N**O, I'll repine at death no more ;  
 But, calm and cheerful, will resign  
 To the cold dungeon of the grave,  
 These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.
- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,  
 And crumble all my bones to dust ;  
 My God shall raise my frame anew  
 At the revival of the just.
- 3 Break, sacred morning ! through the skies,  
 And usher in that glorious day :  
 Come quickly, Lord ! cut short the hours :  
 Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay !
- 4 Haste, then, upon the wings of love,  
 Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,  
 That we may join in heav'nly joys,  
 And sing the triumph of the day.

728.

(497) L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT sinners value, I resign :  
 Lord ! 'tis enough that thou art mine !  
 I shall behold thy blissful face,  
 And stand complete in righteousness.

- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world, to which I go,  
Hath joys substantial and sincere :  
When shall I wake and find me there !
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
I shall be near and like my God ;  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

729.

C. M.

*Hope in the resurrection.*

- 1 **T**HROUGH sorrow's night and danger's path,  
Amid the deepening gloom,  
We soldiers of an injur'd King  
Are marching to the tomb.
- 2 There when the turmoil is no more,  
And all our powers decay,  
Our cold remains in solitude  
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid  
In this our last retreat,  
Unheeded o'er our silent dust  
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,  
The vital spark shall lie,  
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise  
To seek its kindred sky.
- 5 These ashes too, this little dust,  
Our Father's care shall keep,  
Till the last angel rise, and break  
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye  
 Shall shed its mildest rays,  
 And the long silent dust shall burst  
 With shouts of endless praise.

**730.** (495) C. M.  
*The resurrection of the just.*

1 **H**OW long shall death, the tyrant, reign,  
 And triumph o'er the just,  
 While the rich blood of martyrs slain,  
 Lies mingled with the dust?

2 Lo! I behold the scatter'd shades!  
 The dawn of heav'n appears;  
 The sweet, immortal morning spreads  
 Its blushes round the spheres.

3 I hear the voice, "ye dead, arise,"  
 And lo! the graves obey;  
 And waking saints with joyful eyes  
 Salute th' expected day.

4 They leave the dust, and on the wing  
 Rise to the mid-way air;  
 In shining garments meet their King,  
 And bow before him there.

5 O may our humble spirits stand  
 Among them cloth'd in white!  
 The meanest place at his right hand  
 Is infinite delight.



## JUDGMENT.

**731.** P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.  
*Judgment.*—Rev. i. 7. vi. 14—17. xxii. 17. 20.

1 **L**O! He comes, with clouds descending,  
 Once for favor'd sinners slain:

Thousand thousand saints attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train :  
Hallelujah,

Jesus now shall ever reign !

2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;  
Those who set at naught and sold him,  
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the great Messiah see !

3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,  
Heaven and earth shall flee away ;  
All who hate him must, confounded,  
Hear the trump proclaim the day :  
Come to judgment !  
Come to judgment ! come away !

4 Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear !  
All his saints, by man rejected,  
Now shall meet him in the air !  
Hallelujah !  
See the day of God appear !

5 Answer thine own Bride and Spirit,  
Hasten, Lord, the general doom !  
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit,  
Take thy pining exiles home :  
All creation  
Travails, groans, and bids thee come !

6 Yea ! Amen ! let all adore thee,  
High on thine exalted throne ;  
Saviour ! take the pow'r and glory ;  
Claim the kingdoms for thine own !  
O come quickly !  
Hallelujah ! Come, Lord, come !

732.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.  
*The Day of judgment.*

1 **D**AY of judgment,—day of wonders,  
Hark the trumpet's awful sound,  
500



**Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round !**

How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound !

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,  
Cloth'd in majesty divine !  
Ye who long for his appearing,  
Then shall say, "This God is mine !" *Gracious Saviour !*

Gracious Saviour!  
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,  
Rise to life from earth and sea :  
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken,  
By his looks prepare to flee :  
Careless sinner !

What will then become of thee

4 Horrors, past imagination,  
Will surprise your trembling heart,  
When you hear your condemnation,  
‘Hence, accursed wretch, depart,  
Thou with Satan  
And his angels hast thy part!’

5 But to those who have confessed,  
Lov'd and serv'd the Lord below,  
He will say, 'Come near, ye blessed !  
See the kingdom I bestow !

You for ever  
Shall my love and glory know.'

6 Under sorrows and reproaches,  
 May this thought our courage raise !  
 Swiftly God's great day approaches,  
 Sighs shall then be chang'd to praise !  
 May we triumph,  
 When the world is in a blaze !

**733.** L. M.  
*Judgment.*—Isaiah xxiv. 18—20.

1 **H**OW great, how terrible that God,  
Who shakes creation with his nod!

He frowns, and earth's foundations shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break.

- 2 Where now, O where shall sinners seek  
For shelter in the gen'ral wreck ?  
Shall falling rocks be o'er them thrown ?  
See rocks, like snow, dissolving down !
- 3 In vain for mercy now they cry ;  
In lakes of liquid fire they lie ;  
There on the flaming billows tost,  
For ever, O, for ever lost !
- 4 But saints undaunted and serene,  
Your eyes shall view the dreadful scene ;  
Your Saviour lives, the worlds expire ;  
And earth and skies dissolve in fire.
- 5 Jesus, the helpless sinner's friend,  
To thee my all I dare commend ;  
Thou canst preserve my feeble soul,  
When lightnings blaze from pole to pole.

L. M.

734.

*Books opened.*—Rev. xx. 12.

- 1 **M**ETHINKS the last great day is come,  
Methinks I hear the trumpet sound,  
That shakes the earth, rends ev'ry tomb,  
And wakes the pris'ners under ground.
- 2 The mighty deep gives up her trust,  
Aw'd by the Judge's high command ;  
Both small and great now quit their dust,  
And round the dread tribunal stand.
- 3 Behold the awful books display'd,  
Big with th' important fates of men !  
Each word and deed now public made,  
Written by heaven's unerring pen.
- 4 To ev'ry soul the books assign  
The joyous or the dread reward ;  
Sinners in vain lament and pine :  
No pleas the Judge will here regard.

- 5 Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,  
 May life's fair book my soul approve ;  
 There may I read my name enroll'd,  
 And triumph in redeeming love.

**735.** P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.  
*Judgment.*—Jude 14, 15.

- 1 **L**O, he comes, array'd in vengeance,  
 Riding down the heavenly road :  
 Floods of fury roll before him—  
 Who can meet an angry God ?  
   Tremble, sinners,  
 Who can stand before his rod ?
- 2 **L**O, he comes in glory shining :  
 Saints, arise and meet your King !  
 Glorious captain of salvation,  
 Welcome, welcome, hear them sing !  
   Shouts of triumph  
 Make the heavens with echoes ring !
- 3 **N**ow despisers, look and wonder !  
 Hear the dreadful sound 'depart,'  
 Rattling like a peal of thunder,  
 Thro' each guilty rebel's heart !  
   Lost for ever,  
 Hope and sinners here must part !
- 4 **S**till they hear the awful sentence,  
 Hell resounds the dreadful roar ;  
 While their heartstrings twine with anguish,  
 Trembling on the burning shore !!  
   Justice seals it—  
 Down they sink to rise no more !
- 5 **H**ow they shrink, with horror viewing  
 Hell's deep caverns op'ning wide !  
 Guilty thoughts, like ghosts pursuing,  
 Plunge them down the rolling tide !  
   Now consider,  
 Ye who scorn the Lamb that died !
- 6 **H**ark ! ten thousand harps resounding !  
 Form'd in bright and grand array :

See the glorious armies rising,  
 While their captain leads the way  
                                   Heaven before them  
 Opens an eternal day.

**736.** P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.  
*Judgment.*—Matt. xxiv. 32. xxv. 31—46.

- 1 **L**O, he comes, the King of glory,  
 With his chosen tribes to reign;  
 Countless hosts of saints and angels  
     Swell the mighty conqu'ror's train:  
                                   Now in triumph,  
 Sin and death are captive led.
- 2 See the rocks and mountains rending,  
     All the nations fill'd with dread:  
 Hark! the trump of God proclaiming  
     Thro' the mansions of the dead,  
                                   "Come to judgment,"  
 Stand before the Son of Man.
- 3 Hear the chief among ten thousand,  
     Thus address his faithful few;  
 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,  
     Heaven is prepar'd for you:  
 I was hungry, I was thirsty,  
 And ye minister'd to me."
- 4 But how awful is the sentence,  
     "Go from me ye cursed race,  
 To that place of endless torment,  
     Never more to see my face.  
 I was hungry, I was thirsty,  
 Ye to me no mercy show'd!"
- 5 Jesus, save a trembling sinner.  
     While thy wrath o'er sinners roll:  
 In this gen'ral wreck of nature,  
     Be the refuge of my soul:  
 Jesus, save me, Jesus save me,  
 When the light'nings blaze around.

737.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Luke xiii. 28.

- 1 **S**EE th' Eternal Judge descending—  
View him seated on his throne!  
Now, poor sinner, now lamenting,  
Stand and hear thy awful doom—  
Trumpets call thee!  
Stand and hear thy awful doom.
- 2 Hear the cries he now is venting,  
Fill'd with dread of fiercer pain;  
While in anguish thus lamenting,  
That he ne'er was born again,  
Greatly mourning,  
That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 "Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,  
With the marks of dying love;  
Oh, that I had sought his favor,  
When I felt his Spirit move—  
Golden moments,  
When I felt his Spirit move."
- 4 Now, despisers, look and wonder!  
Hope and sinners here must part,  
Louder than a peal of thunder,  
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"  
Lost for ever,  
Hear the dreadful sound, "Depart!"



ETERNITY.

1. HAPPINESS OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

738.

(518) C. M.

*The heavenly Canaan.*

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign:  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.



- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-with'ring flow'rs:  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green:  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,  
To cross this narrow sea;  
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise;  
And view the Canaan that we love  
With unobscured eyes!
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er;  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

C. M.

739.

*The everlasting Song.*

- 1 **E**ARTH has engross'd my love too long!  
'Tis time I lift mine eyes  
Upward, dear Father, to thy throne,  
And to my native skies.
- 2 There the blest man, my Saviour, sits;  
The God! how bright he shines!  
And scatters infinite delights  
On all the happy minds.
- 3 Seraphs, with elevated strains,  
Circle the throne around;  
And move and charm the starry plains  
With an immortal sound.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs:—  
Jesus, my love they sing!

Jesus, the life of both our joys,  
Sounds sweet from every string.

5 Now let me mount and join their song,  
And be an angel too ;  
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,—  
Here's joyful work for you.

6 I would begin the music here,  
And so my soul should rise :  
O for some heavenly notes to bear  
My passions to the skies !

7 There ye that love my Saviour, sit,  
There I would fain have place,  
Among your thrones, or at your feet,  
So I might see his face.

C. M.

740. *The Glory of Christ in Heaven.*

1 **O** THE delights, the heavenly joys,  
The glories of the place  
Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams  
Of his o'erflowing grace !

2 Sweet majesty and awful love  
Sit smiling on his brow,  
And all the glorious ranks above  
At humble distance bow.

3 Archangels sound his lofty praise  
Through every heavenly street,  
And lay their highest honors down  
Submissive at his feet.

4 This is the man, th' exalted man  
Whom we unseen adore ;  
But when our eyes behold his face,  
Our hearts shall love him more.

5 Lord, how our souls are all on fire  
To see thy bless'd abode,  
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise  
To our incarnate God.

- 6 And whilst our faith enjoys this sight  
 We long to leave our clay,  
 And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,  
 To fetch our souls away.

741.

L. M.

*View of Heaven.*

- 1 **W**HEN faith beholds the saints above,  
 And hears their strains of Jesus' love,  
 I fain would fly to join their lays,  
 And sing with them my Saviour's praise.
- 2 But can my soul such bliss obtain,  
 Whose guilt deserves eternal pain?  
 Can I expect his face to see  
 Throughout a vast eternity?
- 3 If heaven be mine, 'tis all of grace,  
 I'll praise him for the lowest place;  
 May I but reach within the door,  
 My anxious soul desires no more.
- 4 'There, ye that love my Saviour, sit,  
 There I with you would fain have place,  
 Among your thrones or at your feet,  
 So I might see his lovely face.'

742.

(510) C. M.

*The delights of heaven inconceivable.*

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
 Nor sense nor reason known,  
 What joys the Father has prepar'd  
 For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
 Reveals a heav'n to come;  
 The beams of glory in his word  
 Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
 And all the region peace;  
 No wanton lips, nor envious eye,  
 Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame ;  
None shall obtain admittance there,  
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

5 He keeps the Father's book of life ;  
There all their names are found ;  
The hypocrite in vain shall strive  
To tread the heav'nly ground.

743.

(513) C. M.

1 **Y**E golden lamps of heav'n! farewell,  
With all your feeble light,  
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,  
Pale empress of the night!

2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,  
In brighter flames array'd!  
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,  
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust  
Of my divine abode,  
The pavement of those heav'nly courts,  
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light  
Shall there his beams display ;  
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix  
With that unvary'd day.

5 No more the drops of piercing grief  
Shall swell into mine eyes ;  
Nor the meridian sun decline  
Amidst those brighter skies.

6 There all the millions of his saints  
Shall in one song unite,  
And each the bliss of all shall share  
With infinite delight.

744.

(515) C. M.

- 1 **N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke ;  
Not to the thunder of that word,  
Which God on Sinai spoke :.
- 2 But we are come to Zion's hill,  
The city of our God,  
Where milder words declare his will,  
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host  
Of angels, cloth'd in light !  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turn'd to sight !
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there,  
Whose names are writ in heav'n !  
And God, the Judge of all, declare  
Their num'rous sins forgiv'n.
- 5 In such society as this  
My weary soul would rest !  
The man that dwells where Jesus is,  
Must be for ever blest.

745.

(516) C. M.

*Anticipation of Heaven.*

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,  
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;  
And let the joys of heav'n impart  
Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,  
And discord there shall cease ;  
And perfect joy and love sincere  
Adorn the realms of peace.
- 3 The soul from sin for ever free,  
Shall mourn its pow'r no more ;  
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,  
Redeeming love adore.



- 4 There on a throne, how dazzling bright,  
Th' exalted Saviour shines,  
And beams ineffable delight  
On all the heav'nly minds.
- 5 There shall the foll'wers of the Lamb  
Join in immortal songs,  
And endless honors to his name  
Employ their tuneful tongues.
- 6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,  
Our feeble notes inspire ;  
Till, in thy blissful courts above,  
We join th' angelic choir.

L. M.

746.

*Saints' employ in Heaven.*

Rev. vii. 9—17.

- 1 **E**XALTED high at God's right hand,  
Nearer the throne than cherubs stand ;  
With glory crown'd, in white array,  
My wond'ring soul says, "Who are they?"
- 2 These are the saints, belov'd of God—  
Wash'd are their robes in Jesus' blood ;  
More spotless than the purest white,  
They shine in uncreated light.
- 3 Brighter than angels, lo, they shine,  
Their glories great, and all divine ;  
Tell me their origin, and say  
Their order what, and whence came they ?
- 4 Thro' tribulation great they came,  
They bore the cross, and scorn'd the shame,  
Within the living temple blest,  
In God they dwell, and on him rest.
- 5 Unknown to mortal ears they sing  
The sacred glories of their king ;  
Tell me the subject of their lays,  
And whence their loud exalted praise ?

- 6 Jesus, the Saviour, is their theme ;  
 They sing the wonders of his name ;  
 To him ascribing pow'r and grace,  
 Dominion and eternal praise.

747. (520) L. M.  
*Heaven alone can satisfy the soul.*

- 1 **F**ROM this world's joys and senseless mirth,  
 O come, my soul ! in haste retire ;  
 Assume the grandeur of thy birth,  
 And to thy native heav'n aspire.
- 2 'Tis heav'n alone can make thee blest,  
 Can ev'ry wish and want supply ;  
 Thy joy, thy crown, thy endless rest,  
 Are all above the lofty sky.
- 3 Eternal mansions ! bright array !  
 O blest exchange ! transporting thought !  
 Free from th' approaches of decay,  
 Or the least shadow of a spot.
- 4 There shall mortality no more  
 Its wide extended empire boast ;  
 Forgotten all its dreadful pow'r,  
 In life's unbounded ocean lost.
- 5 There dwells the sov'reign Lord of all,  
 The God that all the worlds adore ;  
 With whom is bliss that cannot pall,  
 And joys that last for ever more.

748. P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.  
*Heaven.—John xiv. 2.*

- 1 **H**IGH in yonder realms of light,  
 Dwell the raptur'd saints above,  
 Far beyond our feeble sight,  
 Happy in Immanuel's love !
- 2 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,  
 Once they knew, like us below,  
 Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,  
 Tort'ring pain, and heavy wo.

- 3 But these days of weeping o'er,  
Past this scene of toil and pain,  
They shall feel distress no more,  
Never—never weep again !
- 4 'Mid the chorus of the skies,  
'Mid th' angelic lyres above,  
Hark—their songs melodious rise,  
Songs of praise to Jesus' love !
- 5 Happy Spirits ! ye are fled,  
Where no grief can entrance find,  
Lull'd to rest the aching head,  
Sooth'd the anguish of the mind !
- 6 Ev'ry tear is wip'd away,  
Sighs no more shall heave the breast ;  
Night is lost in endless day—  
Sorrow—in eternal rest !

749.

L. M.

*Longing for Glory.*

- 1 **I**'M bound for New Jerusalem,  
Thither my best beloved's gone :  
The righteous branch of Jesse's stem,  
'Tis he I've fix'd my heart upon.
- 2 Fain would I climb above the skies,  
To see the beauties of his face ;  
My faith would into vision rise,  
And hope would cease in his embrace.
- 3 I languish with extreme desire,  
The object of my love to see ;  
O let me in love's flames expire,  
That I may with my Jesus be.
- 4 This life's a pilgrimage of care ;  
When will the happy season come,  
That I shall breathe celestial air,  
And settle in my native home ?

## 2. PUNISHMENT OF THE WICKED.

750. L. M.  
*Hell.*—Mark ix. 48.

- 1 **H**ELL ! 'tis a word of dreadful sound ;  
 It chills the heart and shocks the ear ;  
 It spreads a sickly damp around,  
 And makes the guilty quake with fear.
- 2 Far from the utmost verge of day,  
 Its frightful, gloomy region lies ;  
 Fierce flames amidst the darkness play,  
 And thick sulphureous vapors rise.
- 3 Conscience, the never dying worm,  
 With constant torture gnaws the heart,  
 And wo and wrath, in ev'ry form,  
 Inflamm the wounds, increase the smart.
- 4 The wretches rave, o'erwhelm'd with wo,  
 And bite their everlasting chains ;  
 But with their rage their torments grow,  
 Resentment but augments their pains.
- 5 Sad world indeed ! what heart can bear,  
 Hopeless, in all these pains to lie ;  
 Rack'd with vexation, grief, despair,  
 And ever dying, never die !
- 6 "Lord, save a guilty soul from hell,  
 Who seeks thy pard'ning, cleansing blood ;  
 O let me in thy kingdom dwell,  
 To praise my Saviour and my God."

S. M.  
 751. *The final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.*  
 Matt. xxv. 41.

- 1 **A**ND will the Judge descend ?  
 And must the dead arise ?  
 And not a single soul escape  
 His all-discerning eyes !

- 2 And from his righteous lips  
Shall this dead sentence sound ;  
And, through the numerous guilty throng,  
Spread black despair around ?
- 3 'Depart from me, accurs'd,  
To everlasting flame,  
For rebel-angels first prepar'd,  
Where mercy never came.'
- 4 How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day ;  
When earth and heaven, before his face,  
Astonish'd, shrink away ?
- 5 But ere that trumpet shakes  
The mansions of the dead ;  
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,  
What joyful tidings spread !
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove,  
By which the Saviour bled ;  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head.



## DISMISSIONS AND DOXOLOGIES.

## DISMISSIONS.

**752.** P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7,

- 1 **L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing—  
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;  
Let us each, thy love possessing,  
Triumph in redeeming grace ;  
Oh, refresh us !  
Trav'ling through this wilderness.



- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;  
 May the fruits of thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound :  
 May thy presence  
 With us evermore be found.
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,  
 Us from earth to call away ;  
 Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
 Glad to leave our cumb'rous clay,  
 May we, ready,  
 Rise and reign in endless day !

L. M.

**753.** *Dismission ; or, a parting Hymn.*

- 1 **C**HRISTIANS and brethren ! ere we part,  
 Join ev'ry voice and ev'ry heart ;  
 One solemn hymn to God we'll raise,  
 One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians ! we here may meet no more,  
 But there is yet a happier shore ;  
 And there, released from toil and pain,  
 Dear brethren, we shall meet again.
- 3 Now to our God, the Three in One,  
 Be everlasting glory done ;  
 Raise ye, his saints, the sound again,  
 Ye nations, join the loud Amen.

L. M.

**754.** *The Peace of God shall keep, &c.*

- 1 **T**HE peace which God alone reveals,  
 And by his word of grace imparts,  
 Which only the believer feels,  
 Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts.
- 2 And may the holy Three in One,  
 The Father, Word, and Comforter,  
 Pour an abundant blessing down  
 On every soul assembled here !

**755.** P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

- 1 **T**HIS *God* is the *God* we adore,  
 Our faithful, unchangeable friend ;  
 Whose love is as large as his pow'r,  
 And neither knows measure nor end ;  
 'Tis *Jesus*, the first and the last,  
 Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;  
 We'll praise him for all that is past,  
 And trust him for all that's to come.

**756.** S. M.  
*Dismission.*

- 1 **O**NCE more, before we part,  
 Great God, attend our pray'r ;  
 And seal the gospel on the heart  
 Of ev'ry person here.
- 2 And if we meet no more,  
 On Zion's holy ground ;  
 O may we reach that blissful shore,  
 Where all thy saints are bound.

**757.** P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.  
*At parting.*—2 Cor. xiii. 14.

- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,  
 And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
 Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union,  
 With each other and the Lord :  
 And possess, in sweet communion,  
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

**758.** (380) P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

- 1 **T**HANKS for mercies past receive ;  
 Pardon of our sins renew ;  
 Teach us henceforth how to live,  
 With eternity in view.

- 2 Bless thy word to old and young ;  
 Grant us, Lord ! thy peace and love ;  
 And when life's short course is run,  
 Take us to thy house above.

759. (381) L. M.  
*The Christian farewell.*

- 1 **T**HY presence, everlasting God !  
 Wide through all nature spreads abroad :  
 Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,  
 In ev'ry place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,  
 Thou dost our lives and pow'rs sustain ;  
 When sep'rate, we rejoice to share  
 Thy counsels and thy gracious care.
- 3 To thee we now commit our ways,  
 And still implore thy heav'nly grace ;  
 Still cause thy face on us to shine,  
 And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us, in thy beloved house,  
 Again to pay our grateful vows ;  
 Or, if that joy no more be known,  
 Give us to meet around thy throne.

## DOXOLOGIES.

760. L. M.

**T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
 By all on earth, and all in heaven.

761. C. M.

**N**OW let the Father and the Son  
 And Spirit be ador'd,  
 Where there are works to make him known,  
 Or saints to love the Lord.

762.

C. M.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be everlasting honors paid,  
Henceforth, for evermore.

763.

C. M.

**T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
Your grateful voices raise ;  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Give an immortal praise.

764.

C. M.

**A**LL glory to th' Eternal Three,  
And undivided One ;  
To Father, Son, and Spirit, be  
Coequal honors done.

765.

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

**F**ATHER, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Thou the God whom we adore ;  
May we all thy love inherit,  
To thine image us restore ;  
Vast Eternal !  
Praises to thee evermore.

766.

S. M.

**Y**E angels, round the throne,  
And saints that dwell below,  
Worship the Father, praise the Son,  
And bless the Spirit too.

# EXPLANATION

OF THE

## VARIOUS METRES IN THIS VOLUME.

S. M. Short Metre.—C. M. Common Metre.—L. M. Long Metre.—P. M. Peculiar Metre.

Metres.	No. of syllables in each line.	Table of Tunes.
S. M.	6, 6, 8, 6,	Margate, &c.
C. M.	8, 6, 8, 6,	Holden, &c.
L. M.	8, 8, 8, 8,	Heidelberg, &c.
P. M.	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7,	Lintz, &c.
" "	7, 7, 7, 7,	German Hymn, &c.
" "	8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7,	Shields, &c.
" "	6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8,	Amherst, &c.
" "	8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6,	Rapture, &c.
" "	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7,	Hotham, &c.
" "	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, as 113	Martin's Lane, &c.
" "	8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7,	Calvary, &c.
" "	8, 7, 8, 7,	Stockholm, &c.
" "	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, as 112	The Penitent's Prayer, &c.
" "	8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8,	Field's, &c.
" "	7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7,	Townhead, &c.
" "	11, 10, 11, 10,	Star of the East.
" "	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6,	Wirtemberg.
" "	8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8,	Presburg.
" "	6, 6, 8, 8, 6, 8, 6, 6,	Beauty's Fall.
" "	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 6,	Amsterdam.
" "	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 8, 7, 6,	Kingswood.
" "	11, 8, 11, 8,	Davis.
" "	7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6,	Evening Hymn.



## TABLE OF FIRST LINES.

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*The figures express the numbers of the Hymns as they are arranged.*

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Ah, what can I, a sinner, do, - - - -	262
Alas, alas, how blind I've been, - - - -	261
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed, - - - -	133
All glory to the Eternal Three, - - - -	764
All-powerful, self-existent God, - - - -	21
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Amazing sight! the Saviour stands, - - - -	200
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Amid the splendors of thy state, - - - -	38
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And art thou with us, gracious Lord, - - - -	78
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And let this feeble body fail, - - - -	470
And must this body die, - - - -	709
And now the scales have left mine eyes, - - - -	214
And shall we still be slaves, - - - -	130
And will the great Eternal God, - - - -	595
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And will the Lord thus condescend, - - - -	202
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Another six days' work is done, - - - -	624
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# **A LITURGY**

FOR THE USE OF THE

**EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCHES,**

Published by order of the

**General Synod of the Evan. Luth. Church**

**IN THE UNITED STATES.**

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A  
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***Evangelical Lutheran Church.***

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**SECTION I.**

*A form of confession and prayer which may be used at the commencement of public worship.*

Dearly beloved, we have assembled here in the immediate presence of God, humbly to confess our sins before him, to render thanks for the manifold blessings which he has so graciously bestowed upon us; to set forth his praise; to hear his word, and ask those things which are requisite and necessary for our bodies and our souls. Let us, therefore, draw near unto the throne of his grace, and call upon his name, in the confident expectation, that he will harken to the voice of our supplications and grant our humble petition.

*Let us pray.*

Almighty and most merciful God, we, thine unworthy servants, would come before thee with the deepest reverence, and offer unto thee the sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving—we would confess our sins, and acknowledge our guilt. We have offended against thy holy laws, and exposed ourselves to thy righteous displeasure; but, in the name of thy Son, Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent into the world to save us from our sins and miseries, we implore the forgiveness of all our offences; and we pray thee, most merciful father, to assist us, that hereafter we may be more sincerely and faithfully devoted to thy service. Vouchsafe to direct and assist us by thy spirit, that we may walk in thy fear, and live to thy honor and glory. Accept, we beseech thee, our hearty thanks for the privilege of assembling together for the public worship of thy name; of holding communion with thee; of confirming our faith in thy blessed son, and of nourishing our souls with the bread of eternal life. Assist us to worship thee, who art a spirit, in spirit and in truth; enable us to hear and meditate upon thy word, that we may sincerely love and serve thee; may the exercises in which we shall engage, be acceptable in thy sight,

and attended by thy blessing ; may we feel that we are in the presence of that God who searcheth the hearts, and trieth the reins of the children of men ; may no vain thoughts distract our minds, and no unworthy object withdraw our affections from thee ; may we faithfully improve all the means of salvation, so that we may be gradually fitted for thy heavenly kingdom, and at last be made partakers of everlasting life and happiness, through the riches of thy redeeming grace, in Jesus Christ our Lord—Amen.

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*Another form of a general prayer which may be used before Sermon.*

O Lord our God, we come into thy presence with the deepest veneration for thine exalted character and glorious perfections. We adore thee as that glorious and incomprehensible being, who is invested with supreme authority over his works. Thou art the only true and living God, whom angels and archangels delight to worship. The heavens are thy throne. Thou art clothed with honor and majesty, and art worthy to be worshipped as the high and mighty ruler of the universe, who fills the heavens and the earth with his glorious presence.

But, although thou art exalted to thy throne in the heavens, and dwellest in a light which no mortal eye can reach, we rejoice in the assurance, that thou condescendest to look down upon us, thine unworthy creatures, who stand in thy presence. O Lord, thou seest us ; thou knowest the sentiments, feelings and dispositions with which we have come into thy presence ; we appear before thee with a deep sense of our unworthiness. O God, we are constrained to confess that we have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and are not worthy to be called thy children ; we acknowledge our guilt ; we have neglected many important opportunities, and abused many precious blessings and privileges ; we have often refused to listen to the invitations of thy mercy, and hardened our hearts against the appeals of thy love ; we have opposed thy will, and transgressed thy holy commandments ; we have disregarded the provisions of thy grace, and rejected the offers of thy salvation ; we are ashamed to lift up our eyes in thy presence, O most holy and righteous God, for we have offended thee, and deserve to be cast forever from thy presence. But, O Lord, though our sins prostrate us in the dust before thee, thy mercy lifts us up, and inspires us with the confidence to approach thy throne of grace, and ask thy forgiveness. Thou art a God merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and ready to forgive. Thou art long-suffering and full of compassion ; not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance and live. Thou hast sent thine only begotten son, Jesus Christ, into the world, to save us from everlasting ruin. He hath suffered the punishment of our sins ; rendered atonement for our transgressions, and given himself



for us, as an offering and a sacrifice to God. He was crucified and slain, that through his death, he might destroy the power of Satan, and restore mankind to the favor of God; and we thank thee, that he has redeemed his disciples from the condemnation of sin with his own precious blood, which he shed on the cross, as a ransom for their iniquities; and, O gracious God, we bless thee for the great salvation which our crucified Redeemer has procured for us. He has abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light; he has given us precious promises; he has called us to glory, and became the author of an eternal salvation.

In his name, therefore, who is our advocate with thee, we would come into thy presence, and implore thy forgiveness; we plead the merits of that precious sacrifice, which was rendered for our iniquities; we claim the purchased inheritance of that innocent blood, which was shed for the remission of sin; not for any goodness which is in us, but for the meritorious sufferings and death of the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world, we beseech thee, to pardon and accept us at thy throne: enter not into judgment with us; cast us not from thy presence, and take not thy holy spirit from us; give us clean hearts, O God, and renew right spirits within us; enable us by the powerful influence of thy grace, to observe thy holy commandments; grant us thy holy spirit, that we may renounce all the vanities of this wicked world; flee all its dangers and temptations, and be established in thy love and fear: help us to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith thou hast called us; always abounding in the fruits of righteousness, and daily increasing in the knowledge of God and the Lord Jesus Christ.

Have mercy upon careless sinners; awaken the thoughtless and inconsiderate to a lively sense of their perilous and lost condition; pour out upon them, the spirit of earnest supplication and prayer, that they may implore thy forgiveness and seek thy mercy.

Confirm thy true disciples in their holy resolution: cause thy children every where to glorify thy name in their daily walk and conversation; strengthen and encourage them in the work which thou hast given them to do; preserve them from the many dangers and temptations to which they are constantly exposed; enable them by thy grace, to fight the good fight, to keep the faith, and finish their course, full of those considerations and hopes which thy blessed gospel and holy spirit have communicated to their souls.

We pray that thy kingdom may come, and thy will may be done on earth as it is in heaven; may the glorious light of thy gospel continue to spread, until it has reached every dark and benighted corner of the world; may the kingdom of the Redeemer be universally established, and the influence of his grace felt and acknowledged in the hearts of all the ignorant and unconverted of the earth, and may all who are yet in their

sins and misery be rendered happy, under the sacred and divine influence of our ever blessed and most holy religion.

We invoke thy blessing upon our rulers; may they be men fearing God, and loving righteousness; may all their power and influence be exerted, to advance thy glory, and promote the welfare of thy people: grant that our civil and religious liberties may be preserved, and that all the acts and proceedings of our government, founded upon truth and righteousness, may be attended with thy blessing.

We commend to thy fatherly care, all such of our fellow creatures, as are in circumstances of affliction. Visit the sick with thy divine blessing; bind up the broken hearted; console the mourners, and sustain the dying, with the comforts of thy grace, and the joys of thy salvation.

Heavenly Father, we always stand in need of thy assistance, but now, when we are assembled in thy sacred presence, and would render unto thee an acceptable service, we feel a more than ordinary dependence upon the influence of thy holy spirit: grant us a double portion of this gracious influence, that we may now hear and meditate upon this word, so that it may prove the power of God unto the salvation of our souls; and unto God the Father, who hath created us, to God the Son, who hath redeemed us, and God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifies and preserves us, be everlasting honor and glory—Amen.

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*Prayer which may be used after sermon.*

We thank thee, O Lord, that we have had another opportunity of hearing thy word, and becoming instructed in the truth. Grant, we beseech thee, that what we have this day heard, so far as it is consistent with thy holy will, may be grafted inwardly in our hearts, that it may bring forth the fruits of righteousness in our lives. Enlighten our understanding by thy holy spirit, that we may constantly increase in the knowledge of God and the Lord Jesus Christ: establish our minds in the love of the truth; enable us to go forth into the world meditating upon thy law, walking in thy fear, and rejoicing in the hope of thy salvation; help us to love, serve, and obey thee, as thy true and faithful servants, that when thou shalt call us away from the scenes of our earthly labors, we may be admitted into thy sacred temple above, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath taught us to pray, "Our Father," &c.

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*Benediction for the conclusion of public worship.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God our heavenly Father, and the communion of his holy spirit be with us and all our brethren of mankind, now and evermore—Amen.

## SECTION II.

## THE MINISTRATION OF BAPTISM TO INFANTS.

*Address of the Minister to the Parents or other Sponsors of the child to be baptised.*

My Christian Friends,

Our divine Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, instituted the holy ordinance of baptism as the means of introducing his followers into his visible church on earth. He commanded his disciples to go and teach all nations, baptising them, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. It evidently was his intention, that children should be received, through this ordinance, into the covenant of the Lord, and be permitted to participate in the promises that have been made to their parents; we have the evidence of sacred history, that children were included in the covenant which God instituted with Abraham and his posterity; and that the Apostles of our Lord baptised some of the first converts to the christian faith, together with their household. We are positively assured of the love of God to children, and of their fitness for his kingdom in the declaration of Jesus Christ himself, "suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

We therefore deem it necessary and proper, that our children, which have been conceived and born in sin, subject to the influence of an evil and corrupt nature, should be dedicated to the Lord, through the holy ordinance of baptism, with a view of being rendered partakers of the privileges and blessings of his covenant; and we exhort you, who now present this child for christian baptism, seriously to consider and meditate upon the nature and design of this holy and blessed institution of our Lord.

Through baptism, we are introduced into the gospel covenant, in which God offers us the remission of our sins and eternal life, upon the condition that we render the obedience which he requires in his word. It is an outward and visible sign of that inward regeneration of the heart, which is the work of the holy spirit, and without which, no man can enter into the kingdom of God. It represents unto us, that all men are naturally born in sin, that in the flesh they cannot please God, and that in order to be made acceptable unto him, they must be born again "of water and of the spirit." By it, "we are buried with Christ unto death, that like as Christ was raised from the dead, even so we also should walk in newness of life." It is administered by the use of water, as an emblem of spiritual purity; for as water cleanses our bodies from natural pollution, so the holy spirit only can purify our souls from the defilements of sin.

Such is the nature and design of this holy ordinance. In conformity to this institution, you now present this child to be

baptised in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, that it may be solemnly dedicated to the service of the triune Jehovah, and realize the blessings of his gracious covenant with his people.

I ask you, therefore, before God and these witnesses: Do you, in the name of this child, renounce the devil and all his works; the sinful desires of the flesh, together with the vanities of this wicked world, and promise, with the help of God, to keep his holy will and commandments? Ans.—Yes.

Do you believe in God the Father Almighty Maker of Heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ his only son our Lord, who was conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried, who descended into the place of departed spirits, the third day arose from the dead, ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty, from whence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. Do you also believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy catholic church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body, and life everlasting? Ans.—Yes

—— —, I baptise thee, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

*Let us pray.*

Almighty and everlasting God, we thank thee, that thou hast instituted a covenant with thy people, and that thou hast graciously called us to participate in the privileges and blessings of this covenant. We praise thee, that this infant, which thou hast called into existence and preserved by thy power and goodness, has now been solemnly dedicated to thee, through the holy ordinance of baptism. And now, when he (she) has been baptised according to the institution of our blessed Redeemer, we pray, that he (she) may also be regenerated by the Holy Spirit; that he (she) may die unto sin, live unto righteousness, be incorporated into thy holy church, and rendered a partaker of eternal life.

We beseech thee, of thine infinite mercy, to look upon thy servants who are interested with the future government and direction of this child in the way of salvation; give them a realizing sense of the importance of those duties, which result from their covenant relation unto thee, and their offspring, whom they have solemnly dedicated to thy honor and glory. Help them to bring up this child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, to teach him (her) to remember his Creator in the days of his youth; and as he advances in years, to endeavor to lead him in the ways of truth and righteousness; direct and bless them in their endeavors to preserve him from the influence of worldly vanities and corruption, and to govern and direct him in such a manner, that when he shall arrive at the years of discretion, he may become a blessing to society, and an ornament to the church.



We now commend this child to thy fatherly care and goodness. Preserve him from the temptations of the world, the allurements of satan, and the influence of his evil and corrupt nature. Guide him by thy holy spirit in the way he should go. As he grows in bodily strength, may he grow in grace, and increase in the knowledge of God and the Lord Jesus Christ; preserve him by thy power; sanctify him by spirit, and finally save him with thine everlasting salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath taught us to pray, "Our Father," &c.

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### SECTION III.

#### THE MINISTRATION OF BAPTISM TO ADULT PERSONS.

Dearly Beloved:

Our Lord Jesus Christ commanded his apostles to go and make disciples of all nations, baptising them in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever he has commanded them. In obedience to this command, the apostles propagated the gospel in various parts of the earth, and baptised as many disciples as professed repentance towards God, and faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ.

It appears, therefore, to have been the intention of our Lord, that such adult persons, as had been duly instructed in the gospel and are willing to render obedience to its requirements, should be admitted, through the ordinance of baptism, to a participation of the blessings and privileges of the evangelical covenant; and all, who are thus admitted into this covenant, are brought under the most solemn obligations to forsake all iniquity, and live godly and righteous lives. It is the design of the divine author of this institution, that it shall be said of all, who by these means are admitted into his church, "Ye are washed; ye are sanctified; ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the spirit of our God."

By the ordinance of baptism Christ hath provided for preserving his church, and maintaining the principles of his religion. And it is required of all adults, who are desirous of being introduced into his church, by means of this sacred ordinance, that they declare their belief in the essential truths of the gospel, and their willingness to be governed and directed by them.

You, my beloved brother, (sister) in the profession of repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, now present yourself to be baptised according to this institution. I ask you, therefore, in the presence of these witnesses, and before that august being, who searcheth your heart; do you believe in the doctrines of the christian religion, as taught in the word of God, and substantially set forth in the confession of the Evangelical Church? Is it your desire to be baptised in this faith, and do



you intend to adhere to it steadfastly to the end of your life?

Ans.—Yes.

Do you renounce all sinful desires and works, and promise, with the help of God, to keep his holy will and commandments, as declared in his word? Ans.—Yes.

Upon this, your solemn profession and promise, I baptise you, N. in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

*Let us pray.*

Almighty and most merciful God, we thank thee that thou hast called us out of the world, to enter into the ark of thy salvation. We praise and bless thy holy name, that this, thy servant, has now been introduced into thy church, and made a partaker of the blessings and privileges connected with thy gracious covenant. Accept, we beseech thee, this humble dedication of himself (herself) to thee; pour out thy holy spirit upon him, that he may be thoroughly washed and sanctified by his influence; give him grace to perform those solemn promises and vows which he has now made in thy presence; incline his heart to serve, reverence and obey thee in all the requirements of thy law, and the institutions of thy gospel; help him to adorn his profession with a holy walk and conversation; enable him to overcome every obstacle and difficulty in the way of his salvation; sustain him in his weakness; strengthen him in the day of temptation, and, O suffer him not be lead astray by the artifices of satan, and the deceitfulness of his own heart; assist him to be faithful in the improvement of the means of grace; to be diligent in the performance of every good work, and to persevere to the end, rejoicing in the hope of a glorious immortality; enable him to glorify thy name, and to prove by his daily walk and conversation, that the gospel of Christ is the power of God to the salvation of all who sincerely believe and obey it; sanctify, preserve and guide him by thy holy spirit, that he may remain faithful unto death, and finally inherit eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath taught us to pray, “Our Father,” &c.

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## SECTION IV.

### OF CONFIRMATION.

*The candidates for confirmation being placed before the altar, the minister proposes to them the following questions:*

I ask you, my friends, in the presence of God and this assembly, do you believe, with all your heart, the doctrines of the christian religion, as they are taught in the scriptures of the old and new Testament, and substantially set forth in the confession of the Evangelical Church? Do you now solemnly dedicate yourselves to the service of the triune God, the Father,

Son, and Holy Ghost, and do you intend, by his gracious assistance, to remain faithful unto Him, until the end of your ives?" Ans.—"I do."

Do you renounce all sinful desires and wicked works, and promise, with the help of God, to keep his holy will and commandments? Ans.—"I do."

Do you now confirm and ratify the solemn promise made in your baptism, and obligate yourselves to perform the terms upon which Jesus Christ hath promised you his grace and salvation? Ans.—"I do."

Do you promise to observe all the duties of regular members of this christian church, and submit yourselves to the rules of its government and discipline? Ans.—"I do."

*The candidates then kneeling around the altar, the minister lays his hands on the head of each with the following, or a similar prayer.*

May Almighty God ever strengthen you in the performance of the solemn engagements into which you now have entered May he ever stretch out his hand to protect you. May he overshadow you by the wings of his merciful visitation. May he lead you by his holy spirit in the way of salvation, that in the end you may obtain eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, liveth and reigneth forever—Amen.

*The Minister then gives his right hand to each of the candidates, saying :*

Upon this voluntary profession and the promises which you now have made, I receive you as members of this christian church, and give you, in its name, the right hand of christian fellowship and brotherly love; authorising you to join us in the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and to participate in all our spiritual privileges, so long as your deportment shall correspond with your present engagements.

Let us unite our supplications to the throne of grace, in behalf of these our christian brethren, (sisters.)

O Lord our God, thou art present with all thy creatures in heaven and on earth; thine eyes are upon all our ways; thou knowest all our thoughts, feelings and dispositions; thou searchest the hearts and triest the reins of these thy servants, who have here in thy divine presence, and before this assembly, solemnly professed their faith in thee, and vowed obedience to the requirements of thy law. We bless thee that thou hast graciously been pleased to awaken them to a sense of their religious duties, and enabled them at this time to come forward and dedicate themselves to thy honor and glory. And, we beseech thee, most merciful Father, to pour out thy spirit upon them, that they may faithfully adhere to the precepts of that blessed religion which they have now professed. May they constantly endeavor to be more conformed to the image of thy

perfections; may they strive to grow in piety and virtue, to live as the disciples of Christ, as children of God, and heirs of immortality; preserve them in their intercourse with the world, and help them to overcome the manifold dangers and temptations to which they shall be exposed. Forbid, Almighty God, that they should ever forget the serious and solemn engagements into which they now have entered, and graciously assist them in the performance of every duty, connected with their high calling; perfect, we beseech thee, the good work which thou hast begun in their hearts, and help them to press forward in the glorious career which thou hath set before them; strengthen their faith, establish their confidence, and confirm their hopes in thee; help them to go on rejoicing in their way; teach them to rely on thy gracious promises, and let them find by their own happy experience, that thy grace is sufficient for them in every time of need; shed abroad thy love in their hearts; may they love one another, and travel together in the way of eternal life as brothers (and sisters) in the Lord; and when they shall have fought the good fight, finished their course, and kept the faith in the church militant on earth, may they be admitted to the full participation of the glories of the church triumphant in heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who has taught us to pray, "Our Father," &c.

*The Minister may then proceed to deliver to those who have been confirmed the following address :*

My Christian Friends :

You have now, in the presence of God and this assembly, made a public profession of the religion of Jesus Christ; you have solemnly declared your belief in the doctrines of the gospel, and promised with the help of God, to keep his holy will and commandments; you have come out from the world: you have declared yourself on the side of the Lord, and forever after this day, you are to be faithfully and truly devoted to his service. The promises which you have made are so serious and solemn that I trust you have not presented yourselves at this altar without deeply feeling the importance of what you have done. Always remember these promises, and pray God that he may enable you, by the assistance of his grace, to perform them. When the vanities and corruptions of the world tempt you to violate your oath of allegiance to the God of your salvation, remember the sacred engagements of this solemn occasion, and stand fast in the faith; be strong in the Lord, and the power of his might; pray to him without ceasing; read his word diligently, and meditate on his law daily; endeavor always to grow in grace, and advance in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. You have received some instructions in the principles of our holy religion; but think not that you have now learned all that is necessary for you to know. No, you are so far from being perfect in the knowledge of God and his religion, that you have just entered on the threshold of this sacred

and sublime science. Endeavor, then, to add to your experience, knowledge. Whatever may be your occupation in life, study the holy scriptures faithfully. Never, for a single day, neglect the perusal of that sacred volume, which is given by the inspiration of God, and is able to make you wise unto salvation. Attend also to the preached word; worship God in your families, and in his holy temple; let your thanksgivings and prayers be offered up for yourselves, your families, your congregation, the church and the world. Let your light shine, that God's name may be glorified in the salvation of your own souls, and the souls of your fellow creatures. Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation; keep near the throne of grace; dwell in love, and the God of love and peace will be with you.

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## SECTION V.

### FORM OF PREPARATION FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

*On the day preceding the communion, a discourse is delivered from the pulpit adapted to the occasion; after which, the Minister, standing before the altar, requests the communicants to rise in their seats, and proposes to them the following questions:*

I ask you, my friends, before Almighty God, and upon the evidence of your consciences, whether you sincerely acknowledge and lament that you are sinners, who have, in a great variety of ways, transgressed God's holy will and commandments, and exposed yourselves to the punishment of his everlasting wrath and displeasure? If this be the humble confession of your hearts, make it manifest with your lips by saying yes. Ans.—“Yes.”

I ask you whether you heartily believe that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and that all those who sincerely repent, believe in him, and obey his gospel do receive the remission of their sins and eternal life? Are you truly desirous to be delivered from your transgressions, and to participate in the provisions of God's mercy for those who are truly penitent and faithful? Ans.—“Yes.”

I ask you whether you are truly resolved, with the help of God, to submit yourselves henceforth to the influence and direction of the Holy Spirit, so that you may be enabled to hate and avoid all manner of evil; to love God, serve him faithfully, and glorify his name by your daily walk and conversation? If this is your sincere determination, announce it in the presence of God and each other, by saying yes. Ans.—“Yes.”

Let us unite in making this confession to the throne of grace.

Almighty and most merciful Father, we confess that we have sinned frequently and grievously in thy sight. We have



offended against thee, not only by numerous outward acts of transgression, but by the secret thoughts, affections and dispositions of our corrupt hearts, which are indeed open in thy sight, but which we cannot fully understand, nor confess unto thee. It is with sincere sorrow and repentance, that we acknowledge these manifold transgressions. We are earnestly desirous of being pardoned by thy mercy, and comforted by thy grace, through our Lord Jesus Christ. We implore the influence of thy Holy Spirit, sincerely resolving by his gracious spirit to renounce our evil ways, and live more godly, righteously, and soberly than we hitherto have done; and especially, we beseech thee Almighty God, to prepare us by the influence of thy grace for the worthy celebration of the Lord's Supper, so that by means of that sacred ordinance we may be strengthened in our faith, and increased in our love to God and our fellow creatures.

O Lord God the Father, have mercy upon us—O Lord God the Son, have mercy upon us—O Lord God the Holy Ghost, have mercy upon us, and give us peace—Amen.

*After this confirmation and prayer, the minister may make to the communicants the following declaration :*

Upon this humble confession which you now have rendered to the throne of divine grace, and in conformity to the instructions which Almighty God hath given to the ministers of his word, I declare to you all, who have sincerely repented of your sins, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, the divine promise of the forgiveness of your transgressions, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

But while the gospel of Jesus Christ commands us to declare the promise of grace and salvation to those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and are reconciled to God, it threatens indignation and wrath against all the workers of iniquity. My duty to you, therefore, at this time, requires me to state, that if we continue in an impenitent state, without earnestly seeking deliverance from our sins, and our interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, all our confessions and promises will be unavailing, and we shall be unable to escape from the wrath which is to come.

May God have mercy upon every one of us; pardon and deliver us from all our sins, and finally bring us to everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath taught us to pray "Our Father," &c.



## SECTION VI.

## ADMINISTRATION OF THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

*After the usual service the Minister standing at the altar addresses the communicants as follows :*

Dearly Beloved :

That we may partake of the holy ordinance of the Lord's Supper, to our comfort and edification, it becomes us seriously to view the design of this institution, and strictly to examine ourselves whether we are worthy to receive it. The holy communion was ordained by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as a memorial of his sufferings and death on the cross, and as a means of strengthening his followers in their faith and attachment unto him. When, therefore, we are assembled for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, we should thank God for the gift of his only begotten and beloved Son, whose body was broken and whose blood was shed as a sacrifice for our sins, that we might be reconciled to God, and accepted of him. We are to partake of these memorials of our Saviour's sufferings and death, with full trust and confidence in the sacrifice which he rendered for us as the only ground of our hope of salvation; for by his death he hath removed the cause of our condemnation, and obtained for us the promise of eternal life. In this holy communion, he establishes his covenant with us, and seals his gracious promises to our souls—he gives us a pledge, that if we remain faithful to him, he will never leave nor forsake us; that in all our trials and temptations he will constantly strengthen and preserve us by the assistance of his grace.

When we come to the holy communion we should examine ourselves, and consider our unworthiness and sinfulness in the sight of God, so that we may be deeply humbled before him, and implore his mercy through our Lord Jesus Christ, who humbled himself to the death of the cross for us miserable sinners, that we might live—and those who have humbled themselves before God, on account of their sins, and are sincerely desirous of obtaining his forgiveness, he has promised to receive in mercy at this table.

I, therefore, exhort you, in the name of the Lord Jesus, to come to this holy sacrament, with a deep sense of your unworthiness, confessing your sins, and acknowledging your entire dependence upon the mercy of God for salvation. I beseech you, also, to draw near to this table, with full confidence in that blessed Redeemer, who has declared "my body is broken, my blood is shed for the remission of your sins." To him, therefore, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, let us bring the thank offerings of our hearts, submitting ourselves to his holy will, and faithfully serving him all the days of our life.

*The Minister then turns to the elements and says :*

In conformity to the instructions and example of our divine Lord and Master, let us now proceed to consecrate these elements for our use and edification in the holy sacrament.

*Let us pray.*

Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever—Amen.

Let us now attend to the words of the institution of the holy Supper of our Lord :

“Our Lord Jesus Christ in the night in which he was betrayed took bread ; and when he had given thanks he broke it and gave it unto his disciples, saying, take eat, this is my body which is given for you. Do this in remembrance of me. And at the same time, after supper, he took the cup, gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, drink ye all of this : this cup is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for you and for many for the remission of sins. Do this, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.”

*The Minister then invites the Communicants to the altar, saying :*

Ye who have sincerely repented of your sins, and are earnestly desirous of the salvation of your souls, through our Lord Jesus Christ, draw near with faith, and partake of this holy sacrament, for your comfort and encouragement in the service of God, and the work of your salvation. In the name of Jesus Christ, I say to all who sincerely love him, ye are welcome to this feast of love.

*When the Minister presents the bread to the Communicants he says to them :*

Jesus said, take and eat, this is my body, which is given for you ; do this in remembrance of me. May this strengthen and preserve you in the true faith unto eternal life.

*On delivering the cup to them, he says :*

Jesus said, drink ye all of this ; this cup is the New Testament in my blood, which is shed for you, and for many, for the remission of sin ; do this, in remembrance of me. May this strengthen and preserve you in the true faith unto eternal life.

*During the administration of the sacrament, it is desirable that the Minister should endeavor to keep alive the devotion of the Communicants, by repeating appropriate passages from Scripture, or making other suitable addresses to them.*

*When all have received the communion the Minister addresses the congregation, saying :*

**Dearly Beloved :**

Since the Lord hath once more fed our souls at his table, let us give thanks unto his holy name, for his mercy endureth forever. The Lord is merciful and gracious; slow to anger and ready to forgive. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities. What shall we render unto the Lord for all his goodness. We will offer sacrifices of thanksgiving, and call upon the name of the Lord.

*Let us pray.*

Almighty and everlasting God and Father, we render unto thee our most humble and hearty thanks, that thou hast of thine infinite mercy given us thine only begotten Son as a sacrifice for our sins; and that he hath instituted this holy sacrament, as a memorial of that precious sacrifice, which he rendered for us on the cross. We praise thee, that thou hast again fed our hungry and thirsty souls, with the spiritual food of the precious body and blood of our crucified Redeemer. And we humbly beseech thee, that this solemn commemoration of the sufferings and death of our Lord Jesus Christ, may be sanctified to our souls; may it be the means of strengthening our faith, and increasing our love and attachment unto him. Having once more professed ourselves his faithful disciples, may we go forth into the world obeying his gospel, following his example, looking constantly unto him, the author and finisher of our faith, and rejoicing in the prospect of his glory. And, as we have now received the communion of his body, which was broken for our sins, we pray that we may also be incorporated into his mystical body, which is the communion of saints, and that we may continue in the bonds of that holy fellowship faithful unto the end. Give us grace, that we may now cheerfully take up the cross and follow our divine leader in the way of eternal life. Under all the trials and temptations of the world may we be sustained and comforted by his power and grace; and when he shall appear, may we be ready to meet him, and experience the joys of his salvation, in his glorious presence forever. Hear us "Our Father," &c.

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## SECTION VII.

### THE SOLEMNIZATION OF MATRIMONY.

*When the persons to be married are assembled with their friends, the Minister addresses them as follows :*

**Dearly Beloved :**

We are assembled here in the sight of God and these witnesses, to join together this man and this woman in holy ma-

trimony, which God hath instituted and commanded in his word, as an honorable state. It is a holy and divine institution, which is represented in the sacred scriptures as an emblem of the love and attachment subsisting between Christ and his Church. In the beginning, God saw that it was not good for man to be alone. He created them male and female, and provided for their mutual comfort and happiness, by instituting that sacred connexion between them, which of all the relations of life, is the most intimate and endearing. "For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh." Marriage is the union of one man with one woman, for their mutual happiness. It is a solemn covenant, made in the presence of God, and in obedience to his will, which is to be dissolved only by death. It, doubtless, was the intention of the divine author of this institution, that it should be a means of promoting his glory, of advancing our true happiness, and of exercising us in the best and most amicable affections. It is a sacred engagement, involving many serious considerations and important consequences, which is not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly, but reverently, discreetly, and in the fear of God.

I therefore exhort you, my friends, who appear here in the presence of God to be united in the bonds of matrimony, that you seriously consider the nature of this sacred ordinance, and the object for which it was instituted, submitting yourselves to the will of God, and seeking his direction in your endeavors to perform the various duties connected with the relation into which you are about to enter.

A christian husband is in duty bound to love and respect his wife; to endeavor to lead her with discretion, instructing, comforting and protecting her as his nearest and most intimate friend and companion in life. He is to labor diligently and faithfully in the calling in which the providence of God hath placed him, that he may maintain in an honest and becoming manner those who are dependent upon him.

In like manner, it is the duty of a christian wife, to love, honor, and esteem her husband; she is bound to manifest her love and attachment unto him, by her faithful and affectionate endeavors to promote his comfort and happiness; she is to assist him in directing and governing their household, in providing for their mutual comfort, and contributing to the happiness of others.

These are some of the most important duties which will be mutually incumbent upon you in the married state. I now require and charge you both, as you shall answer at the dreadful day of judgement, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you knows any impediment why you should not be lawfully united in matrimony, ye do now confess it, for be you well assured, that if any persons be joined



together, otherwise than God's word allows, their marriage is not lawful.

*If no impediment be alledged, the Minister asks the man:*

N. Do you take this woman, N. to your wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the state of matrimony? Will you love, comfort, honor, and keep her, as a faithful christian husband is bound to do, in health and sickness, in prosperity and adversity, and forsaking all others, keep you only unto her, as long as you both shall live? Ans.—“Yes.”

*The Minister then asks the woman:*

N. Do you take this man, N. to your wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the state of matrimony? Will you love, comfort, honor and keep him, as a christian wife is bound to do, in health and in sickness, in prosperity and adversity, and forsaking all others, keep you only unto him, as long as you both shall live? Ans.—“Yes.”

*The Minister then, joining their right hands, says:*

Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. Forasmuch as N. and N. have consented together in wedlock, and witnessed the same before God and this company, I pronounce, that they are man and wife.

*Let us pray.*

O eternal God, the creator and preserver of all men, we would acknowledge thee in all our ways, and devoutly implore thy direction and blessing. We adore thee as the source of all our benevolent affections, and of all our social comforts and blessings. We praise thee that thou hast ordained for us domestic institutions, in order to advance thy glory, and promote our happiness. And we beseech thee to bless these, thy servants, who have now entered into the closest and tenderest of all earthly connections. Help them to fulfil, with fidelity, the vow and covenant which they have now made in thy presence. Give them grace to overlook each other's infirmities, to improve each other's understanding and hearts, to advance each other's interests as immortal beings, and to travel together hand in hand, in the road which leads to heaven and to thee. Enable them, by persevering affection, by a worthy deportment, and by united devotions, to soften to each other the unavoidable cares of life; to alleviate its sorrows, increase its innocent enjoyments, and contribute to the happiness of their friends and all around them. Bless them, we beseech thee, in all their lawful undertakings and virtuous pursuits in life; and should they be visited by affliction let them find a never failing friend and all sufficient supporter in thee. And having faithfully discharged all the duties of their connexion here on earth, may they at last be united in heaven in the bonds of eternal love and bliss, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who hath taught us to pray, “Our Father,” &c.



## SECTION VIII.

## THE INAUGURATION OF ELDERS AND DEACONS.

*The Minister having published the names of those duly elected agreeably to the "Formula for the government and discipline of the Evangelical Lutheran Church," and called them to the altar, addresses them as follows :*

**Beloved Brethren :**

The offices to which you have been duly elected by the congregation, were instituted in the christian church with a view of aiding the ministers of the word in the government and discipline of the church, of assisting the poor, distributing the means provided for their support, preserving the order and decency of God's house, and promoting the general welfare of christian congregations.

It is the duty of the Elders, in connexion with the Ministers of the word, to take the oversight of the church which is committed to their care, to admonish those who conduct themselves disorderly, to exercise christian discipline against obstinate offenders, to endeavor to preserve peace and harmony in the church, to give proper religious instruction to the young and old, to afford consolation to the sick and afflicted, and assist each other in the performance of such other duties as are connected with their station in the church.

It is the duty of the Deacons to assist the Minister and other officers of the church in promoting the general prosperity of the church, to collect the alms of the congregation, and distribute them as they shall direct; to assist at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, and render all necessary service at the public worship of the sanctuary, to see over the temporal concerns of the church, and take care that the Minister receives an adequate support according to the word of God, to lead pious and exemplary lives, and aid in the performance of such other duties as are incumbent on the officers of the church.

These, my brethren, are the chief duties which you have been chosen to fulfil. That the congregation may be certified of your willingness to discharge them, I ask you, in the presence of God, and this worshipping assembly : Do you believe the scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the only word of God, and perfect doctrine of Salvation? And do you acknowledge, that this doctrine is set forth in a manner substantially correct in the standards of this christian church? **Ans.** "Yes."

Are you persuaded, that you are lawfully called to the service of the church? and do you promise, with the help of God, to discharge your respective offices, according to the word of God, and to submit yourselves to the formula for the government and discipline of this church? If this be your conclusion and determination, please to announce it by saying yes. **Ans.**—"Yes."

Upon this, your promise, I pronounce you to be invested with the offices to which you have been chosen, and give you, in the name of the congregation, the right hand of christian fellowship and love.

*Let us pray.*

O Lord our God and Heavenly Father, we thank thee for the institution of those offices which are necessary for the edification of thy church; and we praise thee, that thou hast enabled us at this time to set apart for this purpose, our brethren, who have been called in thy providence, to direct the concerns of this part of thy church. Give them grace, we beseech thee, that they may faithfully discharge the duties of their respective stations. Help them to be diligent in observing the character and conduct of those over whom they are placed, in admonishing and reproving those who are disorderly, in strengthening the weak, in encouraging the faithful, and promoting the spiritual interests of all that are connected with this congregation. Let all their endeavors be directed by a sincere desire for advancing the glory of God, the welfare of the church, and the salvation of souls. In all their acts and deliberations, may they be influenced by a due regard of the important trust, which thou hast committed to their hands; and may they always consider themselves responsible unto thee for the conscientious and faithful performance of all the duties devolving upon them. Give them an enlightened and active zeal for advancing thy work and promoting the interests of thy cause. Help them to shine as lights before men, that thy name may be glorified by their daily walk and conversation. And while they shall endeavor to approve themselves unto thee, may they be favored with the approbation and confidence of those for whom they labor. May all who are connected with this church readily submit to the authority with which thou hast invested them. May they cheerfully receive their instructions, hearken to their admonitions, and follow their exhortations, so that thy kingdom may come, and thy will be done among us; and to thy name, we would ascribe all the honor and glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord, who has taught us to pray, "Our Father," &c.

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## SECTION IX.

### THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

*It is customary for the Minister to preach a sermon, or make an exhortation in the church or at the house of the deceased. After the corpse is laid in the ground, he makes use of the following form:*

Man, who is born of woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth, as it were, a shadow, and continueth not.

In the midst of life we are in death—of whom may we seek for succor, but of thee O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased.

Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not unto the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy merciful ears to our prayers; but spare us, Lord most holy; O God most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from thee.

*Let us pray.*

Eternal and unchangeable God, by whose providence we have been called to witness this instance of mortality, and in whose hands is the life of every human being; enable us, we beseech thee, to lay to heart the serious lessons which are now addressed unto us. Teach us so to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom; may set our affections on the things which are above, perform without delay the great work which thou hast given us to do, live by the faith of thy son, and habitually look forward to his second coming; comfort and support the spirits of thy servants who mourn over this afflicting dispensation; let their hearts be stayed upon thee, and rejoice in the precious discoveries of thy word; and let them find by their own experience, that all things work together for good unto them that love thee. Amen.

Forasmuch as it has pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to take out of the world the soul of our deceased brother, (sister) we therefore commit his body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust, looking for the general resurrection of the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall raise his followers to the participation of his own happiness and glory in heaven.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all forevermore. Amen.

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## SECTION X.

### FORM FOR THE CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

*The service is introduced by singing a hymn and reading a portion of the scriptures, suitable to the occasion; after which the consecrating Minister, standing at the altar, addresses the congregation as follows:*

**Dearly Beloved:**

It has been customary for devout and holy men under the law, as well as under the gospel, to erect houses of public wor-

ship, and dedicate them to the service of God. This custom, the Almighty has been pleased to sanction, in order to afford his people the most convenient opportunity of worshipping Him, of listening to the instructions of his word, attending to the ordinance of his house, asking the forgiveness of their sins, imploring his blessings, and securing his favor.

That this congregation might realize the blessings connected with the public worship of God, in a place affording them all the necessary conveniencies, they have erected this house; and we have now assembled to return thanks unto God for the accomplishment of this work; to devote it to the sacred purposes for which it is intended.

This we now do, in this public manner, and in the name of the adorable and ever blessed Trinity, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. We solemnly dedicate this house to the worship of God the Father, the Almighty creator of the heavens and the earth; to God the Son, the Redeemer and Saviour of the world; to God the Holy Ghost, the sanctifier and preserver of the faithful. We consecrate it as an Evangelical Lutheran Church, with the particular title and designation of (here insert the name of the church,) where the word of God is to be taught and expounded for the instruction and edification of its hearers; where the gospel of Jesus Christ is to be preached in its purity, so that it may prove the power of God unto the salvation of them that believe; and where the doctrines and principles of the christian religion are to be inculcated as they are contained in the holy scriptures, and are fundamentally set forth in the doctrinal standards of our church.

*Let us pray.*

Supremely exalted and adorable Jehovah, fountain of all good and source of every blessing, we thank thee that thou hast inclined the hearts of thy servants to erect this temple, and fit it for thy service. We thank thee that thou hast prospered the endeavors of this congregation to finish the work which was commenced in thy name, and with a view to thy honor and glory. Unto thee we have now dedicated this house. We invoke thy blessing upon it. We commit it into thy hands. We have set it apart for thy service, and consecrated it to thy glory. Thine own right hand hath planted it. Do thou water it with the dews of heaven, that it may prosper and flourish under thy celestial influence. Fill it with thy divine presence; cause thy spirit to rest upon it, and overshadow it with the wings of thy merciful visitation. Do thou dwell in the midst of it, that it may be called the mountain of the Lord of Hosts, the habitation of the Holy One, the temple of the Most High. May the gospel be preached in it in its purity. May the Ministers, who in thy providence, shall be called to conduct its services, be found faithful. Forbid that its holy ordinances should ever be abused by the unworthy con-



duct of those who attend them. May all who come up hither to worship God in his holy temple, worship him in spirit and in truth. May they be governed by the principles of the gospel of Christ, and follow the example of their Saviour. May they exhibit in their daily walk and conversation, the spirit of true religion; may their hearts be established in the fear of the Lord, and may they love and respect each other as fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.

From thy celestial abode, look down, we beseech thee, O Lord, upon this thy dwelling place on earth. We commend it to thy divine care and protection; preserve it from every danger to which it is exposed; suffer nothing to hurt or destroy it, so as to deprive thy people of the comforts and happiness of meeting together in this thy house, and rendering unto thee, the tribute of their praises and thanksgivings, for the many mercies which thou hast bestowed upon them. May it long continue to stand upon its present foundation, an enduring monument of thine affectionate regard for the place which thou hast chosen for thy residence, and distinguished with thy blessing.

Be thou in the midst of this congregation, we entreat thee, O Lord, and grant them thy blessing whenever they shall assemble in this house to worship thee. Whenever they shall come up hither to call upon thy name, may they seek thy divine presence, and draw nigh unto thee with their hearts; and here wilt thou be found of them, in all the glorious perfections of thine adorable character. Here, in thy sacred courts, and in thy holy presence, may they continually offer up their prayers and supplications unto thee; and here, also, wilt thou be pleased graciously to listen to their entreaties, and grant their humble petitions. Give them grace, at all times to call upon thy name in such a manner as shall be acceptable unto thee. Impress them with a deep sense of their unworthiness, that they may approach thy sanctuary with that humility and reverence which becomes us when we enter into thy divine presence; and when thy people shall assemble in this place, may they witness many glorious manifestations of thy power and grace. May many impenitent sinners be awakened by the powerful influence of thy word, and the operations of thy Holy Spirit. May those who have mourned over their sins and transgressions, be comforted and consoled by the promises of thy mercy, and may all thy servants that shall be found faithful be encouraged to go on rejoicing in their way, and glorify the God of their salvation.

Bless, we beseech thee, O Lord, thy church universal. Spread the glorious light of thy ever blessed gospel. Extend thy kingdom through the earth. Increase the number of the faithful, and qualify all the worshippers in thine earthly temples, for an entrance into that building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—Amen.



## SECTION XII.

## FORM OF LICENSING CANDIDATES FOR THE MINISTRY OF THE GOSPEL.

*After the applicants have been duly examined before the Ministerium, and found to possess the qualifications prescribed in the Constitution, the President of the Synod addresses them as follows :*

My Beloved Brethren:

In conformity to a resolution of the Ministerium, you now appear here in the presence of God, to receive the credentials which will authorise you to officiate as candidates for the christian ministry. You, doubtless, feel sensible on this solemn occasion, that you are about entering upon a task involving many important considerations, both as it respects your own happiness, and the interests of the churches which may be committed to your care. God, in his wise providence, hath so directed it, that you should be entrusted with the high and responsible office of teachers of his word. He hath called you to the service of his church. He hath appointed you to watch over the interests, and seek the salvation of souls. It is his will, that you should go forth to preach his gospel and dispense the means of grace to those whom you shall be directed to instruct and edify in religious knowledge.

Permit me, therefore, in the spirit of brotherly affection, to exhort you to be faithful to the important trust which is about to be committed to your hands. To whatever part of God's church you may be called, or whatever part of his vineyard you may be directed to labor, endeavor to gain the approbation of your consciences and your God, by a diligent and faithful performance of the duties of your station. Consider the importance of your work; take heed to the ministry which you have received in the Lord, and strive to accomplish the purposes for which it has been entrusted to you; Preach the word; speak as it becomes the oracles of God; proclaim the gospel, and exhibit the doctrines of salvation, as they are revealed in the Holy Scriptures; but, especially, teach the things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ; preach Jesus Christ, and him crucified; preach the atonement, that fundamental doctrine of the gospel and main pillar of the church of Christ, upon which every thing depends. Teach your hearers that Christ hath loved us; that he hath given himself for us, as an offering and a sacrifice to God; that he bore our sins in his own body on the tree, and that his meritorious sufferings and death on the cross, are the only provisions which God hath ever made for the salvation of sinners, for the word of God declares that "there is no other name given among men, through which we must be saved, except the name of Jesus Christ."

These truths you are not only required to preach, but you are also to endeavor to establish and confirm them by your virtuous and pious conduct. You are not only to instruct your hearers in religious knowledge, but you are to afford them examples of moral excellence, which deserve to be imitated by all who may come within the reach of your influence; watch, therefore, over yourselves, lest by any means when you have preached to others, you yourselves should be cast away. Always endeavor to preserve an unblemished character, and spotless reputation. Avoid every appearance of evil. Let your consciences be void of offence towards God and man, and never forget that you are examples of the flock over which you are appointed to watch.

It is unnecessary for me, on this occasion, to enter into a further detail of the duties which will be incumbent upon you as licensed candidates for the gospel ministry in our church: they are chiefly expressed in the X. chapter, from the VI. to the X. section of the constitution:

VI. "A licensed candidate shall have liberty to visit vacant congregations, either upon receiving an invitation from them, or upon the advice of the Synod or of the President.

VII. After a licensed candidate has a stated charge, he shall be restricted to it, and shall not resign it, without the consent of the Ministerium, or in its recess, of the President.

VIII. A licensed candidate has power to perform all the ministerial functions during the time specified by his license.

IX. In addition to the obligations of Ministers, specified in the constitution, it is the duty of licensed candidates to devote all their leisure time to their personal improvement in knowledge and grace, to receive counsel from the president, and apply to him for advice, in cases of difficulty.

X. Every licenciate must keep a journal of his ministerial acts, which, with a few sermons of his own composition he must deliver, or send annually, for the inspection of the Ministerium."

These are the duties required of you in the constitution, and which you must solemnly promise to observe, before you can be received into our connexion. I now ask you, in the presence of God:

Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the word of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice? Ans.—"Yes."

Do you believe that the fundamental doctrines of God are taught in a manner substantially correct in the doctrinal articles of the Augsburg Confession? Ans.—"Yes."

Do you promise, by the aid of God, to perform all the duties enjoined on you in this Formula, and to submit yourselves to its rules of government and discipline as long as you remain a member of any Lutheran Synod. Ans.—"Yes."

Upon this, your solemn promise, I herewith present you with the license to officiate as candidates for the ministry in

our church; and I pray Almighty God, that his blessings may attend you in all your official ministrations, and that he may render you instrumental in promoting his glory and the welfare of his church.

*Let us pray.*

Almighty and everlasting God, we thank thee thou hast introduced into the world the light of thy holy gospel, and that thou art constantly calling and qualifying ministers and teachers to propagate it among men. And we beseech thee to bless thy servants, who have now been commissioned to preach the gospel and dispense those holy ordinances, which thou hast appointed for the salvation of sinners, and the edification of thy church; qualify them to become extensively useful in the station to which thou hast called them, and assist them in the discharge of every duty connected with it—make them diligent and successful laborers in thy vineyard—may they give themselves wholly to the work of saving souls and glorifying thy name on earth. Pour out thy spirit upon them; enlighten their minds; shed abroad thy love in their hearts; strengthen their faith, and help them to press toward the mark of their calling in Christ Jesus. Save them from the evils which beset their path; watch over them by thine infinite goodness, and preserve them by thine almighty power and grace. O, suffer them not to be led astray by the deceitfulness of their own hearts, and the temptations of the world. Preserve them from the influence of error, and establish them in the ways of truth and righteousness. Forbid, Almighty God, that they should ever become unmindful of the importance of the trust which thou hast committed to their hands. O grant that they may always endeavor to maintain the honor of our religion, by the purity of their doctrine and the righteousness of their lives. May they faithfully exhibit the truths of thy word, and declare thy salvation to a perishing and dying world; may they labor diligently and faithfully for the salvation of those souls which may be given them in charge; and may thy blessing attend all their endeavors to build up thy church, and extend thy kingdom on earth.

We pray, that they may be strengthened and encouraged in every good work; that they may adorn their profession with a holy walk and conversation; giving offence to none, and leading all by the influence of their pious example, as well as virtuous precepts in the way they should go. Amidst all the dangers and difficulties to which they shall be exposed in the faithful performance of the duties which shall be incumbent upon them, may they put their whole trust and confidence in thy precious promises, and rejoice in the full assurance that thou wilt never leave nor forsake them; and when thou shalt remove them from their earthly stewardship, may they be found among the number of those who have fought the good fight, finished their course, and kept their faith, and who shall

finally receive crowns of everlasting righteousness, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—Amen.

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## SECTION XII.

### FORM OF ORDAINING MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL.

*The ceremonies of Ordination may be performed by the assembled Ministerium, or if preferred, in the church by which the Candidates have been called, or by the Special Conference, or by a Committee appointed for the purpose by the President. A Sermon is preached on the nature, duties and responsibilities of the ministerial office. The President of the Ministerium or the Chairman of the Conference, or Committee, then addresses the Candidates as follows :*

**Beloved Brethren in the Lord :**

Having sustained the usual test required by the rules and constitution of the church, you now present yourselves to be solemnly ordained as Ministers of the gospel of Jesus Christ. The work, for which you are about to be set apart, is so sacred and important, that it cannot be too seriously considered ; and I trust, that in devoting yourselves to this work, you have been influenced by the love of Christ, and a sincere desire to serve him. God, in his providence, hath chosen you as instruments to glorify his name, in the salvation of sinners. He hath called you to perform the duties, and exercise the authority of ministers of his sanctuary, by preaching the gospel, calling sinners to repentance, dispensing the blessings of Christ's covenant to his people, governing his church, and promoting the interests of his kingdom. This is your office and work. You have been separated from the world, and are now to be set apart for the exclusive service of God in his sanctuary.

Suffer me, therefore, on this interesting occasion, to exhort you to walk worthy of the high and holy calling, wherewith you hath been called. Take heed to the ministry which you have received from the Lord. The Lord hath invested you with this sacred office, and you are responsible to him for the faithful performance of all the duties connected with it ; preach the word as it is revealed in the divine oracles of the Old and New Testaments, which are given by the inspiration of God, and are profitable for doctrine, reproof, correction and instruction in righteousness ; declare the truth as it is in Jesus, and urge it upon the hearts, as well as the understanding of your hearers, so that they may experience its saving influence ; declare the whole counsel of God, keeping nothing back of what is given you in charge ; present to your hearers the entire system of truth, as it is revealed in the word of God, and leave nothing unrepresented, from fear, affection, or the hope of re-



ward. When you preach, never undertake to preach yourselves; preach Christ, and him crucified; preach the gospel, the power of God unto the salvation of every one that believeth; preach from the Bible, study it daily, make it the standard of your doctrines, and the model of your preaching, and whatsoever you find in the bible, that confidently preach: and having faithfully preached to your hearers the word of God, observe also their conduct, and see that they walk in the ways of salvation, which you have pointed out to them. Suffer them not to walk disorderly without exercising the authority of christian ministers, and enforcing the discipline of the church. Admonish, reprove, and exhort the sinner with all long suffering, and by your faithful admonitions and repeated exhortations, endeavor to reclaim him from the error of his way. If he hearkens unto your admonitions, and turns at your reproof, you have been instrumental in rescuing a soul from death; but if he hardens his heart, and despises reproof, he must be cut off like a rotten member, lest he contaminate the whole body.

And while you observe the characters and conduct of others, watch also over yourselves, and strive to render yourselves useful in the cause by the influence of your example, as well as your precepts; adorn the doctrine which you preach with a holy walk and conversation. Give no unnecessary offence to any one, and endeavor to gain the confidence and esteem of all, as far as consistent with your professional duties. In this way, you will shew yourselves approved unto God, as workmen that need not be ashamed; and in doing this, you will save both yourselves and them that hear you.

Before we proceed further in the ceremony of ordaining you to the holy office of the christian ministry, you are required by the constitution to answer the following questions:

1. Do you believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the word of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice? Ans.—“Yes.”

2. Do you believe, that the fundamental doctrines of the word of God, are taught in a manner substantially correct in the doctrinal articles of the Augsburg Confession? Ans.—“Yes.”

3. Do you promise, by the aid of God, to perform all the duties enjoined on you in this Formula, and to submit yourselves to its rules of government and discipline, as long as you remain members of any Lutheran Synod? Ans.—“Yes.”

4. Do you believe, that in seeking the ministerial office you are influenced by a sincere love to God your Saviour, and a desire to promote his glory and the welfare of men? Ans.—“Yes.”

5. Do you promise faithfully and zealously to preach the truths of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, as contained in the Holy Scriptures? Ans.—“Yes.”



*These questions being answered, the Presiding Minister and those Ministers who shall assist him in this Apostolic act, shall lay their right hands upon the heads of each of the Candidates, kneeling before the altar; the presiding Minister saying:*

In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the great head of the church, and Bishop of souls, we ordain thee to the holy office of a Minister of the Gospel; and we earnestly beseech Almighty God to send down his Holy Spirit upon you, to give you wisdom and strength to perform all the duties of this office, to the glory of his name and the edification of his church.

*Let us pray.*

Almighty and everlasting God, we present ourselves in humble adoration before thee on this solemn occasion, and devoutly implore thy direction and blessing. We thank thee that thou hast established thy church upon earth, and that in thy good providence, thou art continually raising up ministers to preach the gospel for the salvation of souls, and the glory of thy name. And we beseech thee, O thou great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, to bless those thy servants who have now been solemnly set apart for the work of the gospel ministry. Give then grace, that they may be duly qualified for the work to which they have been called and ordained. Give them a deep and an abiding sense of the importance of the trust which has been committed to their hands, and strengthen them in the performance of all the duties connected with it. Enlighten their understanding, that they may comprehend the truths of thy word, and make known the mysteries of the gospel of Jesus Christ, for the instruction and edification of their hearers. Shed abroad thy spirit more abundantly in their hearts, and may they be governed and directed in all their professional labors by a supreme regard for thy glory and an earnest desire for the salvation of souls. May they faithfully preach thy word, and endeavor, by thy blessing, to awaken the thoughtless, alarm the impenitent, comfort the broken hearted, strengthen the weak, and establish the faithful in the truths and promises of thy blessed gospel. Help them to be instant in season and out of season, to reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and doctrine, and constantly and faithfully to labor for those whom Christ hath purchased with his blood. May they consider the worth of immortal souls, and diligently watch for them as they who have to give an account; and in laboring for the salvation of those souls which are committed to their care, may they never grow weary or faint; but may they be strengthened in all the difficulties and troubles with which they shall meet in the service of their divine Lord and Master. Give them such a sense of the responsibilities of their stations that they may devote all the powers of their minds to the faithful performance of the duties devolving upon them.

May they always remember that they are thy servants, that they have entered into thy vineyard and engaged to do thy work. May they constantly remember the solemnity of those engagements into which they have entered with the great Head of the church, and give themselves wholly to the work of serving him and promoting his glory. May they exercise the authority with which thou hast invested them, with fidelity, wisdom, prudence and moderation, so that the church under their administration, may be preserved and edified in the true principles and genuine spirit of the gospel. May thy spirit direct and thy love stimulate them in every attempt to convert sinners to thee, and save their souls from everlasting destruction. And, O, if it be thy blessed will, suffer them not to labor in vain. May the congregations which shall be committed to their charge receive the word into their hearts, and bring forth the fruits of righteousness in their lives.

We now commend these beloved brethren and fellow laborers in the gospel vineyard to thy gracious care and protection. We pray that they may henceforth deny themselves, take up the cross and follow their master wherever he shall lead them. In whatever part of thy vineyard they may be destined to labor, may they be strengthened and encouraged in their work by thy gracious assistance. In all their dangers and temptations, may they be upheld by thy power and grace. In all their trials and afflictions, may they be comforted by thy word and spirit. May they go forth into the church and the world, in the name of the Lord, and the strength of the God of Hosts, and endeavor to be faithful. May they watch, pray, labor, suffer and endure unto the end, that when the great Shepherd shall appear, they shall be ready to appear with him in glory, and enter into the joys of their Lord.—Amen.



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**FORMULA**

FOR THE

**GOVERNMENT AND DISCIPLINE**

OF THE

**Evan. Lutheran Church.**

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# FORMULA

FOR THE

## GOVERNMENT AND DISCIPLINE

OF THE

### EVAN. LUTHERAN CHURCH.

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#### CHAPTER I.

##### PRELIMINARY PRINCIPLES.

SECTION I. We believe that from an examination of the works of nature and the course of events, we may derive evidence of the existence of God, and the prominent truths of natural religion.\*

SEC. II. But that the evidence of natural religion is not such, as to afford us a satisfactory knowledge of the nature of God, and our relation to him; nor its influence sufficient to urge us to duty; † and that therefore a farther revelation from God is desirable.

SEC. III. We believe that such a revelation God has given, at sundry times, and in divers manners unto the fathers, and in latter days by his *Divine Son* Jesus Christ, and his inspired servants; ‡ and that this revelation is contained in the books known in protestant christendom, as the Old § and New Testament; that every individual is bound to receive this as his infallible rule of faith and practice, and to be governed by it. ||

SEC. IV. We hold that liberty of conscience and the free exercise of private judgment in matters of religion, are natural and unalienable rights of men, of which no government, civil or ecclesiastical can deprive us. ¶

SEC. V. As order is necessary to the prosperity of every associate body, and as Jesus Christ has left no entire, specific form of Government and Discipline for his church; it is the duty of every individual church to adopt such regulations as

\*Rom. i. 20. † Acts iv. 12. Rom. iii. 1, 2. ‡ Heb. i. 1, 2. § 2 Tim. iii. 16.  
|| John v. 39. Acts xvii. 11. John xiv. 16, 17. ¶ Rom. ii. 13,  
and others. Dan. vi. 1, 23. Acts iv. 19.

appear to them most consistent with the spirit and precepts of the New Testament, and best calculated to subserve the interests of the church of Christ.

SEC. VI. And as men exercising the right of private judgment, agree in the opinion, that christianity requires a social connexion among its professors, and as experience proves that men will differ in some of their views of doctrine and discipline; and as too much difference of opinion would be prejudicial to the objects of the association; therefore reason dictates that those of similar views should associate together, that it is their duty to require for admission to church-membership among them, or for induction into the sacred office, and for continuance in either, such terms as they deem most accordant with the precepts and spirit of the Bible.

SEC. VII. Upon the broad basis of these principles, was the Evangelical Lutheran Church founded, immediately after the Reformation. Adhering to the same principles, the Church in America is governed by *three Judicatories*: the *Council* of each individual Church, the *District Synods* consisting of all the clergy, and an equal number of laymen from a particular district of country, and one **GENERAL SYNOD**, formed by representatives from all the different Synods of the Lutheran Church. The ratio of clerical and lay representatives is determined in the Constitution of the **GENERAL SYNOD**; and the *powers* of this body are only those of an *Advisory Council*.

## CHAPTER II.

### OF THE CHURCH.

#### PART. I.

##### OF THE INVISIBLE CHURCH.

SECTION 1. The true or invisible Church of Christ is the collective body of all\* those of every religious denomination in the world, who are in a state of grace. †

SEC. II. The true Church of Christ is a spiritual ‡ society, consisting of members whose qualifications § are spiritual, and who are associated for spiritual purposes. ||

SEC. III. It is a catholic or universal ¶ society: its members not being confined to any particular nation or religious denomination.

#### PART II.

##### OF THE EXTERNAL OR VISIBLE CHURCH.

SECTION 1. The visible church is the collective body of those who profess the Christian religion; consisting of all those

\* Eph. iv. 1. 7.    † Matt. vii. 21. xii. 50. Acts x. 35.    ‡ John xviii. 36.  
 1 John iv. 13.    || Eph. iv. 12. 1 Thess. v. 11.    ¶ 1 Cor. i. 2. John x. 16.  
 Rom. xii. 4. Eph. iv. 4. 6.

who have been admitted to membership by baptism,\* and have not been deprived of it by excommunication.

SEC. II. Of this society our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is the true and only head;† having neither abandoned his church nor appointed any vicar in his stead.

SEC. III. As the spirit of christianity leads its possessors to social intercourse ‡ with each other; and as such a connexion is essential to the accomplishment of the object of the christian church; and as such a relation can subsist only among persons of contiguous residence; therefore christians, living near together have, from the time of the Apostles,§ formed themselves into societies, for the better attainment of the objects of the christian institution. And every society participates in the duties of the whole church.

SEC. IV. It is the duty of every such society, and of the visible church at large, to have the word and sacraments administered in their purity, || to give an adequate and just support to the pastor or pastors who minister unto them, to provide for the perpetuation of an able and faithful ministry, ¶ and to endeavor to propagate the gospel to the ends of the earth. °

SEC. V. It is the duty of the church to watch over the purity and faithfulness of her members. \*\*

SEC. VI. The jurisdiction of the church is purely spiritual; it ought to have no connexion with the civil government, †† neither ought its decisions be enforced by the arm of civil power.

SEC. VII. The power of the church is purely *declarative*, whether exercised by an individual church-council, or by any other ecclesiastical judicatory; i. e. the *Bible* is their juridical code, and their decisions are valid only because founded on scripture.

SEC. VIII. The visible church is not an association to which we may belong, or not, at our option; but it is the duty of every one who has an opportunity, to be a faithful member of it. ††

## CHAPTER III.

### OF THE OFFICERS OF THE CHURCH.

#### OF PASTORS.

SECTION 1. Our Lord and Saviour himself instituted the clerical office in the New Testament church, and made it of

\* Matt. xxviii. 19. † Eph. v 23, 24. i. 22. ‡ John xiii. 34, 35. Eph. iv. 3. v. 19. § Acts ii. 41. 1 Thess. ii 14. Gal. i. 22. || 1 Tim. iv. 6. vi. 3. 5. Gal. i. 8, 9. ¶ Tit. i. 5. 2 Tim. ii. 2. ° Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. \*\* 1 Cor. v. 7. 13. †† John xviii. 36. †† Matt. xx viii. 19. xi. 28, 29.

perpetual standing.\* The persons filling this office, are in scripture designated by different names, as bishop, presbyter or elder, &c. † indicative of the duties of the office. All these are by divine right of equal rank, ‡ and their duties are principally these: *to expound the word of God, to conduct the public worship of God, § to administer the sacraments of the church, || and to admonish men of their duties, ¶* as well as by all proper means, public and private, to edify the church of Christ.

SEC. II. Those other officers who were endowed with miraculous gifts, and whose instrumentality Christ used in first forming the church, were extraordinary and of temporary standing.

SEC. III. Pastors are amenable for their conduct to the Synod to which they belong; and that Synod is the tribunal which has the entire jurisdiction over them: excepting in those cases where a regular appeal is obtained to the General Synod, agreeably to Art. iii. sec. v. 1. 2. of the Constitution of General Synod.

SEC. IV. No minister shall knowingly grant to a member of another congregation any privileges of the church, which would be denied to said member by his own pastor.

SEC. V. It is the sacred duty of every minister so to conduct himself, that his life shall present to his congregations an example of true christian propriety of deportment: And should any minister of our church be guilty of an open vice, (which may God in mercy prevent!) it shall be the duty of the church-council earnestly to exhort him several times to reformation; and if this should prove ineffectual, or if the case be such as to bring disgrace upon the church, to report him to the President of the Synod.

### OF ELDERS AND DEACONS.

SEC. VI. The other officers of the church are Elders and Deacons, who are elected by the members of the church, as their agent to perform some of the duties originally devolving on themselves. The principal duties of Elders are, to aid the pastor or pastors in administering the government and discipline of the church; to endeavor to preserve peace and harmony in the church; to visit the congregational schools, and promote the religious education of the children of the church; and to visit the sick and afflicted; and aid in the performance of such other duties as are incumbent on the church-council.

The duties of the Deacons' office are principally these: to lead an exemplary life as commanded in Scripture, \*\* to minister unto the poor, †† extending to their wants, and distribut-

\* Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. 2 Tim. ii. 2. Tit. i. 5. † 1 Cor. iv. 1. Eph. iv. 11.  
 ‡ Luke xxii. 25, 26. Acts xx. 17, compared with 28. § Eph. iv. 11, 12.  
 Acts viii. 28, 31. 1 Pet. v. 1, 2. || Matt. xxviii. 19. 1 Cor. xi. 29. iv. 1.  
 ¶ Acts vi. 2, 6. \*\* 1 Tim. viii. 13, and others. †† Acts vi. 2, 6.



ing faithfully amongst them the collections which may be made for their use; to assist the pastor in the administration of the Eucharist, to attend and render all necessary service at stated worship; to see that their minister receives a just and adequate support, according to the commands of our Lord; to administer the temporal concerns of the church; and to aid in the performance of such other duties as are incumbent on the church-council. Both these officers are elected by the people, and it is their duty to feel the deepest interest in the advancement of piety among the members of the church, and to exert their utmost influence to promote it.

SEC. VII. The elders and deacons are the representatives of the whole church, and each church shall determine the number of their officers, and the term of their duration in office; yet in no case shall they serve less than two years, nor more than eight, unless re-elected.

SEC. VIII. When persons have been elected to the office of elder or deacon, they shall be inducted into their office according to the form prescribed by the church.\* Those congregations which have been in the habit of having trustees, may, if they deem it expedient, still retain them, and continue to them such privileges as they may deem expedient.

## CHAPTER IV.

### OF THE CHURCH-COUNCIL.

SECTION I. The church-council is the lowest judicatory of the church, consisting of the pastor or pastors, and all the elders and deacons of a particular church.

SEC. II. The pastor, together with half the other existing members of the council, and in the necessary absence of the pastor, two-thirds of the remaining members of the council, shall constitute a quorum.

SEC. III. But no business connected with the government or discipline of the church, shall be transacted without the presence of the minister, unless his absence is unavoidable, or voluntary, or the church be vacant. And when present, the pastor shall be *ex-officio* chairman.

SEC. IV. The church-council† shall have the superintendence of all the temporal concerns of the church, and shall see that they are administered with wisdom, faithfulness and justice. They shall also elect a deputy to represent them at the annual Synodical meeting.

SEC. V. It shall be the duty of the council to admit to membership adults, who shall make application, and whom, on mature examination, they shall judge to be possessed of the

\* Vide "Liturgy, &c."

† 1 Thess. v. 12, 13.



qualifications hereafter specified.\* They shall be obedient subjects of divine grace—that is, they must either be genuine christians, or satisfy the church-council that they are sincerely endeavoring to become such. Also to admit to the communion of the church, all those who were admitted to church membership in their infancy, and whom on like examination, they shall judge possessed of the above-mentioned qualifications. No one shall be considered a fit subject for confirmation who has not previously attended a course of religious lectures, delivered by the pastor, on the most important doctrines and principles of religion; unless the pastor should be satisfied that the applicant's attainments are adequate without this attendance. And when adults are admitted to membership, their baptism shall, if possible, be performed publicly before the church: and when members who were baptized in their infancy are admitted to full communion, they shall in the same public manner *confirm* their baptismal vows according to the form of confirmation customary in the church.

SEC. VI. It is recommended to the church-council to keep a complete list of all the communing members of the church.

SEC. VII. If any member of the church-council should conduct himself in a manner unworthy of his office, he may be accused before the council, and if found guilty, his case shall be referred to the whole church for decision.

SEC. VIII. It shall be the duty of the council to administer the discipline of the church, on all those whose conduct is inconsistent with their christian profession, or who entertain fundamental errors.† To this end they shall have power to cite any of their church members to appear before them; and to endeavor to obtain other witnesses when the case may require it. It shall further be the duty of the council, when any member offends, first privately to admonish him, or if necessary, to call him to an account, and when they shall deem these measures ineffectual, to suspend or excommunicate him; that is, to debar him from the privileges peculiar to church membership, according to the precepts of the New Testament laid down in this form. It shall also be their duty to restore‡ those subjects of suspension or excommunication, to all the privileges of the church, who shall manifest sincere repentance. Every act of excommunication or of restoration, may be published to the church, if deemed necessary by the majority of the council.

SEC. IX. The church-council may at any time be convened by the minister; and it shall be his duty to call a meeting when requested by two members of the council, or by one-fourth of the electors of the church, or when directed by the Synod.

\* Mark xvi. 16. John iii. 5. Acts viii. 12. xvi. 14, 15. †1 Cor. v. 7, 13. 2 Cor. ii. 7. Gal. vi. 1.

SEC. X. It shall be the duty of the church-council to watch over the religious education of the children of the church, and to see that they be occasionally collected, for the purpose of being taught the Catechism of the church, and instructed in the duties and principles of the christian religion. The council of every church shall have the management of the school-house attached to that church, and shall be *ex officio* trustees of the same. They shall endeavor to obtain pious, well qualified and *faithful* teachers, and to see that the children of the church, as far as practicable, attend this school, and that they be there also taught the Catechism of the church, and in general, the duties of religion. In all places where there is not yet a school-house attached to the church, they shall encourage the people and endeavor to have one erected. And no person shall teach in any of our congregational school-houses without the permission of the church-council.

SEC. XI. The church-council shall keep a record of their proceedings, of all the baptisms, and of persons admitted to sacramental communion; an abstract of which shall be annually sent to the Synod for inspection.

SEC. XII. In all cases of appeal from the decisions of the church-council, the council shall take no further measures grounded on their decision until the sentence has been reviewed by the Synod. But if the decision appealed from, be a sentence of suspension or excommunication, it shall immediately take effect and continue in force until reversed by the Synod. And in every case of appeal, the church-council shall send a detailed and correct account of their proceeding in the case, and of the charges and evidence on both sides.

SEC. XIII. Any vacant congregation also may send a delegate, to lay its concerns before the Synod: And the church-councils of each clerical district may annually send to the Synod as many lay delegates, as there are ministers present at the Synod from said district.

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## CHAPTER V.

### OF CHURCH MEMBERS.

SECTION I. The members of any particular church are all those members of the *visible* (see chap. 2, sect. 1,) church, who are associated together under some form of christian government and discipline, for divine worship, and the better attainment of the objects of the christian institution.

SEC. II. Every church member is amenable to the council, and must appear before them when cited, and submit to the discipline of the church regularly administered.\*

\*Tit. iii. 10. Matt. xviii. 17, 18.

**SEC. III.** It is the duty of every church member to lead a christian life: that is, to perform all the duties required of him or her, in scripture. Thus it is the duty of adults to perform all the christian duties, not to neglect the public worship of God;\* nor the participation of the Lord's Supper,† whenever an opportunity is afforded. It is the duty of parents to educate their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;‡ to teach them the doctrines of the church, and to subject them to the ordinances of the same.§ And when young members reach the years of maturity, and have attained the natural ability to partake of the Lord's Supper in the manner commanded, it is their duty to be worthy communicants at the Lord's table.

**SEC. IV.** Any member being dissatisfied with the decision of the church-council relative to himself, may appeal to the Synod. But in every such case, the applicant shall give notice to the church-council of his intention, either immediately, or within two weeks of the time when the sentence was made known to him; and shall specify to them the reasons of his dissatisfaction, and the ground of his appeal.

**SEC. V.** It is recommended, that when a member of one of our churches moves into the bounds of another, and wishes to be admitted to the privileges of the church, he shall bring with him a certificate of good standing from his former pastor.

**SEC. VI.** It is recommended as accordant with the principles of the New Testament, that the members of the church ought not to prosecute each other before a civil tribunal, until they have first made an attempt to settle their point of difference through the mediation of their christian brethren.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### OF ELECTIONS.

**SECTION I.** All congregational elections must be published by the church-council to the congregation, at least two weeks before the election.

**SEC. II.** The council may publish a congregational meeting for any lawful purpose when they shall deem it necessary, and they shall be compelled so to do, when required by one-third of the lawful electors of the church.

**SEC. III.** The electors of any particular church in our connexion, are all those who are in full communion with the same, who submit to its government and discipline regularly administered, and who contribute according to their ability and engagements to all its necessary expenditures.

\*Heb. x. 25. Col. iii. 16. Acts ii. 46. Matt. xviii. 20. Exod. xx. 8. Psalm lxxxiv. 2. 9. 11. †1 Cor. xi. 24, 25. ‡Eph. vi. 4. §Eph. vi. 4. 2 Tim. iii. 14, 15.

SEC. IV. At all elections for *Elders* or *Deacons*, no person may be elected to either of said offices, who is not a member in full communion with said church.

SEC. V. When an election is held in a vacant congregation for a pastor, two-thirds of all the electors shall be necessary to an election, and if the votes were not unanimous, it is recommended that the presiding officer shall invite the minority to concur in the decision. He shall give the members a certificate, signed by himself, of the election. This certificate, with a statement of the support\* which they promise him, shall be a legal call to the pastor therein specified.

SEC. VI. At elections for members of the church-council, the existing council shall nominate twice as many persons as are to be elected, and the church may nominate half as many more, from whom the officers may be chosen.

SEC. VII. If, from any cause, a vacancy occurs in the council in the interval between the stated elections, it shall be filled without delay by a special election, and the person thus elected shall serve until the regular expiration of the time of the member in whose place he was elected.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### OF PRAYER-MEETINGS, &c.

SECTION I. As prayer is one of the most necessary duties of a christian,† and as prayer-meetings have been of the utmost importance and usefulness, it is therefore most earnestly recommended to the different churches in our connexion, to establish and promote them among our members. These meetings may be held in the church, school-house, or in private houses; and their object is the spiritual edification of the persons present; but the utmost precaution must ever be observed, that God, who is a Spirit, be worshipped in spirit and in truth—that they be characterized by that solemnity and decorum which ought ever to attend divine worship; and that no disorder be tolerated, or any thing that is calculated to interrupt the devotions of those who are convened, or prevent their giving the fullest attention to him who is engaged in leading the meeting;—in short, that according to the injunctions of the Apostle, all things be done “decently and in order.”

SEC. II. It is solemnly recommended to all church-members, and more especially to the members of the council, to make daily worship in their family a sacred duty.‡

SEC. III. It is recommended that no one shall be permitted in future to act as a sponsor, unless he or or she be in full communion with the christian church.

\*1 Tim. v. 8. 1 Cor. ix. 14. Luke x. 7. †1 Thess. v. 17. Luke xviii. 1. Col. iv. 2. ‡ Acts ii. 44. Eph. vi. 4. Acts x. 12. Jer. x. 25.



SEC. IV. It is expedient that no person be permitted to preach in any of the churches in our connexion, except by consent of the pastor and council of said church, and in the absence of the pastor, by permission of the council.











By the way  
Nov 9 '13  
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# REWARD OF MERIT



Come let us haste to the schoolroom in  
haste, a moment of time on the way,

For when lessons are learn'd & our tasks are  
done, we can sport on the set of the sun.

*Presented to Emma Buckings*

*By May Craig*



